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A man in a top hat and coat is running to the right, carrying a long banner that reads "MORE PUTNAM". In the upper left corner, a small figure is seen in a hot air balloon.

MORE PUTNAM

The Nov^{el}

Hugh Rowley —





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London :

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

1875.

268. b. 163.



TO THE READER.

DEAR READER,—Will you permit me to say how much obliged to you I am for buying such a great number of “*Punianas*” as you have, the proof of your having done so being now in your own hands in the shape of “*More Puniana*,” as, if you had not devoured “*P.*,” “*More P.*” would not have been practicable? However, having written such an exhaustive work as “*Puniana*,” we can only hope, if you have not seen it, and miss any of your favourite jokes from this volume, that you will at once refer to it, where you will probably come across the joke you seek, and others of the same family. I hope I have not repeated here any of the jokes in my former books. If so, I am sorry, but it is too late now: there it is. It would require the memory of What’s his name, and the eyes of the other party, to say whether it is so or not. Look for yourself, and any repetitions you may find, don’t read ’em.

Having written so many prefaces in excuse of, and praise of, punning, I don't purpose, at any rate, repeating that theme—here is the book ; you have bought it, and must make the best of it.

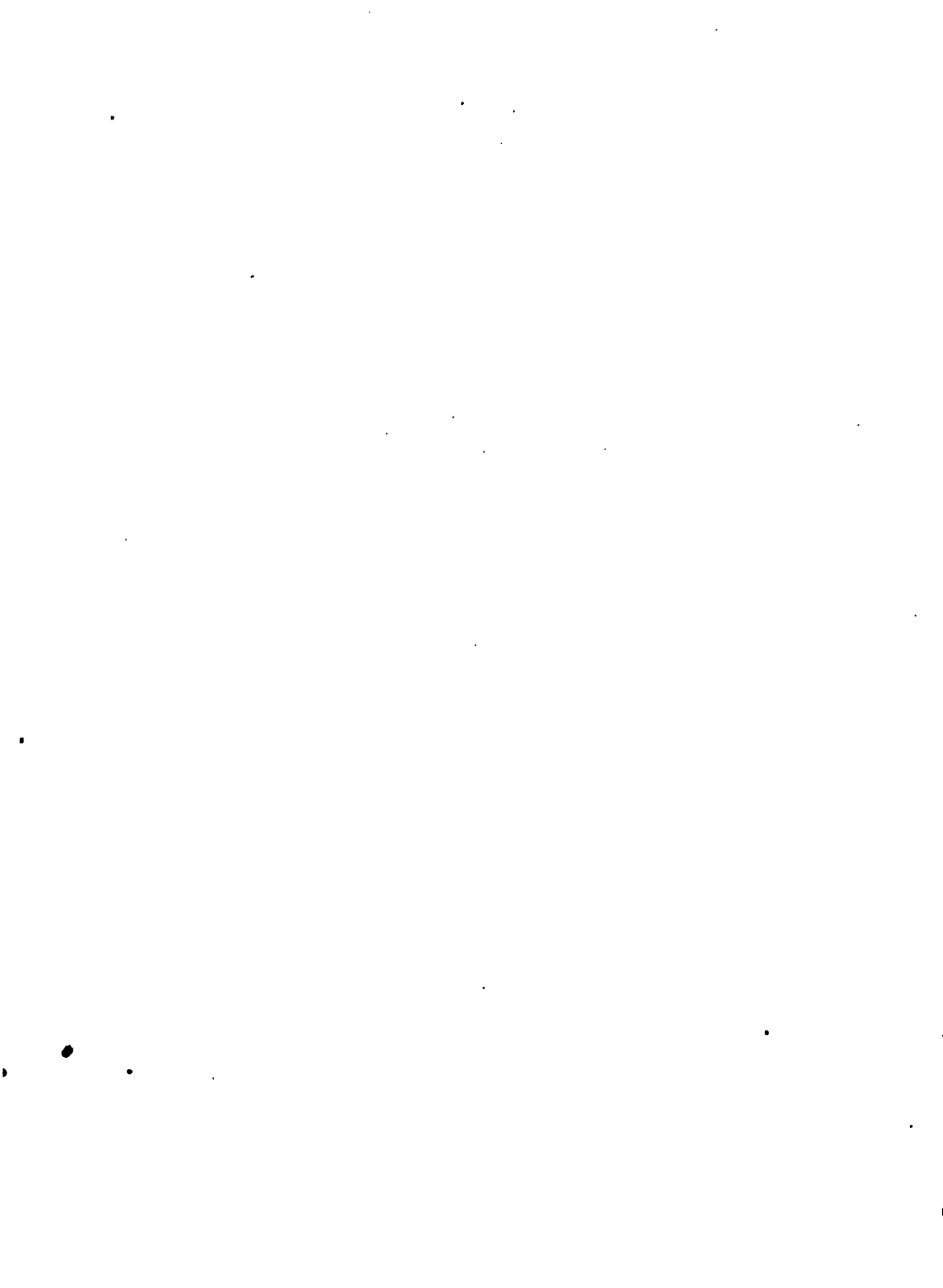
Excuse what is bad, praise what you think good, and that is all I can possibly hope for. And so, with repeated thanks for your kindness in the past, and hopes of a renewal of your esteemed patronage in the future permit me to say, *Au revoir*.

H. R.

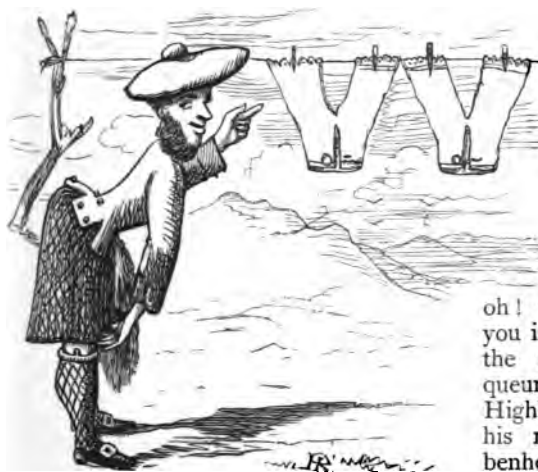
London,

December 7, 1874.

MORE PUNIANA.



CANTER I.



E will begin by asking you, O beloved Reader, our own dear long-loved Reader, what, oh! what should you imagine to be the favourite liqueur of a kilted Highlander with his native heath benneath his foot?

Ha! ha! why, short-trews, to be sure.

[N.B.—What a pity it is we cannot easi-liqueur a man's love of liqueur !]

Do you think a young, bare-legged, short-petticoated Highland lassie in frosty weather would like a foreigner for a husband, and what foreigner?

Yes, we think she certainly would — chap her knees. Yes, she certainly would, Japanese.

[You need not be a very clever Scotchman, and have lived in the Grotto del Carny all your life, to guess this one.]

What sort of a gillie do you never see on a hill-side in Scotland?

A nargileh.

Apropos of smoking, which young lady might be most likely to blow a man up thoroughly?

We think, perhaps, Dinah-might. Yes, assuredly, dynamite.

Why should not a little man marry a bouncing widow?

He might be called the widow's mite. (Yes, widows smite—so they do—they strike us . . . agreeably.)

[P.S.—That joke's old, you say. Well, so are some of the widows—go on—don't bother.]

What *are* widows?

Wheed-ling creatures.

[Mind you, there are men whom even the loveliest and most beautifully gloved and booted widows couldn't wheedle; men whose hearts are not to be boned, simply because they are already in a state of ossification.]

[P.S.—Reminds us of what the wit said of two duellists, A. and B. A was a hard-hearted ruffian, who'd stick at nothing (except you, perhaps). B. was only a fool: he said that A. had been shot through the heart often, but didn't know it, and as for B., that he had his brains blown out at least twenty times, but felt no difference in consequence.]

Why was the Princess Louise like the heroine in the "House that Jack Built?"

She was "the maiden all for-Lorne."

[Cads and cadesses never tire of looking at Her Royal Highness through their opera-glasses; nevertheless, we trust she has never had occasion to be annoyed with *her* *Lorgnettes*.]

What medicine is most like the Prince of Wales's hat?

Castor royal.

[*Apropos* of this cold-drawn drink and royalty, are you fond of *Chateau Yquême*, and did you see the *Shah-too'-e-came* here this season?]

What is a very gouty drink ?

Why, *shatter-ler-feet*, to be sure !

[Not for Joe ! you say. Ah ! you 'd like to be in clover, Joe ? quite so, in Clos Vougeot—we don't doubt you.]

[P. S.—'Tisn't bad that story of the swell Hebrew giving a poor man some Clos Vougeot, with a swaggering speech about its age, and adding, "That 's a wine *you* seldom get ;" replied the other, "I quite recognize the *old clos*."]]

[P. P. S.—No ; the Roman Emperors did *not* wear the imperial Tokay ; you are in error, they wore the imperial *toga*.]

What wine would a lady say if you were about to propose to her, and looked foolish about it ?

She'd say, " Ass-man-how-sir "—ask-me-now-sir.

Something I am, but what I scarcely know ;
What all have felt, but no one ever saw ;
Shape I have none, nor form, nor feature wear,
Although perceived by touch, by eye, by ear.
Some say they hate me, but I 'm sure they lie,
For all *must* like me, though I can't tell why.

Just one kissy, kissy !

[*This Barkiss* is willing ; for, talk of Pater Anchises, give *us* the daughter An'-kisses.]

What French quadruped *can* give you a rational answer if you inquire after its health ?

A French cat will say, "*Mieux !*"

[No ; this is not pronounced meyouks, nor meuks, nor muse ; but you make such mistakes, that *nous sommes* pussy *de vous le dire* quatre fois !

Why does a hole in a pig-stye conduce to the education of little pigs ?

Because it makes the pigs' litter-airy.

[Who was it said there was always a smell of pork with the wind sow-west ?]

What wind do moths enjoy ?

Gnaw, gnaw-vest.

[There is another joke about moths ; but we can't maggit — we forget it.]

What is that which is always invisible, yet never out of sight?

You say the letter *i*. No; that's the old answer
—try again. Why the letter *s*, of course!

Dans quel théâtre pourrait on trouver le plus de méchantes femmes?

Dans celui où les bonnes n'entrent pas.

When you see a man at a funeral crying, *why* is he very probably a humbug?

Because in every probability he has only just arrived, and therefore is not there since-early morning.

Which is the most useful of the bank directors?

The Goodwin Light.

Why is fire a very dissipated character?

Because it goes out every night.

[N.B.—Unless a steam-packet has a few-ill on board, it must stop at once, so don't you assist this catastrophe by being—in your seat *se-de*.

How can you name a French seaport by simply expressing your opinion of a man's riding?

Say, O cockney! 'e won't Boulong soor Mare if she sets to a-kickin'.

[P.S.—We suppose you've heard that tale of the Englishman who, when a Frenchman asked him "*Comment se porte elle madame votre mère*," catching only the word *mare*, answered, "Oh, I've just shot her! she had a cool-mong du neigh, running at the nose; what d'ye call it—glanders; so I polished her off—poor old lass!"]

What's the difference between a boatswain and a smoker?

One pipes *before*, the other *after*, dinner.

[P.S.—This is a joke; wonder if fusee it?]

[P.P.S.—*Nota bene*. You have no business to go to the Foreign Office to try and find out where the Boulogne boat starts from. Do not do it; you will be Boulogne up by the officials if you do.

Give the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker.

One puts his sail *up*, the other puts his ale *down*.

If a beggar wished to name his state, and describe his clothing in one word, how could he do it?

He would simply observe, "To-rags-I-come:" yes, Taraxacum.

[Reader, taraxacum and the dandelion are the same; therefore, though it is true when the beggar says, "To-rags-I-come," he is, nevertheless, a dandy liein'.]

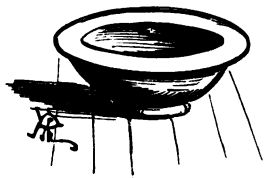
[P.S.—Reminds us of the fellow who took an over-dose of physic, and had simply put on his tombstone,

"'T was I-o-dide of potassium."]

[P.P.S.—*Apropos* of rags—really, what does it matter?—clothes—not a bit—velveteen, vel-fittin', is as good as broadcloth. Ah, Reader! man is a rum customer; for his great pride appears to *be* what he seems, and yet to seem what he is not.]



CANTER II.



READER ! O dear Reader ! has our exquisite illustration given rise to anything in your boosom ? an *unhappy* thought, or anything of that sort ? We hope not : only we went to hear Mr. F. C. Burnand read his "Happy Thoughts" the other night, and there was one of them about yachting, in which he got "lopped," and it has made us feel funny ever since, and dream of nothing but basins. However, we think we have a rather good classickal name for it ; we will, therefore, ask you, Why is Mr. Burnand's yachting happy thought like Polyphemus ?

Because, O Reader, it's—a sick-lop.

[Do *you* suffer from *mal-de-mer* ? Never mind if you do ; we're better off than the ladies after all : they suffer much more from—*mal-de-mère* than we do.]

[P.S.—Jones says he suffers also from *mal-de-mère* in-law.]

What game do we play between Dover and Calais ?

Be sick !!

Ha ! ha ! good ! but what's the difference between an auctioneer and a sea-sick passenger on the Folkestone boat ?

One knocks down, the other throws up.

[Bore being asked for the steward's fee when you fee-ill ill ; oh ! our *dis-*comfort when he has come for't.]

[P.S.—A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."]

We hear the saying, "As like as two peas," and yet two apples are often still more alike : when?

When they are pared.

[Remember, in choosing a wife, that no two things make a pair unless they are a match. Take care, therefore, that instead of becoming a pair, you don't find the apple of discord between you.]

What would an empty purse say to its owner?

There's no change in me.

Tell us the difference between a ship and a musical instrument.

One is sometimes *on* a Clyde, the other is sometimes *off-a-Clyde*.

We hope, Mr. Hughes,
That you will excuse
This jokelet we got in our head ;
But were we in your shoes,
We really *would* use
Some easier trumpet, instead

[Of such a tremendous instrument. However, we offer you our apologies as the *facile princeps* of off-a-Clydeists for our joke about your horn.]

What is the height of stupidity?

A beggar begging alms of a sentry, and a sentry presenting arms to him.

Why is a youth's upper-lip like an elephant's trunk?

Because it grows down.

[We hope that youth's upper-lip may never help him to get trunk (and incapable), or he'll not only grow down on it, but in people's good opinion.]

[P.S.—Good thing to put before a drunkard at dinner—a placard, with "Glass with Care" on it.]

J'avais une quisinière (really, we're not a-quizzing yer) ; elle se nommait Inès (she was Inessence itself) ; elle me brisait toute ma vaiselle (a couple o' cups) ; savez vous comment je l'appelais ?

Inez de Casse-trop.

[P.S.—What sort of a cup *can't* you break? eh? Ha! ha! a hiccup! Have some.]

[P.P.S.—Why not have leather cups like the old-fashioned Black-Jack bottles? Look *cuire*, wouldn't they?]

Why is a bad husband better than a good one?

Because bad's the best.

[We know a girl who says that when she dies she hopes to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed nourished by her dust may be made into cigarettes by her bereaved lovers. There is poetry in the idea.]

Which is the more fashionable name at Christmas-time, William or Robert?

Will; because Bills come in, Bobs go out.

Now, then, Shakspearian Reader, why was Petruchio like your teeth (that is, if you have any: if you haven't, *dont* mention it)? Why, we say, was Petruchio like your toothy-pegs?

Because he was accustomed to master-Kate.

[Good woman in time of need, this Kate; always ready to come to the scratch.]

What's the difference between a law-suit and a cat?

One has claws at the end of its paws, the other has pauses at the ends of its clauses.

[P.S.—Wasn't this a good answer? A County Court Judge threatened the other day to fine a lawyer for contempt of Court. "I have expressed no contempt for the Court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."]

[P.P.S.—Kenealy as good as another friend of ours, if not quite.]

We were once told to go and buy sixpennyworth of straight hooks, a hot-water ice, some pigeons' milk, and a cock's egg. They were awkward things to find; but we began with the last-named article first; and where did we go to look for it?

To India, and one particular Him—a layer.

[A friend made some cock's egg-cus Indicus out of it, to catch fish with.]

Quel est le fruit le plus dangereux aux poissons?

La pêche.

[Quite so. Now *poissons* to the next chapter.]

CANTER III.



HAT is love at first sight?

Two people meet; one of them has a heart of steel, the other has a heart of flint, and when they come together they strike fire, and that is —love at first sight.

[It's a tinder subject.]

In what two days in a life-time can a man travel the farthest, and where does he travel on these two days?

The day before his marriage and the day after it.
The day before his marriage he is at the Cape of Good Hope, the day after it he is at the United States.

When is a lover justified in calling his sweetheart *honey*?

When she is *bee*-loved.

Why are two pinnacles to a church like twin babies?

Because, O Reader, are they just—ah!—parapets.
Yes, they are indeed a pair o' pets.

When do two and two not make four ?

When they stand for 22.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold :
 I am the parent of numbers that cannot be told ;
 I am lawful, unlawful ; a duty, a fault ;
 I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought ;
 An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course ;
 And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

A kiss.

A lady who a kiss doth take,
 And gives it back again,
 Does by that act a something make,
 Which *you* are to explain.

Re-bus.

[If you don't see this, your brains must be dark as *Arebus*.]

What is that which is put in a bottle, and by courtesy termed a cork ?

A cork.

[We never think of corks without thinking of that cooper who, dining in a hurry, when he ought to have been stopping up a barrel, poor man ! burnt his tongue, when he ought instead to have turned his bung. Sad, eh !]

What part of the year is not our own ?

That part which is Lent.

[We should have been silent about this old joke, only we wanted an excuse to tell you this little tale about a new sort of faith.—A teacher in a school that stood on the banks of a river once wished to communicate to his pupils an idea of faith. While he was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat hove in sight. Seizing upon the incident for illustration, he exclaimed, "If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"—"Yes, sir," replied the scholars.—"Well, that is faith," said the teacher. The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, he inquired, "What is faith?"—"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school. Good boys!]

What is a settlement of a conveyance ?

When an omnibus smashes a cab.

What is the most difficult surgical operation?

To take the jaw out of a woman.

[Never mind, you darling creature! if anybody asks you this, say to him,
"Well, you hold jaws, then; yes, you hold yours."]

Why is a really good Roman Catholic priest like one of the Neapolitan fishermen?

Because he worships his maker-on'y.

[Ah, it is very sad! but a good many women remind us exceedingly of macaroni; for they are fair without, but—hollow within.]

[P.S.—Noisy beasts, Neapolitans; live on make-a-row-ni.]

Why is a wife like a patten?

Because she's a *clog* with a *ring* to it.

[Not if she's a pattern wife; but this reminds us of the old sell, of What is a Derby hamper composed of? Your wife when she goes with you.]

Why is an omnibus *en route* for the Bank, whilst stopping at Charing Cross, like an orphan?

Because it's got no farther.

[We suppose you've heard this very orphan before—we never did.]

If you were obliged to swallow a man, who would you select?

A little Dublin porter.

[Do; it will assuredly re-Cooper-rate your decaying forces.]

We've heard fourteen various old versions of this: this one is the last we have got.—Were a young lady to be consulted about the way she would like to be kissed, what papers would she include in her answer?

No *Spectators*, no *Observers*, and no *Hera*: a great many *Times*, a lot of *Presses*, and no *Family Herald*.

[Ah! well, there are two or three other papers beside these, which she evidently as yet knows nothing of.]

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing?

Pairing.

[Oh, the hearts and sighences !]

What is the differences between a volunteer who shoots wide of the target, and a husband who blackens his wife's eyes?

The one misses his mark, and the other marks his missis.

Apropos of shooting, brings us to Hurling 'em to the ground—poor doves ! So we will ask you, Why did not the last dove return to the Ark?

He had sufficient grounds for not doing so.

[Do you like olives ? there are some rather good olive stories. Ask us to dinner, and we'll tell 'em to you.]

Why do men who are about to fight a duel choose a field as their rendezvous ?

Because we all know the bull-it likes to graze.

Why is a small sword like beer?

It's no use till it's drawn.

[The connection between sword and sward is obvious : we have a blade of steel in one, a blade of grass from the other.]

Weak to a proverb, my First has been reckoned,
And men have agreed to make game of my Second ;
But when both are united in splendid alliance,
All gloried in wounds, and set death at defiance.

Waterloo.

[You Waterloo-se all you possess, if you don't guess this.]

Why are darned stockings like Charles I. and Charles II.?

Because they are men-ded.

[Darned *hard lines*—mended socks.]

[P.S.—Good story that of the man, who, in describing some good-looking, dark-haired booby, likened him to Charles II. "More like Charles I.," said his friend : "he's got no head."]

Il y a un mot composé de quatre lettres en ôtant la première il en reste une ?

Lune.

My First carries my Second ;
My Second carries my First ;
My Whole carries them both.

Chair-man.

Put D. on horseback : what word will it make ?

No, *not* de-canter : that 's in the other book. It will make D. riding.

When 's a man like a cameo ?

When, poor chap, he 's—cut out.

[Pretty things, cameos, ain't they ? You can "broach the subject" to a lady when you happen to know she sometimes wears one, by saying, "It be-cameo to perfection—became you admirably." This would be neat, and, perhaps, please her : who knows ? Try.]

[Talking of pleasing her, reminds one of a rather good Yankee story. It's worth reading : "A young Indian girl who, with great interest, had watched the marking of barrel-heads in a flouring mill out West, stole in one day while the *employés* were at dinner, and ornamented her blanket with 'Elias Goff's Choice,' and then paraded the streets to her own intense satisfaction, the amusement of the public, and the disgust of the owner of the mill, who is an old bachelor, and had made no such 'choice.'"]

Why, though a man may live a teetotaller, can he not be buried as one ?

On account of the bier.

How many noble Spaniards must you take from your fingers and toeses to make them quite useless ?

Ten-dons.

[You wouldn't be able to dance a-ten-dons on your lady-love then, eh ?]

[P.S.—Good name for a 3-ft. rule : a span-yard.]

Why is a younger son's fortune like a lady's complexion ?

It is liable to be ruined by a sun who is older than himself.

[The sun will act to the lady as a tanner ; but the younger son will find him not worth a tanner—a tanner rate, *we* never did.]

What sort of sympathy would you rather be without?

You don't want to be pitted by the small-pox.

[The vaccinator's motto is ours, for we say as he does, "Let us make a point from the humour of the day."]

What are wrinkles?

Hard lines.

[It was an old gentleman of Hayti who made this joke.]

[P.S.—Grammar says "*of* or *from*" is the same. It isn't. If we had said an old gentleman *from* Hayti, instead of *of* Hayti, it would have been another case of that story of the *lapsus lingue* with the fillet of *veal*—now, wouldn't it?]

What part of grammar is "remorse"?

Syn-tax.

What's the difference between a club and a railway?

In the one you will pretty surely find late players,
and on the other you will as surely find plate
layers.

What's the very greatest instance of cannibalism on record?

When a rash man ate a rasher.

[We must finish this chapter with this, as there is a lady over the way
baconing to us to come over to her. So, *au revoir*!]



CANTER IV.



HEN MR. GLADSTONE, in one of his speeches, compared the peers to "men in a balloon," he little thought what an opening he was giving us for a joke; but he did, for read this: If you were to see an earl put on his coronet, and go up in a balloon, and kiss his hand to you therefrom, why need you not think it at all an extraordinary coincidence?

Because, don't you see?
it would simply be *d*
l'ordinaire; yes, simply a lord in air.

Why should a poor man without expectations take to ballooning?

Because he's a born
heir-o'-nought.

This rug I have my feet on being dear Mrs. Jones's property,
why is it like Switzerland?

Because it's Zermat.

[Fancy a mother seeing her son go up the Matterhorn! What *must* be her Matterhorn-al feelings!! Agonizing!!!]

What very long journey does not take more than two and a half minutes to get through?

It don't take more than that to get through the Tea-roll!

[We ought to beg your Baden for selling you: we do.]

[P.S.—It's crummy the scenery in the Tyrol, though, isn't it?]

[P.P.S.—Loaf about.]

[P.P.P.S.—To drive away B flats, who might, perhaps, make you now and again crusty: put a camphor-ball under your pillow: it will enable you to sleep quite secure and camphorbally in peace.]

Five plain letters compose my frame,
And, what is singular, my name
Forwards and backwards reads the same;
When I'm discovered you'll plainly see
What the proud peer and peasant soon will be.

Level.

[We like the idea of the proud peer: it's delicious. Visions of stage fellers in red tights, with big purses, which they never appear to want back again when they chuck 'em to people, and hair and whiskers. Oh! the proud peer's quite a beauty! But no matter-r-r-r-r—let us on.]

Apropos of that peer, supposing I were in Brighton, and was asked to make a pun on a Grand Duke, on whom and where should I do it?

Schleswick-Old Steyne.

[P.S.—Ma and Pa are always together on the Ma-rine Pa-rade: come down and see 'em.]

What is a tourist's motive for travelling?

A loco-motive.

[N.B.—Avoid low commotions; they're not worth the trouble, and are very dear.]

What is a deal cudgel?

An All-pine club.

[P.S., N.B.—If you go up mountains, and it distresses you very much, don't let people see it: it don't do to a-Pyrenees-y after going up mountains; no, it don't do to appear uneasy: get laughed at.]

[P.P.S.—And don't let a man say he *has* been up mountains he has *not* been up, or his friends might call both his mountains and . . . Him-a-liar!]

[P.P.P.S.—Don't, if you are in Rome, bother people to in-Forum you about this, that, and t'other: read your Murray-coloured guide, your red book.]

What would be a good thing to remember before driving vicious horses?

That it is preferable to look after the bits of your horses than to have to look after the bits of your carriage.

Whence did the author of Whittington and his Cat derive his inspiration?

From the Mews of History.

Two brothers we are ; great burthens we bear ;
By some we are heavily pressed ;
We are full all the day, but in truth I may say,
We are empty when we go to rest.

A pair of shoes.

[Ones goes badly enough sometimes in a pair o' shoes, don't he? Jingo !
how one would go in a parachute!]

[P.S.—Ha ! ha ! Capital place to go to for shoes: Shoe-mart-ra.]

Why is the journey round the world like a leopard's tail?

Because it's fur to the end of it.

[Let's see, *did* we tell you when a leopard changes his spots? because, if not, we may as well inform you that 't is when he moves from one spot to another.]

When's a horse not a horse?

When he turns a hair.

[Greyhounds also have the property of turning hares. Funny!]

[P.S.—Awful lot of cheating about horses, and always will be, and always was; for the very greatest "take in" of ancient days was that Trojan horse.]

Why is a horse that can't leap better tempered than one which can?

Because you can't get a rise out of him, and he won't take a fence.

Why is a man-of-war's man like a race-horse?

Because, whilst one of the *fleet*, he must have his
backer.

Why is a redbreast like a modest thief?

Because you can tell by his blush he's a-robbin'.

Apropos of Robbin, what circumstance in the life of Robinson Crusoe doubtless gave the greatest satisfaction to himself, but the opposite of that feeling to his parents?

When he first hankered after a voyage.

How do we know that when Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith died, England was more distracted than it was at the death of either Lord Nelson or the Duke of Wellington?

Because upon the decease of the two former it was plain the country lost its wits.

[Ahem! *some* of its wits; *they* were very good, but they didn't write or say *quite* everything they get the credit for.]

What is a man like who is in the middle of the river when he can't swim?

Like to be drowned.

[Poor Wetter-un! if he could only *keep up* a light heart he'd do; or if he had but a swimming in his head even. But, alas! no; he's gone.]

Why do pioneers march at the head of a regiment?

To axe the way.

[A husband bragged the other day that his wife was so lovely that she had been followed, when out walking, by one entire battalion of foot-guards, officers and all, in *one* day, without any one being near to brigade to her or help her. It turned out to be only one solitary man who was thus indiscreet. The husband still swears, though, it was a *wretch-he-meant*!]

Hif yer ladyship will permit me, I will with the profoundest respect come for once hinto your ladyship's presence hunrequested, and divide myself inter two. Thank you, my lady. So heggsalted am I hin the character of my Fust that I have habolutely trampled up pride of kings, and the greatest swells upon hearth have t hesselves down to hembrace me, and yet the very di utter as ever you saw is not too hunclean to' ave me d hinmate. In my Second wot wariety! I am as rich eeses, yet pore as the weeping hobjeck of your bene al halms; I ham young, beau cheous, and bulloomi hold, hugly, hantiquated, and huneasy, and yet yot ship's hown hequal, some say souperior, but of that is very few proofs, so let it pass; but now that I am no ; divided, I am as I were at fust before I begun — yo' ship's most obedjent and wery yumble servant to co l.

A footm:

When is a gambler like abrella?

When h d up!

[The allusion here "rainy day" is exquisite: make it.]

Methinks I see my Fust g in the pale moonlight, so still, and calm, and grey on und, and I can see my Second exploring the misery of having it for ever in his eye, and I can hear my Whole toll his solemn bell preparatory to my First's being carried away.

Ha! ha! Dustman.

[Acknowledge, now, you thought it was something solemn when we spoke of that bell. Well, it does toll to tell you to empty your does-toll; now dustn't it?]

Why do young ladies rave about sunset and twilight?

Because they are daughters of Eve.

[Deliciously lovely women look in demi-twilight, don't they? much better than in swell silk dresses. Our wives and daughters didn't daughter dress themselves so silkyly, if they want to look nice.]

Why is love like a Scotch plaid ?

Because it's all stuff, and often crossed.

[They say love is good to make young people grow : it increases their sighs.]

We *must* ask you the old one about the fish.—Why is a whale like a lover's heart ?

Because it's a sea-creatur' of great sighs.

[What a pity it is when lovers fall out, isn't it ? To think that hot words should produce a coolness ! But, you know, everybody is liable to the unpleasant vicissitudes of life. Even an oyster, which is one of the most placid of creatures, is liable to get into a stew. Ah ! it's stew terrible to even think of.]



CANTER V.



WHEN are very, very, *very* badly wounded soldiers like fainting ladies?

When they're come in two.

Why didn't our soldiers think much of the Ashantee women?

Because each female had very little on her
(honour) in that country.

What grade must an officer who was once a private have attained to become like a Hansom hailed off the Strand?

He must be a cab-ta'en from the ranks.

[*Your father's not a captain; your father's major. You may stare, but it's a fact. Think it out.*]

When a girl wants you to fall in love with her, what officer should she mention to you?

She should say, come-adore!

Why is a Peninsular officer with a profusion of whiskers like a horse-doctor?

Because he's a veteran-hairy.

Why is a furnace for heating cannon-balls like the letter S?

It makes hot shot.

[Good old sell that, isn't it? about When is a man most like a cannon-ball?
—When he looks round!]

[P.S.—What sort of a French coachman is the most in the Bounding Ball of Babylon line?—A ric-cochet.]

The riddle of riddles—it leaps and it skips;
'T is seen in the eyes, and it cheats on the lips;
It seldom is found, though oftentimes read;
'T is sometimes a feather, and now and then lead;
If it meets with its match, 't is happily caught;
If money can buy it, 't is not worth a groat.

The heart.

[We remember once meeting a man who had just escaped by a miracle from being run over; he couldn't speak; his heart was . . . in his mouth, and he didn't appear to like it. We met him again a week after, and he told us that for the future he intended, when he got to a crossing, to . . . run over himself. Poor feller! we trust it is still well with him.]

Quelle difference y a-t-il entre un tailleur et un railleur?

Pendant que l'un prend le thé (T), l'autre prend l'air (l'R).

What time of the night will cats come in at the front door?
When they find it open.

Which go fastest, a horse's fore legs or his hind ones?
His fore ones: the hind ones can't ever catch 'em.
[Ha! ha! that's like us with the fl*as. Provoking, isn't it?]

What text suggests a rather restless night?
"The wicked flea, and no man pursueth."

Why are the feathers we see in ladies' hats like rubies and diamonds, which you have put somewhere and can't find?
Because they are all (l)ost-riches.

[This rather reminds us of Brown, who ran in debt for a swell necklace for a young lady, and then said it was for a clergyman, because it was for a necklace-he-has-tick! Yes, that was what he meant; for an ecclesiastic!]

Why is no one ever deaf to the voice of love?
Because there is an *ear* in every heart, which catches its gentlest murmur.

What do you imagine was Miss Tompkin's motto when she sat out all supper-time the other night with Cornet Glanders, and didn't eat a bit?

An officer's good as a feast.

[PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—A lady once wrote of her lover who had become insane that "he had gone out of his mind, but had never gone out of hers." Dear girl!

Shakspeare says, "Conscience makes cowherds of us all." Why would this not be so very disagreeable?

Because we admire ladies' ankles, and cowherds have nothing to do but look after "neat feet."

[P.S.—We somehow always think of amateur singers in connection with cattle: they both begin by being *herd*, and end by being . . . cut up!]

[P.P.S.—I'm an amateur, and am-at-our service entirely!]

Why is it untrue when they say in a full omnibus, "There is no room" ?

Because there always is room for improvement.

[It is a miserable go-inside-ence that it should be so, but it is.]

Why is hatred like the front door-step ?

Because it's a loa-thing.

What's the difference between looking and going upstairs ?

One stares up steps, the other steps up stairs.

[Really, one ought not to look upstairs sometimes when ladies are coming down, for, as the poet puts it, as sure as eggs are eggs, crinoline shows . . . stockings!]

When is the wind not cooling ?

When it's simply "a bit of a breeze" with your wife.

[There is a good deal of talk about the sacrament of marriage, but many women would give *you* the sac if you will give the rament; for don't you remember the girl's definition of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a 'love of a bonnet' "? And we dare swear she was in earnest.]

[P.S.—Miserable reflection on seeing a girl with her face enamelled: A miss *is* as good as a mile, but *email* is *not* as good as a miss.]

Lead up to this next joke by talking about rows with your wife, battles, etc., then suddenly ask, "Where is the seat of *oie* now?" Answer, "Your own arm-chair!" Need we say *oie* is French for goose?

Apropos of this French *oie*, tell us what sort of bread a wife should bring a lot of when she marries?

Dot! and let it be heavy.

[Let her bring it *in propria* purse-owner.]

When is a man's wife most likely to be . . . a tale-bearer?
When she's a-q-sir.

Dear Reader, why *are* castles in the air called "*chateaux in
Espagne?*"

'T is because they are An-delusion.



CANTER VI.



EEPERS don't like new-fashioned powders, etc., etc., etc.; but really, now, what powder *is* best for cover shooting?

Why, "wood powder," of course!

[Just try it, and you'll find it Schultz very well and strongly!]

Why is money at 50 per cent. like a telescope?

Because it's put out to use-your-eye!

[We hope you see why we make the 50 per cent. joke follow the keeper one: the allusion is so very obvious. Guess it, or you're blind.]

What would Homer have been had he been born at Venice?

Why, a Venetian blind, to be sure!

[P.S.—Of course, you know how to make a Venetian blind, don't you? It comes in so useful if you're in a country house, or anywhere with no shops or carpenter's handy. *Don't* you know how it's done? Why, take a Venetian, and put his eyes out, of course.]

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison?

One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

A sailor launched a ship of force,
A cargo put therein, of course ;
No goods had he he wished to sell ;
Each wind did serve his turn as well ;
No pirate dreaded ; to no harbour bound ;
His strongest wish that he might run aground !

Noah.

[Charming thing to ig-Noah pirates : wish people would ig-noah as-pirates
sometimes : make life pleasanter.]

Why is the letter *h* like a good man's last breath ?

Because it is the end of earth*h*, and beginning of
heaven.

[Ahem ! It's equally like a bad man's, though : end of earth, and begin-
ning of the other place.]

At what rate does a builder build a church ?

At a church rate.

You've heard the joke about the clergyman who kept a school
and because he thought no small beer of himself (what clergy-
men do ?), was called "a cocky-too-ter in a pre-parrot-ary
school" ? Well, *à propos* of him, let us ask you why is a
parrot's perch like a parson's special qualification ?

Because he plumes himself on it.

[Please, clergyman, don't preach after 12.30 ; for, at ten to one, we don't
atten' to one word you say.]

Why is Mr. Spurgeon like a weathercock ?

Because he looks down on the church.

[Oh no, no ! Nothing whatever to do with his being vain—certainly not.
Why should we throw such an ass-Spurgeon on his character ?]

Why is mud a desirable thing on your trousers ?

Because, you see, mud is a thing to add-mire.

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing are equally affected
by a wet day ?

The sun and your boots : it takes the shine out
of both.

My First for water is a station.
 A participle's termination
 Will tell my Second ; and my Third
 Is twenty hundred, on my word !
 Now, in these three, when well combined,
 A hero of renown you 'll find.
 Well-ing-ton.

Great K, little K, and K in a merry mood, will show you two islands and a continent :

Major-ca, Minor-ca, and Ameri-ca.

[There is Majorca-wardness in this riddle : very much awkwardness indeed. Our idea of America is a dancing Carolin' sort of Caroline. She's the Amerriy-Car we should like to make continent for us, and dance after her "The Catch-you-Car !"]

This *is* a new one. What two characters in Shakspeare would a nigger mention if he wished to pay money he owed ?

He would say, "Cash-I-owe. Dere 's-de-money !"

[And the nigger he paid it to would, perhaps, answer with another name, "Berry-nice."]

There is no answer to the following conundrum. No one has ever been able to find one. Perhaps you may be more lucky. It ought to be good : try it ; and if you should find an answer, send it to our publishers, Messrs. SHUTTERS AND WINDERS, 74 Piccadilly, for us, and we will thank you :

A handless man had a letter to write :
 'T was read by one who had no sight ;
 Dumb was he who spake the word,
 And deaf was he who listened and heard.

[Pity there's no answer. Ask it to people. and pretend there *is* an answer, and that you want 'em to guess it—make 'em miserable.]

A blind beggar had a brother, who died and went to heaven.
 What relation was the blind beggar to the person who went to heaven ?

Brother ? No. Sister ? Yes.

If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter (he wasn't, but that doesn't matter), he must have been the daughter of Pharaoh's son.

Don't you see it? The daughter of Pharaoh's
 son.

What are twins?

Two stars in the Milky Way.
 [Gemini !]

Legs have I none, yet I go *and* stand ;
 When I stand I lie—witness my hand.
 A watch.

When do we possess a vegetable time-piece ?

When we get up at 8 o'clock (get a potato clock).

[We should be inclined to imagine its works must be wanting, or, as the
 Latins say, vocative *carrot* !]

[P.S.—Vocative is quite the right word : you used your clock to call you in
 the morning.]

Why is a clock the most modest of created things ?

Because it invariably keeps its hands before its
 face, and equally invariably runs down its own
 works.

[Lovely clocks some ladies have !—no, *not* on the chimney-piece
 on their stockings ! ! !]

[P.S.—Find answers to the following questions :

What is the difference between the minutes of a meeting and the
 seconds of a duel ?

Is it correct to give tick to a watch-man ?

Is it an anomaly that winding-up a watch should make it go, and
 winding-up a company always stops it ?

Is it imprudent to tell a secret in the presence of a repeater ?

Should you strike a clock when it is down ? and when a clock
 strikes, should you hit it again ?]

Where is the clockmaker's Paradise ?

Seven dials.

A monitor which most folks prize,
 W hose precepts all too much despise ;
 A racer set 'gainst Time to run,
 T hat beating is itself outdone ;
 C hained or tied, yet night and day
 H astening where it should not stay.
 A watch.

From six take nine, from nine take ten, from forty take fifty, and six remain.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 S(IX) \\
 I(X) \\
 X(L) \\
 \hline
 \end{array}$$

And 6 remain.

Place six strokes in a line, thus— I I I I I I . Now make them nine with five strokes. N I N E .

Make 91 less than ten, by adding two more figures to it.
 Product, 91 (nine and a half).
 2

Write down one hundred with four nines.

99⁹/₉.

[Are you fond of figures? So are we.]

[P.S.—Ladies' figures.]

I went to the wood and got it ; when I got it, I looked for it ;
 the more I looked for it, the less I liked it ; and I absolutely
 came away with it in my hand, because I could not find it.

A thorn.



CANTER VII.



*W*E hear a great deal of talk about long trains, short petticoats, crinolines, etc., etc., etc.; but now, really, *what* height *should* a girl's petticoats be off the ground, to be perfectly proper and yet to look nice?

A little, just a little, above - - two feet.

[Oh! ain't we just a tootsicumaniac: rather.]

[P.S.—That's *our* form of B. and S.—Ha! ha!—Boots and Shoes!!!]

[P.P.S.—By-the-bye, how can you say brandy and soda in one word? *Beans!* that is be-an'-s, isn't it? and you can ask for French beans when you want Cognac.]

Why do ladies wear crinoline?

Because all the heavenly bodies move in eccentric circles.

[P.S.—Ladies only crinoline to the waist; they are not so bad as the anti-hanging murderers society, they cry-no-line to the neck.]

Apropos of crinoline, Why is a young lady who is really goody-goody like an ironclad ?

Because she pays no attention to the swells which follow her.

[Dear girl ! as we have said before, we a steamer for not doing it ; and it is very sensible of her too, as, if she did, instead of getting es-steam, she would probably only get—into hot water.]

What are the best shoes for wet weather ?

Pumps.

Old Seedycoats wants to know what's the difference between a dandy on shore and a swell at sea ?

He says one is simply disgusting, and the other so very sickening !

Why is kissing like putting on a postage stamp ?

Because it takes two heads, *and* an application.

[Isn't it delishus ? oh ! isn't it just delishus ?]

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain, crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear :
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

An egg.

What corn is that which a farmer grows and cuts, and a miller grinds, with more pain than profit ?

The one on his . . . (I say, Printer, print us a nice *little* toe, please, a tiny one ; big toes are ugly) toe. (Thank you, Printer, much obliged : that's just it.)

What kind of a fever have those persons who enjoy seeing their names in print ?

Type-us.

And now let us inquire what is the greatest stand ever made
for civilization ?

The inkstand.

Why with universal suffrage should we become universal wheel-
wrights ?

Because every *knave* would put a *spoke* in his
country's *weal*.

[And thoroughly *tire* us out.]

Why is a town clock like the House of Commons ?

Because both regulate our affairs, repeat their
motions, are divided by numbers, wound up to
their work, contain minutes, and mark the sign
of the times.

If you see your author walking with a young lady, which of the
flowers in your greenhouse would name him to you ?

YouR ole-and-er.

What a contented mind desires,
A poor man has, a rich requires ;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all must carry to their graves.

Nothing.

Why is the soul of really no consequence whatever ?

Because it's immaterial.

[Pussy is hare, and pussy-hare is dust, and so it all ends : *poussière* to pussy-
hare ; dust to dust, and all is vanity, and currant jelly only a drug !]

Who devoured a street, and where ?

Henry ate a street, near Covent Garden.

[Glad it was there : had his dessert handy.]

On what subject would a parrot and a clock talk if they could speak?

Pol-i-ticks.

[*Apropos* of politics, what do you think will be England's Polar-sea with regard to the Esquimaux? are they to ever be-wail fishing and given to blubber? we trust not.]

[P.S.—They tell me the Esquimaux women go about in (n)ice boots. We think we shall go too, and help find that nor'-west passage next time they send out.]

Through my First, I gave my Second to an ugly old woman in the dark. It's almost enough to make me take my life with my Whole.

Blunder-buss.

Why does a deaf old woman adore the letter A?

Because *a* is the only letter which can make her hear.

[But it makes men mean.]

When is 'a window like a star?

When it's a sky light.

Why is an unmarried knight like a horse roller?

Because he's a sir-single.

[And if he *is* a knight, bet you he's got a seal on with a thundering big coat of arms; yes, he's sure to have a Ceyl on that Cingal-(h)ee.]

Take three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete,
Two semicircles a perpendicular meet,
An angular form to stand on two feet
With a line thro' its middle to make it look neat,
And two semicircles and a circle complete.

TOBACCO.

[The author of this—who has a Varinas-ty temper—says if you don't agree with him in thinking it good, he Latakia with a stick; yes, he'll-attack yer with a very heavy stick indeed. We know him, so say it's good, to please us, tho' we acknowledge it is wrong of us tobaccer man up in being quarrelsome.]

What may looking down on a man be called ?

Taking a bird's-eye view of him.

[Perhaps it *might* be termed taking a sight at him.]

What animal is most to be pitied ?

The tortoise ; it is always in such hard case.

[We can quite believe it, Reader, for even after it's death one can feel the
peignes in its shell.]

When may a person reasonably condemn his coffee ?

When he has more than sufficient grounds.

[Moral reflection, *à la* Tupper, made after much cogitation in a French coffee-house. "Man, my friends, is a vessel which is prone to error ; some of us are right, and the restaurant ! Yes, alas ! alas ! the rest are wrong."]

Why is an honest baker like a vessel without ballast ?

Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

[Any children on board ? dear me, how sad ! poor little lurchin.]

What's the difference between a baby at ball-play in the nursery and a swallow ?

One flies along the shore, the other shies along the floor.

[This is *our* baby ; oh, yes, we know *your* horrid brat, but this is ours.]

Why is a tailor's baby fit to be eaten ?

Because he's a little duck and pa-snips.

Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride ?

Because the bride is given away, whilst the groom is frequently sold.

Why should the two elders, who looked at Susannah, be described *properly* as A and B?

Because they ought to have been two *letters alone*!

[P.S.—Now, you know, Susannah was bathing, probably plunging. Very good. She is called chaste; quite so: there you are, the original Casta Diver!]

Why does Miss Smith rather feel inclined to become a robber and a bandit?

Because the thief sees in every bush “an officer,”
and Miss Smith so very much wishes she could.

[P.S.—And with a bushy beard; at least, we only suppose so. We moustache her when we meet her.]

One thing of *you*, kind sir, I crave,
Which you yourself can never have;
Yet if you love me as you say,
Pray give it me without delay.

A husband.

What scent should you use when about to propose?
O-pop-an'-ax!

[May the answer be “Yes,” and may you hop-up in ex-tacy.]

What young ladies should you imagine would have the hardest heart and be chilling?

We should think Rose-wood and Al(l)-ice.

[Reader, ONE heart alone, if it be yours, in life, as at whist, is worth any amount of the others; and so it will be till the last trump!]



CANTER VIII.



E can quite understand your surprise, Reader, but this is the right way up! no mistake is made. It represents some modern Solon, a real philosopher, standing on his head. Why is he now in his most proper position?

Because his sole is
literally above all
contact of earth.

What is the flower for a doctor's buttonhole?

Why, croakers, to be sure.

[Law! we thought it was sickley-men.]

What is the difference between the effect of catching cold and one of the "Isles of Greece?"

In the one case it is you cough, in the other it is Corf-u.

When does a severe cold resemble a brilliant idea, and yet make a brilliant idea dull?

When it comes into one's head suddenly.

Why is the cold or cough of a lady, when asked to sing, like a particular pipe?

Because it's a mere sham.

[My sweet, dear creature, do wrap yourself up more, please; do as the soldier did in the following.]

Why does a soldier put on several waistcoats and two pairs of trousers at a siege?

Because he *dresses*, *in-vests breeches*, and *pants* afterwards.

Why was Lord Nelson when fighting the enemies of his country like an unrivalled excavator in a stone quarry?

Because he "picked" them off at *Aboukir*, "blew" them up at *Copenhagen*, and "shivered" them to pieces at Trafalgar.

[You have Aboukir (a book here), in your hand, Reader, which we hope you wish very much to C-open-'agen as soon as possible.]

Why is the C in "orchard" pronounced soft?

Why, because it would be orkard if it was not.

My First is a sort of a butter,
My Second is a sort of lickier,
And my Whole is a sort of charger.

Ram-rod.

Why is a baby hedgehog believed to be the offshoot of a vegetable?

Because it's the fruit of a prickly pair.

Do you mean to say you never saw a dead horse on the top of a house?

Yes, you have: at least, you've seen the cats meat there on the tiles.

[They say that th' eye of the master fattens the horse; well, then, hippo-phagistically speaking, it is only fair that thigh of the horse should fatten the master.]

[P.S.—Talking of cats, man showed us a silver box to-day, and called it hairy pussy! Don't you see the joke?—its work was - - a *repousée*!]

[P.P.S.—Talking of eating horse, did you every try Gorgonzola cheese? Some people adore it: consider it quite a jaw-consoler!]

Why did the lady who hired a dumb waiter return it the very next day?

Because she found it wouldn't answer.

Apropos of anser, why is a loquacious stuck-up goose like the Thames Tunnel?

Because it's the greatest bore in the world.

["Mother, mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!" "What sight, my son?" asked the rook. "Oh! white creatures, screaming and running, straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high: see, mother, there they go!" "Geese, my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sapient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once to be a goose."]

If you were to ask a Doctor of Divinity to play the violin, how would you put it neatly?

Say—Fiddle, D.D.

[D.D.—Ah! not one of those whom Goldsmith so exquisitely described as "passing rich with forty pounds a year." *Præteriens dives cum quadraginta per annum*; no, indeed, quite another sort of divinity hedges *him* around.]

Why is the Duchess of Edinburgh likely to find it very unpleasant travelling about with her husband?

Because she is sure to find a vile inn wherever she goes.

[Never mind, she's got a first-rate *beau* to take with her to her violin.]

[P.S.—We saw a professional one night, an *artiste* of the ordinary type—black hair, evening dress, diamond ring. and all—turn a *violent yellow* quite suddenly.]

[P.P.S.—No one appeared at all alarmed to see him turn a violoncello.]

Why is D such a useful letter?

It makes men mend.

[An imprudent married lady once thought that one letter, only one solitary letter, could make no difference. Jupiter! she found out her mistake, though, before she was aware of it: that one solitary letter changed the man to whom she wrote from a correspondent into a co-respondent. 'T wasn't worth it!]

Why is a man better with two wives than with only one?

Because with one, whereas perhaps he is only happy, he certainly gets transported with two.

Why was Mr. Lowe like nineteen shillings?

Because he was one bob under a sovereign.

Which was the last thing to leave the Ark? No, nothing to do with the elephant's trunk, nor the fox's brush, nor the cock's comb, nor the hare who got in a tangle and required brushing out before he could be said to be free. No; neither of these. Which was it?

The snipe : he had a very long bill to settle.

[The curl-ew might have been the beast who hindered the hare. We forget; our memory is one we really can *not* rely on.]

Which would you rather, that a lion ate you, or a tiger?

This is simply a question of putting proper punctuation — you would rather the lion ate the tiger.

[*Apropos* of punctuation, look here: The following entry is to be seen in the books of an overseer of one of the metropolitan vestries—"Paid to a woman whose husband was drowned by order of the vestry under London Bridge £1 1s." And do be careful; also an advertisement says: "Missing from Killarney Jane O'Foggerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully." And the celebrated toast, "Woman! without her, man would be a monster!" rendered by another party as "Woman without her man, would be a monster." It is impossible to be too careful about punctuation.]

An English word is known by me,
Seven letters it contains,

From which when you have been so kind as to take away two,
Exactly eight remains.

(Fr)eight.

[We hardly know which to admire most, the elegance of the versification, or the exquisite cleverness of this conundrum, they are so very equally balanced as to their merits; we ourselves are a-freight to give an opinion.]

Twin brothers were we when we saw the morn,
And twins we are howe'er the stars divide us,
Yet one of us is ever held in scorn,
Though destiny to greatness both allied us ;
For ever trembling on the verge of bliss,
Twice met we in the midst of its possession ;
But sin allured us with its traitorous kiss,
And soon involved us deeply in transgression ;
Then might you see the once too happy pair,
Whose very presence was the end of sadness,
They who once fled from pain, and doubt, and care,
Severed in sorrows, only linked in madness ;
Yet even then, when marked by Fortune's finger
To drain the last dull droppings of distress,
We felt in peace we would not, could not, linger—
We felt that we might live and love in less.
Though all were lost, the glass at least was won,
A home of comfort for each weary brother ;
And e'en if Venus still retained the one,
Yet Bacchus still was sure to claim the other.
Whatever lightnings flashed or whirlwinds blew,
One thought consoled us in our keenest woes :
Ask you the basis of our hope ? We knew
That happiness would claim us at the close.

SS.



CANTER IX.



YOU really ought to be able to guess this one. Which should you imagine to be Mademoiselle Sarah's two favourite foreign towns? Why, Dantzig, Hong-kong, to be sure!!

[Isn't that good? Well, *à propos* of that, now we'll ask you an electric joke, and call it—our flash of wit—for *your* sake, a wirey Sally.]

How is it that a ballet lady can move her feet so very quickly, so very very rapidly?

Because her dancing is—
is—is—electric, simply
a-leg-trick.

[P.S.—This is probably why ballet-dancing *shocks* some people so much, so very much.]

[P.P.S.—The world, *you* know, is composed of two halves; one half, may we call it the . . . ah! . . . *demimonde*, and the *other* half . . . your *better half*!]

In many a curious wreath, around
A well-turned pillar I am bound;
With which no Grecian orders vie
For beauty and just symmetry.

Though I'm allowed to rival all,
My rise is owing to a fall ;
And now advanced, in Courts I live,
From whence no honour I receive ;
Yet honours to the great I give.
Me the coy virgin strives to hide,
But soon discloses when a bride.
Me the discarded lover finds
A certain cure for love-sick minds.

A garter.

[Very neat indeed ; but really one ought to try and find these things out for one's self. It *is* a pity to have them shown and thrust before one whether one wants to see them or not. Now, I should have liked to have *guessed* this enigma, but how are you to do so with that answer staring you in the face ? No, really, the answer to all riddles, this one most especially, is the sort of thing one ought to be allowed to *seekgarter*.]

When an opera-dancer's wife has twins, what may *he* be termed ?

Pa de deux.

[Poor *pa de deux* ! wrap your twins up in a brown paper *pas seul*, and drop 'em in the river.]

What is music and dancing ?

Gamut and spin-nidge.

Either way the same am I ;
Either way I'm—all my eye !
The eye.

What is a pretty slavey ?

The *corps de bell*—tut—tut—tut—pshaw !—a pretty slavey is—an area belle. We were thinking of the *corps de ballet*.

Why is love like champagne ?

Because there's a good deal of fizz and sparkle in it until it gets flat, and it don't do to over-ice it, as it loses its flavour from coldness.

[P.S.—We think some one has said a love of champagne shows fizzical weakness. Good, eh ? But we must dizzembul. "MUM !" 's the word.]

What was the difference between the two exclamations of Elisabeth on stepping on Sir W. Raleigh, Bart.'s, cloak, and Jones's on seeing the outside of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople?

The latter said, "What a seraglio! charming!"
the former said, "Sir Walter Raleigh, oh! delightful!"

Where is the best place to blow your own trumpet?

In a cottage *horny*.

[Reader, if you insist on blowing trumpets, blow anybody's but your own.]

[P.S.—We *do*. Confound 'em! hang 'em! blow 'em! b——]

[P.P.S.—We leave the last part out; it's wrong.]

Do you play the post-horn? If so, what sort of a note would you imagine a short-horn would give?

A *low* one.

If a man makes a young bullock run like mad for two miles, what wind would he remind him of when he stopped?

N.B.—You must be a bul-lock-head (English for *tête de veau*) if you can't guess this. Why, he reminds him of his zephyr blowing!

[If heiffer you don't see a joke, don't try to look as if you did; and if you did, don't do it again.]

Why does a clock always perform its duties in a most Christian-like manner?

Because its one hand knoweth not what the other doeth.

[Or what a rap on the knuckles a proper-minded left hand would fetch an immoral right hand sometimes, eh?]

[P.S.—By-the-bye, the cloak of religion! Yes; well, it may be frequently distinguished by its good, strong, sound *nap*—in church.]

[P.P.S.—Oh, we forgot! *à propos* of that cloak, when people die in the odour of sanctity, are they . . . eh? what? . . . just a trifle high?

What is the difference between Charon's boat and an old hen?

One is a foul old wherry; the other a werry old fowl.

[We presume if a man were to walk out in a blue hat, he would be considered eggs-hen-trick, eh? Well, what is laying an egg? The same. *Ergo*, man in blue hat is a hen, of course.]

Why would it be better to eat donkey than horse?

Because you couldn't have a night-mare!

[Ha! ha! but you might have a sort of "Jinny" *sais quoi* sort of feeling, though, which would be ass bad.]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of nightmares, the other evening, in Brighton, a would-be fashionable lady called at a neighbour's at what she thought would be supper-time. "Come in," said the neighbour; "we are having tableaux." "I am so glad," said the visitor; "I thought I smelt 'em, and I like 'em better than anything for supper."]

Apropos of animals, when is a silver cup most likely not to be run for, but to run?

When it's chased.

[Ha! ha! I say, what's better than winning a cup? Why, winning a cuple, of course—two of 'em!]

What are eye-glasses?

Glasses round.

[Used equally by the "drags" and the dregs of society.]

Jones is in transports at his approaching nupshulls. We wish to remind him of something, so put it thus: Jones, what is marriage?

Ringing a belle, he says. Yes, Jones, it is; and it is also, bear in mind, . . . transportation for life!

Why is fanning a woman like the copy of a writ?

Because it's a summery process.

Why on visiting a widow is it only polite to take her a penny
Pickwick or two, or a Lopez, or a halfpenny screw of birds'-
eye?

Because *you* find her in weeds.

[Ah, my good Reader, smoking is very nice: very soothing, very calming;
but, after all, what is it? even the very choicest brands of 'baccies, what
is it? Only . . . only . . . Havannah-ty, after all!]

When may dinner be said to go through a new edition?

When the plates are changed, and the cuts are
renewed.

When is a dandy like a haunch of venison?

When he's a bit of a buck.

[One might say also of him when *he's* rather - - ahem! - - high!]

What makes everybody sick, but those who swallow it?

Flattery.

[You can always tell a woman truthfully, though, that she has seven other
men in love with her besides yourself. Say, "How happy I am not to
find the other seven!" "What do you mean?" she'll say. Reply, "Why,
you know, you always fasten-eight!"]

What is that most natural production which is neither animal,
vegetable, nor mineral, neither male nor female, but between
both; given from two to six feet high, recorded in the Old
Testament, and recommended in the New? What is it?
Guess it and take it.

A kiss!!

[Given from five feet five to five feet ten is about its most prime growth;
but it is very difficult to please everybody. In Jamaica they don't feel
happy if the blacks rise, and in London one swears horribly if the blacks
come down. So there you are; but *à propos* of five feet ten:]

What is that which enables a man to look over a six-foot wall,
and yet it is no more than a girl of four feet two possesses?

A nice height. Don't you see? You must be
blind—an eyesight!

How can one desire another to approach by bidding him strike a woman?

When he says, "Come, hit-her."

[Booh! that's very poor—come hit-her. Much more likely to approach if you said, "Let's liquor." Much more to the purpose.]

Every lady in every land
Has twenty nails, on each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true without deceit.

Read according to the stops.

Why is the most recent horological improvement like the new Divorce Bill?

Because it's a leave-her escape-meant.

What is an elastic band?

The marriage bann-d or tie (in the Divorce Court).

[P.S.—Ha! ha! Hooray! We've discovered the secret of the whole thing. We'll do away with the Divorce Court now! Bravissimo! bravississimo! Don't you see WHY there are so many unhappy marriages is Because the BEST, MAN don't get the bride!]

What *is* the Divorce Court?

Simply a repeal of the Union.

Why is the Divorce Bill an *advocate* for *weakness*?

Because it dissolves unity, which is strength.

[And brings Hannen-dear to all your little Piccadillyos.]

Why does a bridge fascinate beholders?

Because it has so many arch ways about it.

[Jingo! that must account then, sometimes, for the still greater fascination of a pair of bridges!]



CANTER X.

HAT charming singer, dear Reader, must you have asked to your house to make you like a repentant rascal?

Reader, you must have seen your folly.

[We so hope Signor Foli will pardon our pronunciation of his Pat-ronymic!]

[P.S.—Our picture is not *half* good-looking enough for him.]

What superb basso is splendid to *sing* to you in a room, and better still to hum to you out of doors in wet weather?

Borella in a room; hum-Borella in the rain!

[We can only suppose people *forget* to return umbrellas because they want to keep something against a “a rainy day.”]

What celebrated singer does a bad rabbit remind you of?

Ronconi.

[Don't you see? Wrong-coney: we mean not the right animal.]

Why is the singing of a kettle like the singing of a stage vocalist?

Because an attempt to overdo it will be followed by a hiss.

[We prefer instrumental music to vocal ditto; we prefer a piano-Liszt to a vocalist.]

When does a man literally drink in music?

When he has—ah!—supper beer. Yaas, when he has a superb ear!

[Poor Atkinson went to hear L'Africaine the other night; he *heard* it splendidly, but he couldn't see it at all: he had *quatre actes* in his eye, poor man.]

[P.S.—Perhaps we shall L'Africaine next season, then let us hope he'll be better able to see her.]

What is the most musical town in Africa?

Tune is.

[Patti-Caux-nia ought to be a melodious spot!]

What do they call a rook that can't fly?

Lallah.

[That Lallah, though, is worth a good Minnie others.]

[N.B., P.S.—Neat thing to say when you are in the society of a young lady of the name of Minnie; say to the person she is talking to, "You are better off than I am: I have only ordinary works of art at *my* side, *you* have exquisite Minnie-at-yours!"]

[P. P.S.—We remember once—we were going somewhere with her—a young lady of that name saying, "Shall we come and fetch you in the carriage?" Jingo! she didn't require to come in a carriage to do *that*.]

Give the Italian for a deep draught of Bass's bitter beer.

Basso profundo.

[Ah! Reader, how many tenors have been spent, and how many barry-tones uttered, stuttered, and muttered over this Basso profundo?]

What sort of beer do you find in many Italian churches?

Bass-a-liquor.

[P.S.—What is it they call a pergola out there? we know they have them, because we remember something pergolated through one once, whether wind or water we forget.]

[P. P.S.—Both.]

When is the best time for a young lady to learn her scales?

At Christmas-time, when waits are plentiful.

[P.S.—Are you fond of the fiddle? We are. Carrodus Carrodus away with him the other night; absolutely transported us. Thank you, Carrodus.]

[P.P.S.—Brown thinks he plays much better than Carrodus or any one; he says, "Shall I play you a *bourrée*?" We say, "Oh! *bourrée* do:" we wish we had courage enough to say, "Oh! pray don't."]

When is a concert singer silent?

When he holds his piece.

[Whatever piece is played or sung, a friend of ours always wants to add the Rataplan chorus in the Huguenots. We tell him he's a fool, and beg him to be quiet. He won't; no, he distinctly will NOT, and he'll argue and tiddle over it for an hour afterwards. Idiot! he is given to add Meyerbeer and admire beer too much. Bore!]

Are *you* a musician? if so, tell us What is a rest?

Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon-time.

What is called singing with "an understanding"?

Marking time on the floor with your foot.

What is a staccato movement?

Leaving the choir in a huff because you are dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell?

A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

[Good boy; go up to the top.]

Why is a young man who sings like a barrel?

We get a stave out of him.

[By Jingo! yes, and often make a butt of him in consequence of his many staves.]

[P.S.—Music in a barrel is not to be drunk in

P.P.S.—Barrel organs.]

Who are the best paymasters?

Good musicians, because they always take up their notes at first sight.

[P.S.—Do singers measure their time with the compass of the voice or with the scales?]

[P.P.S.—At a concert, the other day, one of the vocalists found her voice thick: she *strained* it, but without any good effect.]

[P.P.P.S.—She was singing the Stabat Mater: one almost wished she had been dumb, to have saved us the Mater-dumb of having to hear her.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Starbat Martyr! Well, *the* star bat is, we imagine, W. G. Grace; the martyr, we fancy, must be the fellow who has to field at point during one of W. G.'s big innings. We don't know this, we only suppose so.]

What is the funniest burglary on record?

Bursting into a laugh.

[P.S.—The following story is put down to Jerrold, but we should think that at least 227,869 people have also said it, word for word, quite originally also.

A prosy old gentleman was in the habit of meeting Douglas Jerrold, and pouring long, pointless stories into his ear. On one occasion Prosy related a lengthy account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information, "He really thought he should have died with laughter."

JERROLD. "I wish to goodness you had!"

Why is a prisoner's time like toothache?

Because it's past in durance.

[P.S.—The Italians call a thief *ladrone*. Ha! ha! There's many a ladrone if he had a ladder on'y wouldn't he just come in at the first floor window, eh? rather.]

Give the Italian for naughty but nice.

Buona naughty.

[P.S.—*Apropos* of Italian, it is really astonishing how the English "ladies" one meets taking their walks as we return home from the theatre, &c., must love the Italian comedy: at least, one can but imagine so, as at every turn one of them is sure to say to you - - - "Comedia!"]

[P.P.S.—Those who frequent the 'aunts of dissipation, not unfrequently have to go to their uncles.]

My First is French, my Second English, and my Whole Latin—
what am I?

La-tin!

[Good sell, eh? Reminds us of a lot of people we met on a steamer once; for there was an Ostend-tacious Belgian, a very Dieppe Frenchman, an Italian in such a Firenzi that we couldn't help saying to him "Old feller, how very Padua! wonder you haven't Bologna brains out by this time;" also a Seville sort of a Spaniard, a German Dresden a blue coat, a Hungarian Pest, a Pole who was much Warsaw, and a sort of a French-German fellow who was All-sarse. Funny lot, weren't they? But, as the Russian sitting next me observed, now we really Mos-cow on.]

Why are the Romanists better off than the Presbyterians?

Because they *have* their Wiseman, the others' is
only Coming.

Why is Ellen's elegance like Punch?

Because—don't you see?—it's - - - the
polish o' Nell; yes, the Polichinelle.

[We shouldn't have mentioned this, only having alluded to Wiseman and Cumming, we thought we might as well also allude to Ellen's aunt, Mrs. Tompkyson-Jones, and that is only because she's Ant-o-nelli—her own mother's sister; so, of course, she's aunt to Nelly, and a fit and proper companion for Wiseman and Cumming.]

The Roman Pontiff, soaring high
In his imperial pride,
Boasts that on my Second rests
His power and empire wide;

But we have slaked in purer streams
Of Gospel truth our thirst,
And know that all his vaunted claims
Are nothing but my First.

My Whole, fair plant, how bright thy hue!
How green thy leaf would be,
Had not that precious Pontiff put
His withering foot on thee!

Shamrock.

[N.B.—These lines are by Pope.—Beg pardon: we mean about him. It's all the same. Excuse the error. Your author will do Vatican to make up for it.]

Les Rois habitent mon Première; les femmes cherchent à cacher
mon Second; et my Troisième les hommes affectent en tout.
Cour-age.

[*Apropos* of courage, we love this story. "Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run. I'm a little lame; I'll start *now*."]

Why was the magpie offended at being called a pheasant?

He thought you were making game of him.

[Mag-pie of him; make game pie of him; be makin'-a-pheasant game pie of him; yes, magnificent game pie!]

Why would you make a better carpenter than I should?

Because you are a deal planer.

I, being a carpenter, why am I like Adelina Patti?

Because I hamher.

[Caux along with you, stupid!]

This is perhaps a saw subject, so we will ask you, Why may carpenters be excused for disbelieving in stones?

Because they never saw them.

Which is the oddest, you or I?

I am the querist.

[Correctly speaking, we should have asked, Which is the odder of us two? Then it would have been you, as being the odder man.]

Why is love like a nigger?

Because he so very often . . . breaks down.

[You might ask this joke, Why is *amour* like a blackamoor? But do as you please; you've paid your money, and are justly entitled to the right of option.]

Why do people take so long dressing?

Because it's at-tiring process.

[They make a toil of it, their toilet, especially when they've their hair to shine up, and are going to-ile-it.]

[P.S.—What classical lady does lemon-coloured hair remind us of? Ha! ha! reminds us of Dye-on'y!]

Why would the world without women be like a sheet of plain paper?

It would not be . . . ahem ! . . . ruled.

[Jones's wife, Jones *says*, causes him to lose flesh, as she is always deucing him and redoosing him all day; however, we must not listen to these "murmurs of the tied."]]

What is hanging?

Painful suspense.

["*Sus. per col.*" they term it. 'Pon my word, it's wonderful some of the men one sees about are not choke per col-lars.]

Apropos of chokers, what is the difference between a clergyman and a conjuror?

One is a divine, and the other is a diviner.

Why is so much congealed water as will fill a cart like a mean trick to impose on one?

Because it is a low device (load of ice).

Apropos of vice—pshaw! ice—which cobbler can't mend boots?

A sherry cobbler.

[No, he can't mend boots, but take too much of him, and *he sews shoe up* like a shot. Try a dozen or so and see; begin and try now.]



CANTER XI.



WEET things in hats—the Titian, and the Rubens, and the Pompadour, and the Pamela, and the Mrs. Dorothy, etc., etc., etc.—are they not? Suit Mrs. Jones so well, don't they? and on a windy day at the sea-side they must be *so* comfortable! at least, we can only *chapeau* so, or we shouldn't, we imagine, have a repe-Titian of them everywhere. However, this is neither here nor there; our business is simply to ask you conundrums, so on we will go, thus, viz., in what follows:

What is that which, tho' itself placed above all human imperfections, yet shelters and protects, with equal impartiality, the weakest and wretchedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind?

A hat.

[And yet, poor hat, how like the world! tho' it is placed above all human imperfections itself, it still gets laughed at and caricatured as much as anything else; for is it not continually . . . taken off?]

Give a good definition of a gentleman's hat.

Darkness that *may* be felt.

Sometimes with a head, sometimes (Ha ! ha !) without a head,
sometimes with a curly tail, sometimes without a curly tail,
and sometimes with a head and a tail. What am I ?

A lady's chignon.

[Girls look all head now, don't they ? however, the illusion is dispelled
when you talk to 'em.]

[P.S.—We heard rather a good joke about a sell at the fancy fair at the Crystal Palace the other day. A gentleman offered one of the young lady stall-keepers two guineas for one of the curls from her head ; his surprise may be understood when she promptly cut it off and gave it to him with a smile. His further indignation may be imagined when he learned that the entire nest of about fifty curls cost only thirty shillings ! !]

What is the rightful hair ?

Not a chignon.

[P.S.—It sometimes happens that when a man's heir thinks he ought to die, *he*—the man himself—thinks he ought only to dye his hair.]

My First I can see on your head ; my Second I see on your lip ;
but my Whole I trust you may never have, tho' it is the one
great ambition of the Roman clergy to get it.

Hat-red.

A cat and a fiddle, with the end in the middle ;
A cat and a half, if you guess it you'll laugh.

Kit-cat.

I am. No, I am not. The moment I say I am, I ain't.

Silent.

What is the difference between sealing-wax and a lady ?

One burns to keep a secret, the other burns to tell it.

What is that which little children always have, which single ladies have, which married women never have? St. Paul had it behind him, St. Luke had it before him, and poor Captain Lutrell had it both before and behind?

Letter L.

Which runs fastest, heat or cold?

Heat : you can catch cold.

[Quite so; it *is* old, but we wanted an excuse to ask you

What *is* Bronchial Troches?

Is it a something that washes?

Will it keep out the wet like goloshes?

Is it wet, or slimy, and splashes?

Is it sticky, and clammy, and squashes?

Oh, what *is* Bronchial Troches?

We firmly believe it all bosh is.]

Why are chemists often ruinously generous?

Because when you buy black doses, they always give you a vial-in.

[Very kind, but as you are supposed to *take* whatever they give, it's their look-out only.]

Which Catherine do you prefer, the hard-hearted one or the simply foolish one?

We prefer a silly Katharine to a silicate.

[Though a woman always grinning is rather a bore; nuisance *semper* simpler.]

Supposing you wished to tell a girl she laughed too much, and wanted to request her to be less mirthful, how could you do it by simply mentioning two well-known names to her?

Say, "You Seem-merry-miss; Make Merry-less (Semiramis, Meg Merilies)."

When does a waggoner put an end to his own happiness?

When he makes his wheel woe.

Why do you leave the letter *u* out of hono(u)r?

It is out of favor.

Why is a sick cab-horse like a bad play?

Because it won't *run* and can't *draw*.

[Talking of *drawing*, reminds us to say one thing, which is, that we are sure the corkscrew has *sunk* more people than cork jackets ever kept up!]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of this bitter rail of ours, this is sharp: "Mat, I want another porter." "What ails the one you have, Dick?" "He's dead." "Gone to his beer, eh?" "Hang you, Dick! you're wit's always a broad-cider."]

What answer may be expected from a person who has been asked if he intends to go on using tobacco?

I shall if I chews.

[They chew Cavendish, don't they? Tell me: I'm honey-dew-cated about chewing; but we know that nothing makes a Manilla than chewing does.]

Why may a Highland carlin, in her lone bothy, brewing the illicit spirit, *in the depth of winter*, be compared to the abandoned ship in Dr. Kane's Arctic explorations?

Because the ice is round her *still*.

Often talked of, never seen;
Ever coming, never been;
Daily looked for, never here,
Still approaching in the rear.
Thousands for my presence wait;
But, alas! such is my fate,
Though expected to appear,
They will *never* see me here.

To-morrow.

Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?

Because its capital is always Dublin.

[And that's the way to get on. Persevere, dear boy, if you would grow rich; yes, purseheavier to make your purse heavier.]

What old lady is more admired than her daughter?

Dame Fortune is liked better than Miss Fortune.

And now, Reader, *à propos* of misfortune, we're going to get up
a tree or two ; here you are.

Which is the ugliest tree ?

The plane-tree.

What trees keep order best ?

The birch and the elder.

Which is the nicest tree we know ?

You !

Which tree don't like jokes ?

The jest-not.

Which tree is most likely to die of love ?

The sick-*amoris*.

Which tree is best in a boat ?

The 'elm.

Which tree is best at a sell ?

The 'oaks.

Which tree do you see in every bank ?

A-cashier.

Which tree do you have when you meet your love ?

You've Cedar.

What tree do you think of when you find your hens won't lay ?

If they won't . . . lay, burn 'em.

What tree was Joan of Arc made of ?

Probably of an Orleans plummy one.

Which is the most sociable tree ?

The tea-tree.

Which tree will probably make you dance ?

Capers - - if you cut them.

What tree usually stands number four anywhere ?

IV. (I-vy.)

Which tree reminds you most of an Irish nurse?

Honey-suckle.

[P.S.—It's a very pretty sight to wet nurse—Pshaw! witness we mean—
a baby taking refreshment.]

Which tree would make a good stump orator?

The one which makes (s)peaches.

What tree is purely imaginary?

The 'igh-deal fir-tree.

What tree would you like the beam to be made of which you,
we hope, can find in your love's eye?

The hazel.

Which tree don't do to sit under and talk secrets?

The peach.

What tree does do to sit under and talk secrets?

The mistletoe.

What tree is best in a bottle?

The cork.

What tree grows in the Haymarket?

The leman.

What trees carry the last tree home?

One chestnut, one bay, and a broom.

What tree makes one of woman's sweetest charms?

A well-made sandal.

In what tree is the French Opera house?

A *Rue*.

What tree is most like a king of old?

Clove is.

[Strong man to cleave was Clovis.]

What tree most requires consolation?

The weeping willow.

What tree reminds you of a smart seal-skin?

Spruce fir.

[We shall soon have to get another New Sealand if we go on destroying the zeals as we are now doing.]

What tree assists bill transactions?

A short date.

What tree reminds you of a contented mind?

It's little I lack; very little lilac.

What tree would make any ship's male figure-head, which was carved from it, like a civic dignitary?

An alder could but make an alder-man.

What trees would enable you to go to the sea-side for nothing?

Sit on a beach with a crab or two handy, and a bay in the distance.

What tree is delishus when you want to squeeze a lady's hand?

A yielding palm.

What tree would like to pinch Moses and Son?

The juniper.

What tree should you avoid?

A medlar.

What tree is the antithesis to the medlar?

One which is pop'lar.

What trees make the best furniture?

Oak an'-teak.

What tree do you hope to become when you marry?

A fruitful *père*.

[We trust that you may do it apple-ly, that you will not make a 'ash of it, and that she will not re-fuchsia offer.]

What trees do ladies hope to become when *they* marry?

Matres! blooming May trees.

What trees does the toper affect?

Mull-beer-eh!

What trees do you like to kiss?

Tulips!

[Especially if the young lady is *une très tulip personne*.]

What trees should you imagine to be most easily petrified?

The marble-larch, the holly-stone, and the pomme-granite.

[And now, as-pens won't last for ever, and I've told you all lime maple to remember, good night!]



CANTER XII.



ELL us why an English female cook is likely to dread the Emperor of Russia more than any one?

Because he frequently orders people to receive a knouting, and she, poor woman! . . . invariably gets it.

[P.S., N.B.—An outing . . . on Sundays. 'Ampton Court, you know—stroll in the envywrongs.]

Why can't the cook swallow her apron?

Because it goes against her tummy!

[We don't know if Mrs. Partington is correct in calling a man-cook a "Gordon Bellew;" perhaps a *cordou bleu* sounds better—but we suppose it is all according to your own taste. However, we must protest against Mrs. P.'s saying she has been to the "Brighton How-queer-I-am" to see the fishes; it really ought to be called "Aquarium." Tank you very much for promising to mention it to her; and if, at the same time, you would kindly request her to abstain from calling Martinique, "Marking-ink," and from talking of paying a visit to the Hag-o'-pin-money, you will increase the obligation we are already agreeably labouring under to you.]

We hear people talk of the bitter end ; but what *is* the bitter end ?

The last inch of a ha'penny cigar.

What is the closest study ?

Any study where the windows are never opened.

Apropos of studies, what is the earliest known instance of hero-worship ?

Leander's.

[There is a modern hero we worship sincerely—His Grace the Duke of Wellington. We think of him in the Peninsula, and feel inclined to dance—yes, when we think of him *there*—the bold hero at Ciudad Rodrigo, the bol' 'ero in Spain—we *must* dance !]

What do they do when it rains in Madrid ?

Let it rain. Here we *can* dam it ; there they can't.

What is the vaccinator's cry ?

To arms !

What is Baroness Burdett Coutts's cry ?

To alms !

[Can any possible name be so *un*appropriate for this noble lady as . . .
Baroness Bad-debt Coutts ?]

Describe that great benefactor, Mr. Peabody.

He was the M and P-bodiment of benevolence.

How can a man, who is deaf-icient in hearing, deaf, recover his hearing by a trip down the Thames ?

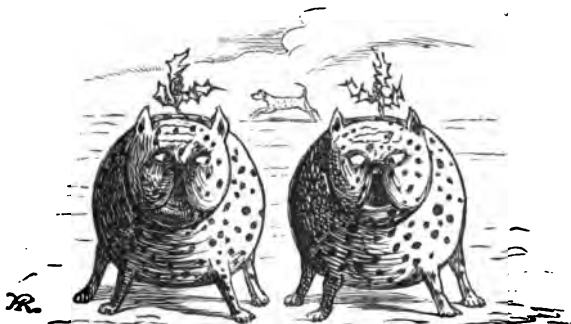
When he goeth to Gravesend and Erith.

[Ah ! it sounds ab-*surd* ; but if he were going the other way, up the Thames, he'd find ease, for there only is a Pangbourne in peace.]

If you were to speak to us of your favourite pug or setter, why would it be like a lawyer's letter?

Because, don't you see? it's a dog-you-meant.

[You will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Partington's sister has come into a fortune, and set up her carriage, and has it followed by two "Dalmatian" plum-pudding dogs. We presume it is to these animals Mrs. Partington alludes when she says, "The carriage is most voluptuous to ride in, and has always two 'Damnation' dogs running after it" !



Well, well ! who knows? Perhaps Mrs. P. is right after all ; for they may possibly be NOT Dalmatian dogs, as we had supposed, but another breed altogether.]

Why is a flogging schoolmaster like a man who won't dine off tripe and onions?

Because he's Toby-tickler : yes, far too partic'lar

[N.B.—The polite Turkish merchant and the impolite English pork-butcher have something at any rate in common ; for are they not both accustomed to sell ham—yes, to salaam—to their customers?]

Why is your dinner the nastiest meal of the day?

The cook spits it, and the footman . . brings it up !!!

Where do cooks' ideas chiefly go?

To pot !

[It is so ; and we really should not wonder at it. As we expect them not only to send their ideas to pot, but to make a hash of nearly everything,

can we be surprised if, through the cook, the whole house so frequently gets put in such a stew, and at our having so very continuously a pretty kettle of fish?]

[P.S.—Does a man's being "hauled over the coals" ever account for his coming out of some affairs "with dirty hands"? And don't you think if he were to "get into hot water" after this, it would improve him? And then, perhaps, his wife would kindly "comb his hair for him," or, kinder still, "give him one for himself."]

[P.P.S.—We are anxious to meet some one who has been where another friend *was* crying over spilt milk, or laughing in his sleeve, or ventilating grievances, or beating about the bush, or airing French, or harping on one string, or going on a wild-geese chase, or kicking up a shine, or catching Tartars, or *was* setting a family by the ears, or turning his blind side or a deaf ear, or where a rich man *was* overwhelmed with thanks, or where birds of feather *were* flocking together, or where any one *was* riveted to the spot, or where they were building castles in the air, or where any one was smelling a rat, or ringing the changes, or splitting his sides, or giving the cold shoulder, or having his nose put out of joint, or cutting it off to spite his face, or where any one *was* scouring the country, or cleansing Augean stables, or falling between two stools, or roasting his friends, or robbing Peter to pay Paul, or drowning his sorrows, or shooting with the long bow, or setting the Thames on fire, or where any *was* carried away by his feelings, or *was* smothered in kisses, or lost his head or his heart, or hadn't a leg to stand on, or quarrelled with his bread and butter, or fell over head and ears in love or debt, or put his shoulder to the wheel, or killed two birds with one stone, or split some hairs, or went to the wall, or where any one really was knocked down with a feather: we are anxious to meet this person, as we should like to have some more definite information on these points, as we remember once ourself being where some one was "raising the neighbourhood," and we didn't like it: we thought nothing of it at all: it was a beast.]

As a contrast, let us go to lovely ladies, who never raise neighbourhoods or anything of that sort, and ask you — — "Pourquoi les cors aux pieds font-ils moins souffrir les dames que les hommes? Parceque les dames ont toutes des cors-sages! "

[And uncommonly nice they — — ah — — look *in them*.]

[P.S.—Melancholy reflection engendered by seeing the price of stays in a shop-window: the most beautiful and perfect *figure* can be obtained for — — eleven and nine !]

An advertisement asks, "Are you troubled with wind on the chest?" Are you? Well, you know how to get all that to rights, don't you?

No, not Whatshisname's pills, but don't go out into the wind: stop at home till it goes down.

[Sold, Reader! By-the-bye, that's a good old sell, that one about walking up to a man, and saying, "Well, I did *not* expect to meet *you* at a ball (or anywhere will do) with those nails in your boots." He's sure to say, "I've got no nails in my boots." Answer, "What have you done with your toes, then?"]

[P.S.—Yes; if *our* toes got us into a scrape like this in anybody's house, we'd *turn 'em out.*]

What proverb is the greatest cram out?

Saying you can't put old heads on young shoulders.

Why?

Because don't old men of seventy marry girls of seventeen?

[They do, they do, they do! What then? Oh! nothing much; only we suppose they put their heads on their wives' shoulders. Well, what if they do? What's that to you? Don't bother; go on.]

If daughters of a match-making mother were to speak, what Roman emperor would they mention?

Ma-sell-us.

[How true it is that many a philosopher, who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably deceived in the choice of a wife.]

What two Roman emperors were best able to acquire and hold property?

Cæsar and Agrippa.

[See, sir? By-the-bye, P.S.—The name of Cæsar, we're told, was derived from a Sanscrit word, *kéśa*, meaning hair. Of course it was: hair and scissors must be related.]

How could a girl mention an author and a wine in one word?

By saying, Ma-Sala.

[Wonder if the mother was mad who wrote on the tombstone of her twins: "Here lie two children, who died in their infantry"!]

[P.S.—One of the best epitaphs we remember to have heard is:

"Here lies the body of Martha Wextone,
Who had 3 husbands and never vexed one,—
Not like the woman on the next stone."

Poor Martha! we could have loved *her*.]

Why is a one-legged man like a town in Italy?

Because—don't you understand?—he's a Leg gone.

[We should say it was quite a question for the doctor to decide whether you Livorno with your Leghorne; yes, quite a question for the doctor whether you live or no with your leg gone.]

[P.S.—Do you remember the story of the little girl who said to her friend—they were both working slippers for their fathers—"You are so lucky: *your* papa has only one leg"?]

What's the difference between the Emperor of Russia's family and what you shave with?

One's a race of kaisers, and the other a case of razors.

What's the difference between a drink of one of the seas which flows round Russia and that which enables you to go to the Caledonian Ball?

One is the Baltic drunk, the other's the Ball tick-eat!

[P.S.—*Apropos* of the sea, everybody, we know, cannot afford a sea-bath at Brighton, but a farthing dip at home is within the reach of all.]

Why is a soldier certain never to starve?

Because he can always take a biscuit; yes, can always take up his kit.

[Poor man! and be perhaps poor-man-ently stationed in some trop-ical pickle place; though there is one satisfaction in the tropics—you never have a hog in the fair there—Pshaw!—we mean a fog in the air there.]

Apropos of hot places, where in India does a lady who is timid of robbers go every night, though she does not leave England?

She goes to Seek-under-her-bed!!

[This *bed* is bad, but so it ought to be! Don't you see, seekunderherbad! That's the spot she goes to.]

[P.S.—We're going too. *Bon soir*!]

CANTER XIII.



HEART'S-
EASE!

What is it?
Where is it?
There is no
such thing in
the world. It
is, therefore,
my young
friends, to be
considered
simply a
flower —
of speech;
never the-
less, we will
ask you, bad

though it is, What is the flower for a marine painter?

Art seas.

Why is a heartsease like a silent lover?

Because he always keeps his-talk to himself.

On what little plant does a whole garden depend for cultivation?
Thyme.

What plant is always a secret?
A woman's sage.

How can one be sure of cowslips in the winter?
By driving his cattle on the ice.

What is the flower for a teacher?
Verb-ena.

What is the flower for the poor?
Any-money.

What is the flower for a Chinese woman?
Pick-her-tea.

What fruit should be sent to a reformatory?
The black-heart cherry.

What vegetable induces asphyxia?
The artichoke.

What flower does a pretty Quakeress resemble?
The primrose.

What flower is esteemed by a gentleman's servant?
The lily of the valet.

What are the best flowers for winter wear?
Furze.

[Furs, indeed! Dare say you think a dahlia-self in them, eh? Ah, thought so.]

What flower is the emblem of truth?

The lie-lack.

[We should think this *very* lilacly to be so; but the flower we would present you with, Reader, is—the “forget-me-not.”]

[P.S.—Oh my-so-’t is!]

What letter would make every flower alike?

W would make all flowers wall-flowers.

In a garden there liv’d
A beautiful maid,
As fair as the flowers in the morn;
The first hour of her life
She was made a wife,
And she died before she was born.
Eve.

What was Eve for?

For Adam’s Express Company.

Backwards and forwards, both the same,
The sex’s blame, and shame, and name.
Eve.

[Never mind; though woman did lose us one Paradise, she can make us another when she likes, and she *does* like sometimes.]

What are creature comforts?

Good wives.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight?

Because they are daughters of Eve.

[We like the old joke about girls loving to look at the moon because there’s a man in it, better than this one.]

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer?

When he discovers a new “star.”

What is rich music ?

A million air.

What are the "Dark Ages" ?

Ladies' ages.

What do ladies try to do when they are getting grey ?

Keep dark.

[Supposing they are not dark, though, you say. Well, then, let us hope they can make light of it agreeably.]

When are you going out of town ? Have you ever been to Killarney ?—we don't mean to kill arney body—but the lakes. Well, we recommend you to go there : it's lovely. Of course you know the best and cheapest route for Ireland, eh ?

The potato.

[Ha ! ha ! root, not route : had you there.]

What is the fall of the leaf ?

Sit at dinner when it happens, and you'll find out.

[We hear people talk of the pleasures of the table ; but it's absurd talking of the pleasures of the table, for it quite groans sometimes beneath their weight.]

My First is a cropper ;
My Second is a propper ;
My Whole is a whopper !

Falstaff.

Miss Jones was serenaded the other night, just as she was getting into bed, by Tompkins with a flageolet, in Victoria Street. What sort of architecturally ornamented columns was this like ? (Mem. by the way.—It's a nice short question ; but never mind ; it's a superb answer. Go on.)

It was like a fluted pillar !!

[Pillow, you say ? quite so ; and so did her father, as he fluted to the rescue. He said, "Below !" too : "Below there ! you serenading, flageoleting, flat-you-let us be quiet ; or you'll guitar good crack on the side of the head, and a good flagellating besides. So, be off with your flute ; for if-losing my daughter's your little game, you're sold !"]

Why is a tax-gatherer a nasty beast?

Because his business makes him so very often
expect-a-rate.

[Have you, as the French say, shut the book with a *crash-eh* ?]

Why is the Westmeath Coercion Bill like the Commercial
Treaty with France?

Because it is likely to injure the Ribbon trade.

Why is cream so dear?

Because milk has risen so high the cream can't
get to the top.

[It's all the fault of the *crème de la crème*; we all ought to strike against
present prices.]

What do they call me dear in France?

They call Me-dea in France—May Day!

If a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will it not interfere with his
locomotion?

Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage, but it
will stop his wagging.

[Talking of dogs, can you imagine anything more awful than this? A
traveller, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for
himself or dog, cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and
then . . . gave the dog the bone!!!]

[It reminds us of the lady in Paris during the siege, who was so overcome
by her appetite as to eat her beloved lap-dog. After a hearty meal she
looked down at the little heap of bones, and tears fell from her eyes as
she exclaimed, "Poor Bijou! how he would have enjoyed them!"]

By-the-bye, *à propos* of that beleaguered city, How can you
describe a dark prospect?

A dark prospect may be illustrated by a black
woman looking down a dark alley, on a dark
night, for a nigger baby, among a flock of black
cats.

[Can you now imagine any darker prospect than this? unless, perhaps, it is
a lot of cocks and hens trying to roost on a clothes-line!]

What do they do to prisoners who have done a little mangling?
Wash 'em first, then iron 'em, and occasionally
hang 'em on a line.

What is a football?
A creature of impulse.

What is an agreeable holiday task to set before a schoolboy?
Cram, without examination.

What is apathy?
Not caring Eve's husband for anything.

What are the pawnbrokers' arms?
Popguns.
[They've got three balls for them, so they ought to be shootable.]

What is leap year?
The hunting season.

What is the income-tax?
Tin-tax.

What is the duty on spirits?
Sin-tax.

What is presents of *mind*?
Giving anybody both "Punianas"!!

What are two women kissing?
A great waste of the raw material.

[Some one said, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*." He was wrong, *very* wrong; for
kisses come from nothing. But are they *fit*? Now, are they? Oh! are
they? They ARE!]

What is the best "church service"?
Matrimony.

What is the difference between a movable feast and a fixed one?

One perhaps is digestible, and the other perhaps
. . . . isn't.

[Some one wants to know how it is that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are not all Catholics, as there are such a number of feasts in the Roman calendar.]

Who is the swell of the ocean?

Can they mean a dandy middy?

[We suppose he is the party they reefer to.]

What is the peculiar property of diamonds?

They cause ladies who wear them to despise ladies
who don't.

[Jingo! wish they were our peculiar property.]

What is the difference between "the parish" and a rascal?

One ought to repair their roads, the other ought
to mend his ways.

What may a lot of private carriages, with nobody in them,
attending a funeral, be very properly termed?

An empty ceremony.

And what would be a superb thing for boots?

The immortality of the sole.



CANTER XIV.



HY is a drummer the fastest man in creation ?

Because time beats everything, but a drummer beats time.

[Our drummers' caps fit well, don't they, eh? Ah, fit of pique, perhaps—poor drummers !]

When Napoleon was asked if he really thought he could have invaded Eng-

land at the time he threatened to do so, what superb answer did he make, which reads backwards and forwards the same?

He said, "Able was I ere I saw Elba!!"

[Clever, wasn't it? Poor man, you remember he *was* out at Elba.]

Do you think I can tell you of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?

Of Cors-I-can.

Why was Napoleon III. the most sleepless of men?

Because he had but one little Nap in fifteen years.

Why are our two drummers like twin boys ?

Because they're "brothers in arms."

What are swords and guns ?

Articles of war.

[P.S., N.B.—We heard the other day of an artist who painted a cannon so naturally, that, whilst he was finishing the touch-hole, it went off — — at a very good price.]

Que font les canons ?

Les dettes aux nations !

Why is a lame soldier the most marvellous phenomenon ?

He halts when he marches, and can't ever stand at ease.

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities ?

At the point of the bayonet.

En quel lieu de la terre trouve-t-on le plus de fusils ?

Sur les pôles (l'épaule).

[P.S.—Of course, O volunteers, you know that the French for the "goose step" is called "A *oie* march."]

Quelle est la ville où les soldats n'ont pas d'uniforme ?

Hambourg, car ils sont hambourgeois (en bourgeois).

[What Hambug this is !]

What is the difference between a quack aurist and an enraged drummer-boy engaged in his vocation ?

The former uses an ear-drum, and aggrieves his own patients ; the latter *abuses a near* drum, and aggrieves other people's *patience*.

What ought to be done with crooked-legged soldiers?

They should be disbandyed.

[Bah! bandy soldiers should be made musical. The *very* bandy man should have the big drum—hide his bandyness; and you know that the knock-kneed man is always a friend in-kneed; so you kneed be un-kneesy about kneether variety.]

[P.S.—Did you ever read Virgil's "Æneid"? Well, his verse may be called "In-kneed;" but no one can say it runs at all lame!]

In Germany I'm always found,
And there appear in green;
Whene'er you hear the trumpets sound,
With generals I'm seen.

I in the front of guards appear,
And there I bear the bell;
In fighting I am in the rear,
If I the truth must tell.

Sometimes I closely do engage,
But ne'er amongst the slain;
Although no coward, yet, in rage,
I always fly the plain.

The letter G.

[Letter G. Yes, one ought to read one's Lettergy without feeling any lettergy steel over one; however, it would be difficult to feel lethargic if you had happen to you what happened to us last Sunday, for we had the Epistle and Gospels all quite safe in our head; but the collick, the terrible collick, went into our st-m-ch! It was not agreeable.]

Why do the Ritualist clergy burn incense in church?

To lead you by the nose.

[Dreary music they play in church sometimes. Smith writes a great deal of organ music; his Op. 1 is very fine, and his Op. 2 is not so bad, but last Sunday his C.P. 8 put us to sleep; it acted, in fact, as an O.P. 8.]

There are three answers to the question, Was Eve high church or low?

From a low point of view Adam thought her Eve-angelical ; from an high C point of view, when she came to a knowledge of good and evil, she — — took to vestments ; and from a broad (very broad) p. of v., she didn't care - - ahem ! - - her husband, let us say - - for either.

[Not a bad answer that of the man who, on being found in bed by a friend at one o'clock on Sunday, answered the remonstrance about his laziness by saying, "My dear feller, I like to keep the Sabbath *au lit!*"]

[P.S.—Talking of bed, we may as well give you one or two dream interpretations—may be useful some day: To dream of policemen is a sure sign of the "blues." To dream you are a monkey is—to say the least—suggestive. To dream your head is being "punched," and on waking to discover that such is not the case, is lucky—for you. To dream you have eloped with a wicked female ghost is a sure sign you have taken bad spirits (the overnight). If a "gentleman of the Press" dreams of donkeys, it is called a "neddy-torial" vision. To dream of suet shows a fat-uous mind (don't do it again).

And *à propos* of having interpreted your dreams for you, here are a few appropriate mottoes it will be well for you never to overlook, and you can quote them in a Solomonesque manner to your friends.

For opticians : Mind your eye.

For old maids : Marry come up.

For late birds : The early bird gets the strong tea.

For hairdressers : Two heads are better than one.

For racing men : There's many a slip 'twixt the "cup" and the tip.

For husbands : It is the last Leghorn straw bonnet with ostrich feathers which breaks the camel's back.

For professors of music : Practice on the pianoforte makes perfect.

For dressmakers : It is a bad silk knows no turning.

For Doctors' Commons : Where there's a will there's a way.

- For cooks : Onion is strength.
- For auctioneers : Sold again.
- For publicans : Love me, love my grog.
- For water-carters : Down with the dust.
- For undertakers : Always say die.
- For bakers : Early to bread and early to rise.
- For tailors : True as the needle.
- For thieves : True as steel.
- For fishmongers : Confession is good for the soul.
- For garotters : Neck or nothing.
- For retired authors : Above proof.
- For carpenters : Cut your stick.
- For cobblers : Never too late to mend.
- For shepherds : By hook or by crook.
- For glaziers : Diamond cut diamond.
- For gunmakers : Fire away !
- For surgeons : Go it, you cripples !
- For cheesemongers : High and mighty.
- For unsuccessful poets : Hard lines.
- For cabmen : Hire and hire.
- For the inmates of Bedlam : Out of sight, out of mind.
- For betting-men : Where 's the odds ?
- For millers : None so dusty.
- For milkmen : Chalk it up.
- For postmen : True to the letter.
- For gunners : Off like a shot.
- For violin-players : Fiddle-de-dee.
- For pork-butchers : The whole hog or none.
- For ugly people : The plain truth.
- For editors : Follow my leader.

For drapers : Square your yards.

For pugilists : Merrily goes the mill.

For Irishmen : Row, brothers, row !

For jewellers : All is not gold that glitters.

For woodcutters : chops and steaks.

And, lastly, for everybody : Mind your own business !

What's the difference between a S.W.N.E. breeze, and Professor
Howlaway's advertisements ?

One is a trade wind, the other a trade puff.

[*Jam satis*, etc., of *those* puffs.]

[P.S., N.B.—All the advertisements on the hoardings are stuck on with puff
paste—most tartful dodge to make 'em palatable.]

Why is a pretty girl like a Polar bear ?

Because—(and we wouldn't put your stoopid
riddle in if we didn't want to say something to
cap it)—because she's an ice creature.

[Fond of hugging, bears, eh ? But, *à propos* of an ice girl, remember this,
that, though love may laugh at bolts and bars, and ironmongery in general,
he don't laugh at wed-lock, nor when Hymen puts the chain up.]

[P.S., N.B.—*Passages* (when between ladies and gentlemen) which are sup-
posed to lead no farther, not infrequently find a
termination in the Divorce caught, and that, you know, makes quite a
no-thor-ough-fair of them.]

What may the excuses we make at the end of the year to our
tradespeople for not paying their bills be called ?

Christmas crackers.

What is better than a "promising young man" ?

A paying one.

What is working for bare life ?

Making clothes for a baby.

[Poor infant ! before its life is begun, you look forward to its *close* : wretched
suckling !]

[P.S.—Jingo ! if you come to think of it, babies are the absolute originators
of the "Early Clothes-ing Movement." Meritorious sucklings !]

What is marriage?

It is pretty generally *believed* to be a
committee of two, with power to add to their
number.

[Some women pretend to be savage when you say you love them ; only we
don't imagine there would be much pretence about their anger if you told
them you did NOT.]





CANTER XV.

READER, dear Reader, look at the passion-flowers which grow under the warmth of the flashin' powers of this girl's lovely eyes, and tell us why, oh! why, *Why* is that delicious word kiss spelt with two s's?

Because—and if you doubt it try for yourself and see—because it takes *two* to complete the spell.

[Two!! ah, those two are so much *tous* to each other, that they long to be only one. Oh! when we look on a scene like this, we cannot but think what a *beast* was that man, that wretched man, who said, "Music is the food of love, beef and mutton the food of matrimony." However, we presume he must have tried both, the dying *of* love, and the dine *off* love, to make such a clever remark.]

What is a soldier's definition of a kiss?

A report at head-quarters.

What is a sailor's definition of a kiss ?

A pleasure smack.

[Yes, we yawl love them, and we yacht to get as many as we can. Brig us some nice gals and we'll collier a trump, and the schooner the better.]

[P.S.—You shall have 'em barque again after a little.]

What is a grammarian's definition of a kiss ?

It is a conjunction which frequently leads to an interjection.

[It's all right, the Gram-Mary-Anne ought to know.]

What is kissing ?

Very nice.

[No, you are quite right, that's *not* a riddle. It's far better ; it's a fact.]

What are love letters ?

Notes of admiration !!!

What does "corrected for the Press" mean ?

Bride dressed for the wedding.

[Ah ! he's got his love ; how different to the would-be Benedick who said
this :

"I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved again,
But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved in
vain."]

What *is* "the liberty of the Press" ?

Kissing and squeezing HER !

Jones, newly married man, has discovered that his bride is ticklish ; what do you think he has been doing ever since ?

Nothing but-tickle-'er !

When on your trip in Switzerland, or anywhere, what is the best way to ensure being able to "rise with the lark" ?

Go to bed without one.

What is, then, a nice cheap and wholesome breakfast for you when you have risen ?

A roll on the grass.

What is the next Swiss meal which probably you would rather dispense with ?

A heavy-lunch !

[Espe-châlet if it comes on top of the house you are lunching in.]

What is an avalanche ?

It's snow consequence.

[P.S.—We think an avalanche, taken as a whole, is the worst hole you could get into.]

[P.P.S.—Ship-builders get quite used to 'ave launches on the Thames. Odd, isn't it ?]

When do you hate loud dinning dinner-bells in hotels ?

When you don't want any dinner.

[P.S.—*Aprôpos* of hotels, there was a man stopping at the Bedford, in Brighton, the other day, who caused no little trouble by the reprehensible habit of walking about at all hours of the night. Having established the reputation of a first-class somnambulist, he walked off to an early train with his carpet-bag as naturally as though he had been awake, and left his bill unpaid.]

My First conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon Fair ;

My Second it contains a mass
Of gold and diamonds rare.

My Whole is worn by those, I wot,
Who gold and diamonds wear ;
The Irish lass, she wants it not
At Ballyshannon Fair.

Car-mine.

What sort of Irishmen are like Latin verses ?

Carmen are.

[N.B.—Good thing to repeat to an hysterical lady, Latin verses, if there were any chance of your *carmina* calmين' er.]

How do you spell "woman," and what is her value (*not* an hysterical one)?

W-O-man ; yes, double you O man.

Apropos of hysterics, What would be the best thing to make your wife do if she went mad?

Make her change her mind.

[Get her *mens* to suit her man's!]

What river is like an angry wife?

Ha ! ha ! The Missis-hippy !!

Why is a room full of married people empty?

There's not a single person in it.

[P.S. —A little girl we heard of the other day says she has made up her mind she will *never* be married, but be a widow instead, she looks so pretty in black.]

What is the best early closing movement?

Shutting your eyes when you go to bed early.

What is the betting-man's saint's day?

St. Leger.

[P.S. —We find all days are saint's days with conjurors, for they'll do a little *Leger demain* whatever the day is, and frequently Leger in for a very bad thing.]

[P.P.S. Ha ! ha ! Splendid new name for blacklegs—nigger-beggars!!]

What sort of watch is best to baffle pickpockets on a race-course?

A stop-watch.

Apropos of jewellery, what 's a fashionable young lady's favourite play?

Babble and *bijoux*.

[Byon-piter ! many of them must have had forefathers an-sisters, etc., in the Tower of Babble ; and as for their love of old gems, if they can only get a man who's a *Byon-piter* for a husband, won't they go in for the antique *Byon-piter* and won't the husband look Assyria's as possible when he has to be paying for them ?]

When rain falls, does it ever rise again?

Yes, in dew time.

[Reader, 't is not until you are about to be mist that thoughts of a dew come into our brain, which leads us to think that having thoughts of a-dew in our *head* might lead to water on the brain; so we will not pursue the subject.]

Mon Premier est le premier de tous; mon Second n'a pas de second; et mon tout je n'aime pas vous le dire (if you are dear).

A-dieu!

[P.S.—*Apropos* of being dear, don't flatter your innamorata too much: we knew a man who said his marriage was quite broken off because he had flattered his lady-love to that degree that she had at last positively got too proud to speak to him.]

[P.P.S.—A couple who were recently married in Yorkshire, announced, "No wedding cards, no bridal tour, no honeymoon"! They evidently meant business.]

[P.P.P.S.—Capital plan every time you want to get a glimpse of your sweetheart is to cry, "Fire!" at the top of your voice directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment she will plunge her head out of the window, and inquire, "Where?" when you can poetically pat yourself on the bosom, and exclaim, "'Ere, my own beloved angel, 'ere!"]

What is a good name for an inquisitive wife?

A pry-mate.

[We hope you are wide enough *eveque* to see this joke.]

Observe, Reader, *cantabo* Cantabs, I sing of Cambridge; so now also give a good name for the Cambridge crew?

Another prime-eight.

[The last question treated of the sea; this treats of the river; we trust you riverence both.]

[P.S.—Funny we should have said "*Cantabo*;" reminds us that we often hear a man who *will* sing, and *cantabit*; no, can't a bit.]

What are children?

No, no, not nuisances; though they occasionally give you a new-sense of pleasure, or the reverse; no, let us call them "women's rights."

What is the real "home rule"?

Curtain lectures.

[Yes, and directly you have any chance of being *ruled over*, be sure you will find it *hard lines!*]

What is the sort of paper to write love-letters on?

Foolscap!

[You ought to have known that, you folio!]

When we hear people talk of wishing to have windows in their bosoms (Jingo! if we did have windows in our bosoms, how the Venetian blind trade would increase in value!), to let you see how pure are their feelings, how fond their aspirations, how holy their thoughts, etc., etc., etc., we know it is impossible: no man ever did have a window in his bosom; but, dear Reader, he has had a near approach to it. What was it?

A pane in his stomach!!



CANTER XVI.



UNINTELLIGIBLE this Murillo effect, isn't it, eh, Reader? Never mind; permit us to explain. It represents a lot of ex-Members of Parliament. Guess why we have drawn them thus?

Because they have lost their seats, and have become cherubs!

[P.S. —The man with the eye-glass, who, in happier days, was a great chum of the feller with the bald head, can't make him out now: he *thought* formerly there was no end to his friend—formerly he only *thought* it—now he is sure of it. However, they can now have no complaint but headache, and will look forward to finding their latter ends with joy.]

All the newspapers appear to be unanimous in pronouncing Sir Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Beer-drinking Bill to be only a rather mad idea, though framed by honest and earnest gentlemen. Under these circumstances we take the liberty of asking you, A second edition of what book of Lord Lytton's may Sir Wilfred Lawson and Co. be termed?

Earnest Malt-Ravers!

What are election colours?

Black and blue.

[Owing to the ballot *Box*, of course.]

[P.S.—One gentleman got a severe contusion at the top of the poll.]

Why is Mr. Disraeli the greatest instance of a modern Samson?

Because he can move the House whenever he chooses.

[Pooh! that's not half what we can do! Bless you! we *always take about with us*, as comfortably as possible, two immense palms, three souls, lots of nails, a couple of calves, any amount of mussels, a conceited conjuror—that is, a juggler vain—a couple of superb temples, and a black (c)at on one head, to say nothing of *lots* of other things; and notwithstanding, we're always Gay-sir, and our gate is considered perfect. If *that* doesn't beat Samson, let us hear from you to say so.]

Give a new definition of Prometheus.

Mr. Gladstone off to Scotland, or a chieftain to the Highlands bound.

[P.S.—Interesting Parliamentary anecdote: Jones, M.P., fell asleep during one of Mr. Volley's volleys. "Where are those ruffians," said Volley, "who," etc., etc., etc., "where are those scoundrels, who——" "Hear! hear!" said Jones, waking up. It was very unfortunate for Jones, his waking up at that moment.]

Why is an impecunious man in debt very like a Member of Parliament?

Because he either orders his bills to be "laid on the table," or "read that day six months."

Why should a stammering person make a good orator?

Because he can make a few words go a long way.

[Many a man goes in for a *seat* in Parliament because he has no *standing* without it. Rum!]

Why should it be expected that Mr. Disraeli would speak less in the House than many another less-gifted member?

Because he's a Shire member.

[Though we know his Shire will never be forgotten, we sincerely trust it may be many, many years, before it has cause to be re-membered !—Mr. Disraeli, sir, your very good health.]

[P.S.—And Mr. Gladstone, sir, *your* very good health, too: "Arcades ambo et cantare pares, et respondere parati."]

Why is a bad speaker like a pump?

Because it is a slender thing of wood,

That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,

And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,

In one weak washy everlasting flood.

[There's a tale told of a popular lecturer, who, on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion about his talents, that he was going to lecture at Brighton, the lady replied, "At Brighton! I'm so glad! I always hated those Brighton people!"]

What is a deputation?

A noun of multitude, which signifies many, but doesn't signify much.

By what classical name might his intimates address the Prime Minister?

You're a Dizzy—yes, Euridice.

[P.S.—That's a joke you ought to find Orpheus at dinners.]

Why *is* England the richest country in the world?

Because it has a Deal more than any other country.

[Yes, that'll Dover-y well; and now for something Walmer, and a Sandwich.]

What is money?

A composition for taking stains out of character.

[You know the commercial consonants, L. s. d., eh? of course; and we suppose you have also heard the financiering vowels, I O U. Ah! so have we. It reminds us of the anecdote of the tradesman who, calling on one of his debtors, said, "Isn't it about time you paid me that bill?" "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time; it's a question of money."]

How do we know that time is money?

Because it's so easy to spend an evening.

[Come now, rich Reader, exchange is no robbery : you give us a little of your money, and we'll give you some of our time ; that's fair, isn't it ? for we've absolutely a lack of (not only) rupees, but sovereigns too. Alack ! alack !]

Why are gentlemen wearing gold chains like vagrants in a fog?

They carry the links about.

[Frequently only for others to profit by ; but fellers will do it, you can't aldermen, they will have their own way.]

Why, when you look at a miser's dinner, are you nearly blind?

Because you can only *see a little bit*.

[A friend of ours the other day went to dine with a man of this sort : *there were only two chops for dinner!* "You see your dinner," said Miser. "Quite so," said our friend, taking both chops, "quite so, but I don't *see yours!*" This miser was like the Great Eastern, the most tremendous screw that ever was, for he was the *very* man who was guilty of the disgusting, appalling meanness of tanning a dog's hide with his—own bark !]

Dis moi pourquoi il ne faut ni engraisser, ni enrichir un homme de petite taille?

C'est parce que l'on en ferait un nain gras (un ingrat) ou un nain fortuné !

When are you like the horse that won the Derby?

When in luck.

[Having pot-luck with some one is not absolutely bad, but it's not the sort of luck we care for.]

Why is a locomotive like a drunkard?

Because it repeatedly *wets its whistle*, is accustomed to *heavy draughts* and *long pulls*, and is frequently seen at the *station*.

Why is the Blackwall Railway such a good speculation?

Because it must always be a Poplar conveyance.

What did the engine-driver say before the collision ?

" Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

What is spirits of wine ?

After dinner excitement.

[When people laugh at a man who is a drunkard (we never do, we dislike him too much to laugh at him), they don't make a *butt* of him, he it is who makes a butt of himself.]

What are begging letters ?

Letters of request.

What may intelligent policemen be termed ?

Cape diamonds.

What are kitchen dressers ?

Swell cooks.

What is a simple fraction ?

Breaking a plate.

What are compound fractions ?

Dropping a tray-full.

What would be a good motto for Highland pipers ?

Blow, gentle Gaels.

Apropos of pipers, What is keeping a menagerie ?

A roaring trade. •

[Ah ! they get used to it, we suppose, and come in time not to hear their beasts ; but those cats under our window at night ! ah, those cats ! if they would only go to . . . well, let us say to see what sort of a pavement good intentions make. Yes, that's the way to put it.]

CANTER XVII.



UPPOSE, Reader, you try and guess this: *You* can take my First, and my Second could take *you*; and if you are a nice lady, I should like to take you myself on my whole.

Pil-lion.

[In our drawing we show you the sort of girl we admire. You will observe she is about to take medicine. She is about to take two of the celebrated—the justly celebrated—blue pills of Scotland.]

When, O Reader, does a housemaid make you feel big and great?

When she's a-makin a fire. Yes, please be hob-servant—yes, when she's a magnifier!

When is a scent warmest?

When it's a wood fire-lit!

What scent would you expect a copper ten-centime-piece to smell of?

Ha! ha! Frenchy-penny, of course.

What difference is there between a delicious thing when it's old, and a *de-licious* thing when it's young?

One is called Madeira; the other is called . . .
. . . my dearest!

[And to think that one *may* get to prefer the old deira to the young dearest—to think that the young dearest may gradually get less dear until you positively look forward to "seeing the old dear in" with greater pleasure than the younger one. It's sorrowble and horrifile to think of.]

Of all the sweet lasses you know, Reader, which is the sweetest of them all?

Mo-lasses!

[Yes, say "A-mo-lasses," if you choose.]

By the supervision of what sort of person will you be able to prevent what?

By a good man-a-ger's supervision, you will prevent a good many jars.

[P.S.—There is nothing to equal *personal* superintendence of things. A steward may get you into a stew; and who can possibly be more likely to make — — an oversight than — — an over-seer?]

Why is a very strong biceps always yellow?

Because, don't you see, it's musk colour!

What's the difference between a man who is tired of his father's brother and a toady?

One's sick of uncle; the other's sick-of-aunt—yes, positively, sycophant!

[We remember once hearing a toady, a sponge, say at a breakfast we were at, "Aha! kidneys! By Jove! I always devour kidneys when I can kidney" (get any)! His joke was not bad, but it gave rise to a very grave reflection within us, which was . . . kidneys—yes, we can understand his love for *them*; for kidneys are the only *knees* he ever preys on!]

Why is life like a boot?

Because we polish all which is *visible* to the world, but leave the sole to . . . look out for itself.

[Book of *Common* prayer, do we say? Ah, uncommon prayer would be a better name for it.]

[P.S.—We suppose people who never pray, Heaven't the smallest chance of Heaven?]

Why is a very good man like an arm-chair in France?

Because he's a foe-to-ill.

[Don't you see, 'Arry, you cockney?—a fauteuil.]

What's the difference between a rural poem and a clergyman?

One's a *pastorale*; the other's a pastor really.

[Queen Elizabeth passed o'er Raleigh's cloak: we merely mention this *en passant*, in case you may not have heard it before: and said, as she did it, "Raleigh, you are too kind, you Raleigh are." And he was called Sir Walter Raleigh ever afterwards.]

[P.S.—Raleigh's cloak was one of Poole's best superfines.]

[P.P.S.—No wag would ever have wagged this tale about it, had it not been for the poodle it was put over.]

[P.P.P.S.—It was a very scanty cloak, cut short: that was what made Raleigh, when he saw the puddle, think how useful his cut-short cloak would be not only to—abridge-it, but to an Elizabeth.]

I am not what I was, but quite the reverse;
Yet I am what I was, which is still worse and worse;
From morning to night I do nothing but fret
Because I am not what I never was yet.

An old maid who wishes she was married.

[P.S.—A sentimental young gentleman recently made an observation of a tender nature to a lady during the progress of a quadrille; but, as he was afflicted with a severe cold, she could not gather whether he had been "nipped in the bud," or "dipped in the mud." Poor man: poor girl.]

Why is an old miser like a man with a bad memory ?

Because he's ever for-getting.

[Man is *not* like a pork pie: *he* can *not* be too rich; a pork pie *can*.]

You may eat me or drink me,
Deny it who can ;
I'm sometimes a woman
And sometimes a man.

A toast.

[P.S.—Here are a few more toasts, one of which must suit you some time or other; or drink 'em all at one sitting, and take the consequences :

May the polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.

May men of principle be our principal man.

The conquerors of our hearts and comforters of our homes. May they be always round our necks.

May every single man get married, live long, raise a prosperous generation, and leave the world the better for his having been in it.

Pickpocket's Toast.—The 'and that can feel for another's pocket-handkerchief, and the art that can steal it without detection.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

May matrimony and domestic bliss go hand in hand. Ahem !

May we never speak to deceive, nor to betray.

May we always command success by deserving it.

Woman—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy, exquisitely bound.

May industry be always rewarded as the favourite of fortune.

May we never make a sword of our tongue to wound the characters of good men.

May the journey through life be as sweet as it is short, and the end peace.

May every man lose his nose who only employs it to poke into other people's affairs.

The key of knowledge—may it open the casket of good, not evil.

True pleasure—may it always be found at home.

Here's to brothers who are not bothers, and sisters who are not blisters.

The golden rule: may we always do to others as we should wish them to do to us.

The three blessings of this life: health, wealth, and a good conscience.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the mind.

May every man be just as happy as he wishes his neighbour to be.

And may we never have to shed the tear of regret that we ever denied ourselves anything that we liked. And may we never have occasion to serve a friend—with a writ.]

How would you express having met your “medical adviser” in one word?

No, *not* bore, certainly not (that is, if your M.D. is our M.D.); no, *nor* guinea. The word is Met-a-physician.

Of what religion is a coward?

A Quaker.

[Let us by all means belong to the Society of Friends, but do *not* let us be Quakers, for cowards are so very like second-rate shopkeepers—they both get so accustomed to slink off; yes, to s’ling off.]

Spell an English word which contains three vowels, and no less than three syllables, in four letters only.

Idea.

[Hope never to see-ables stuck on your i-dear; “glass with care,” for instance.]

Jones brags that his is such a very “light” house. “How is it that it wasn’t blown away in the last storm?” we ask him.

He replies, “There is a very heavy mortgage on it.”

Why is Echo supposed to be of the feminine gender?

Probably because she always will have the last word.

What should you possess before you marry?

A house large enough to contain the consequences
and an income large enough to keep 'em in it.

My first is a sort of a sin,
My second's another sort of a sin,
My third is exactly fourscore,
And my whole is a place in America.

Sin-sin-eighty, or Cincinnati.

[Spell it how you like, it's all the same to us.]

What is the great difficulty in Arctic exploration?

For the explorers to keep themselves warm and
their ships coaled.

[Law! we thought the ice often scuttled the ships.]

From whence does the London pure milk come?

From the bottom of a well.

[And the juice of it is they won't leave well alone. We hope this is *du-lait* appreciated, and that you can see at once without *dulait* what we mean.]

Why is a bilious—beg pardon, billiard—player like a thief in a crowd?

Because he aims for the pockets.

[P.S.—Ladies, don't treat him with reticule, whatever we in our buttoned-up state may do, and not even a Mary when she has lost her purse can be molly-fied.]

[P.P.S.—*Apròpos* of billiards, we always confound *Balls Pond* with the *Pool* of Siloam! Stoopid, isn't it?]

What is the motto at pool?

Your money *and* your life.

[Never mind, it's a nice game: begins with love all, and goes on with no end of kisses and misses. It is a nice game. Oh, yes!]

What is the difference between a pulse and a policeman?

One *is* always on the beat; the other *isn't*!

Talking of pulse, why is corn like a dunce?

Because it is always likely to have its ears pulled.

Is there much difference between a baker and a beggar?

No, very little indeed; for whilst one is in want of bread, the other kneads it, so it is nearly the same.

Why is going down the falls of Schaffhausen like making a present of a fiver to a hard-up friend?

Because it's coming down with the Rhine oh!

[Good idea that was of the height of imagination: a man who said he dined at Victoria Station, and absolutely thought he had paid for his dinner—AND that the waiter thought so too.]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of poor men, etc., etc., etc., can anybody explain to us how it is that brokers, and others who deal in notes, mortgages, etc., etc., etc., consider these articles of merchandise valueless when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they *cannot* sell that which they can-cel?]

Difference there is in being poor and being poorly, isn't there?

You can stand the latter better when you're not the former; but do you know why, when you are the latter, you lose to a great extent your sense of touch?

Because, don't you see? you don't feel well.

[Very sorry for you, poor old Redhair—pshaw! Reader, we mean.]

Is pity love? Give an affirmative answer, using the same letters only which are used in composing the question.

Positively.

[This is so stupid, it reminds us of the story of the schoolmaster, who, on examining one of the boys on subjects of general information, asked him if he knew the prevailing question of the day; and got the immediate answer, "Yes, sir: how's your poor feet?"]

[P.S.—Some anagrams, or metagrams rather, are not bad. Here's one, for instance, in which you can make "Her august race is lost O fatal news," out of Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales. By-the-bye, take your last gas bill, and you can get Gil Blas out of it—amusing!]

People complain that the newspapers tell such crackers. It is true, they do—why?

Every line of the paper is ink-readable!

[When we hold the paper in our hands, we absolutely perform a wonderful juggling feat, for every well-written newspaper *is at a white heat*, and yet it burns us not!—droll, isn't it? Don't you see, it's ink-and-'as-sense—you must have perceived its incandescence. Well, then, it is at a white heat.]

[P.S.—If you get a bit of coal-ash in your dinner, don't say it “coalashes” against your teeth: it's not worth saying.]

[P.P.S.—Agree with you, though: cooking spoils everything. Bore having your soup not clear but queer, your fish a mull it, your *entree* a hash, your snipe a blackbird, and your temper soured by your sweets! Yes, agree with you—cooking spoils everything.]

Why is a schoolmaster like a hone?

Because he sharpens other people's blades, but gets horribly worn out himself in the operation.

[You remember the poor schoolmaster who found Sunday teaching pay so well he advertised to hold Sunday school . . . twice a week!]

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a school-boy?

The latter whips . . . tops, the former—well, the former does *not* whip . . . tops.

If a grocer gives you short weight for your money, how should you pay him *out*?

Give him long weight for *his* money.

[Poor Mrs. Jones is getting so sick of London and housekeeping, etc., etc., etc., and says she should so very much like a little change: that ruffian Jones offers her two and sixpence for half a crown! Ugh! the brute!]

Apropos of household expenses, etc., what becomes of all the half loaves, glass-cloths, pocket-handkerchiefs, etcetera, which always get lost?

You *find* 'em in your bills.

[Clever man that who called a rather vulgar, but, nevertheless, charming girl he had married, “Brown Sugar.” Because she was “sweet, but unrefined.” Dear girl, *her* heart was not on her *left* side—not a bit of it! It was in the *right* place.]

CANTER XVIII.



HERE you are, Reader, at last.
Here *is* the reason why a
Scotch church is called a
“kirk.” We’ve hit it. What
do you imagine it is?

Why, some vulgar illi-
terate dropped the
two *h*’s in *church*,
and it has been
called a “*curc*” ever
since.

What may misplacing the
aspirate be called?

A vulgar error.

[It is the *h*-bone of contention
with all cockneys.]

When is a Halderman at dinner like a ghost hup a tree?

When ‘e’s a-gobblin hup a ‘ash!

[We like to see them with the plovers’ eggs; the yolk’s the tree they get
down then.]

When is the price of a dinner like a suburb of London?

When it's spent-on-veal!

When is a tailor like a cook?

When he is basting a pair of ducks.

What sort of a pea is my hat like, when it's been under my stall at the play?

My-rough-hat.

The gravy of which bird is like the nominative and genitive of a Roman leader?

Why, a duck's juice is, to be sure! Certainly, a *dux ducis*.

[P.S.—We had hash'd duck for lunch, and, bother take it! it hash'd duck in our chest ever since.]

[P.P.S.—We did not sufficiently m-hash-duck-ate it.]

[P.P.P.S.—Poor little duck! *requiescat in pace*—(very much so, as we've eaten him)—and—peas to his remains!]

[P.P.P.P.S.—To-morrow.]

[PeaPeaPeaPeaPeaS—lots of Peas.]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—Ever been to *Canard-a*?—lots of ducks *there*!]

What religion is pussy when washing her face? Don't say a Pussy-ite: that's not it. What is it, then?

Why a good Cat-lick, of course.

[What do you say? You are going down to the Crystal Palace Cat Show, are you? So glad; we'll try and cat show at it, and have a little *chat*—pshah!—chat.]

What dish at what meal will make you a good man?

Pie-at-tea.

[Reader, do diet yourself a little, if you don't want to diet; do des-pies pies and piesons; don't be strychnine your tum-tum, tho' you may be stricken-in years; be *farc*i-ing enough to set your face against farcis, miss-Sal—pshaw!—*salmis*, etc.; leave *quenelles* to the dogs, don't en-*concombre*

yourself with eating or talking *cancanbres*, remember *dindons* stuffed with chestnuts may go *din-don*, ding-dong, on your chest all night; think how skollups must-call-up-on your digestive powers; never forget what lamb-an'-taters we may be after underdone meat; even if your curry paste be Ahmuty's, look on curries as en-ahmutys; never interfere with the man at the veal, however *de-veau*-ted you may be to it; come to the *risole*ution to avoid risoles, be a little lobster-nate in avoiding indigestible shell-fish; and ever remember of all things, however amusing you may be at a dinner-party, that it is far better to be a thoroughly good di-gester than any other sort of jester on the face of the globe.]

Supposing a cat had been patted by our Most Gracious Queen, which purred but then scratched Her Majesty, what two old masters would have been named?

Puss sang, and Clawed *La Reine*.

[The Queen would then, being Ver'onaisy, immediately put the cat down, we should say—wouldn't Cimabue?]

[P.S.—If, by the Mieris chance, you don't know what we mean by wouldn't Cimabue, allow us to explain. We mean, Wouldn't she, my boy? We regret that explanation causes repet-Titian. When we meet the Reader, Velasquez pardon in person.]

[P.P.S.—We should not be surprised to learn that a cat who actually *had* nine tails, possessed also Ten-iers.]

[P.P.P.S.—We saw a cat the other day with an undoubted Herring; and we watched how there Rose a *Bonheur*—a joy in her breast—at her possession.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Where that cat Giotto afterwards with the fish we know not, nor care; p'r'aps started a "drag."]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—We could Cuypp on at these painters all day if we chose, but we don't choose, as we're rather ex-Ostade, and we don't want you to keep this Fair-book-open only for you to read painters' names.]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—A gentleman showed us the other day a study of lovely female nature in a state of nature, and told us, "It's an undoubted Frost." "Is it?" we replied, "Judging from her costume, we should have thought it was *en été*!" Our poor friend failed to see that we meant an Eddy. Stoopid!]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—That was a clever remark of Smith's—(you know Smith?)—about the naked figure of Achilles in Hyde Park. "It is strange," observed Smith, "that he who made so many breaches in Troy, should be without a pair for himself." At any rate, Smith's all right—16s. for ever—Hooray!]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—Pity they don't give Achilles a coat—if it was only a coat of paint.]

How can you dispense with a retriever?

See that your gun carries well.

[It wouldn't be quite an impossible name for a man who always had his hands in his pockets to call them "a pair of breechloaders."]

What did the ferret say when he went into the rabbit's hole?

There's a gentleman wants to see you outside.

[N.B.—Shoot carefully: don't make your friends—quail!]

What did the partridge remark to his brother on September the First?

He said, "I feel shooting pains all over."

[The man was a good shot who relates this of his shooting powers. "I'll tell you of a cheap shot I had with a single bullet. In at Farmer Spovin's I saw a coop ready to go to London, with seven and forty ducks in it. So I said to Spovin, "How much will you charge me for a single shot among that brood with a single bullet?" 'Five shillings,' said Spovin. 'Done!' said I. So I took a little bruised corn, and strewed it along the trough, and out came the seven and forty heads of the ducks. Then I lay down on the ground, and taking a perspective horizontal view of the whole regiment sideways, I wish I may be shot myself if I didn't carry off the seven and forty heads at one fell swoop!" Yes, that *was* a very cheap shot.]

[P.S.—He killed all these ducks, not with a bullet, but a pull it long bow, d' ye see?]

What do misers die of generally?

Tightness in the—chest.

What may we call buying asparagus at ten shillings a bundle?

Dear stalk-ing.

What is refusing an offer?

Sleight of hand.

[P.S., N. *tout ce qu'il y a de plus* B.—If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a spoony conversation with her adoring sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this.]

What is a bad right to give anybody?

The right to laugh at us.

[Remember, it costs him nothing—you a good deal; for he does it at your expense.]

[P.S.—People, we presume, object to profit by the experience of others because it is secondhand goods. Jupiter! dear boy, by the time you've got any *new* experience, you'll be too old to use it.]

What is better than going to law?

Judging for yourself.

What does a lawyer do when he's sick of a case?

He throws up . . . his brief.

When is seeing *not* believing?

When it's at a spiritualist meeting, a *séance*.

[Jingo! I saw a medium the other night; frightened me out of my wits; in fact, the medium made medium almost out of my seat.]

What are the most interesting effects of "spirit drawings"?

Getting out the cork, and imbibing the spirits.

What is mushroom culture?

Toadying new pees

What is a curate's wish to become a bishop?

For-lawn.

[Wants money, poor man! even simony better than nothing.]

What would be a very appropriate present for the Princess Louise?

A mowing machine, to keep her lawn in order.

Of what British subject does an hotel bill most remind you of?

Of an Inn-do!

[The other day at an hotel, the waiter offered us chicken. We knew he would. He'd a cock in his eye.]

A railway guard wants to know what Britannia rules besides the waves?

The land, with lines.

What is a pony carriage?

A fe-male phaeton.

When a gentleman sees three sisters together, and wishes to speak to one of them, why is he going into rather low society?

Because he's going to a costermonger's sisters.
See it? Accost her, 'mong 'er sisters.

[N.B.—Pure barrer-tone, a coster's voice.]

We are so proud, so very proud of this joke of ours, already given you elsewhere, that we must quote it in the form of a riddle. What is Baron Rothschild?

A man of many checks, but not one cross.

What is an auction mart?

The Land of Nod.

[Don't they look for-bidding, many of the dealers at auctions, eh? Dirty. Christian and Jew, there's not much difference to Jews between them.]

[P.S.—You remember the epitaph on an auctioneer's tombstone?—"Gone!" Rather neat.]

My First is a mother, no mother of mine;
The head of my Second is oft full of wine;
My Third is an article used without fail
In the first proposed plan of an underground rail.

My Fourth is a query which every one asks,
But to answer my Fourth is the hardest of tasks;
My Whole is a wood, of which I may say
All know it, most love it; and so—guess away.

Mahogany.

[We finish this chapter with this mahogany joke as a sort of a kind of a *sou-venir* for you, Reader. Thank us? Welcome.]

CANTER XIX.



VERY one, we imagine, has made or heard the pun about Arabella being A-rebeller; and therefore we think it time you got a *new* one; so, tell us, if you wanted some pomatum to make your nearly-gone-out fire burn up again quickly, which would you find most serviceable to use up—your own, or the girl's above-mentioned?

Reader, we should advise you to use up Arabella's! Yes, sir, use a pair o' bellers!

[P.S.—What a row there 'll be when A-rebeller comes home!]

[N.B.—Nothing makes such a good fire as a stick of sealing-wax.]

[P.P.S.—*Apropos* of Arabella being always called "A rebeller," you may be unaware of it, but Bellerophon, a gentleman more familiarly known in nautical circles as "Billy Roughun"—Bellerophon was so called because he was the murderer of Beller. How many a man might as easily get the name of Arabellerophon from his so often murdering poor Arabella! Talk about *horrida bella*, wars, etc., what can be wars or a horriderbeller than that?]

Ever since the world began my First has been brought upon my
Second through listening to my Whole.

Wo-man.

[Yes ; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be—eh, men?]

What is woman's best mission?

Sub-mission.

[Is it now?—really! Printer, be kind enough to keep on printing the expression—Ha! ha! ha!—for 29 minutes. This is really *too* delicious!—Sub-mission! Ha! ha! ha! Print away, Printer—go on! it's unapproachable—perfect! Sub-mission!—too good.]

Why does a man love another person's child the best?

He loves his wife best.

[Now, does he? We ask you calmly and dispassionately—does he?]

Why is a man who never marries always in the right?

Because he never gets miss-taken.

[P.S.—How about widows?]

[P.P.S.—Can a new watch with a second hand be called a second-hand watch?]

[P.P.P.S.—Wonder what made us think of second-hand things, when we were only speaking of widows! Funny how the ideas travel.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—“Never marry a widow,” they say, “unless her husband was hung!” Why, that's the very time *not* to marry her; because, if her *sposo* was well hung, he was probably very, very tender!]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—Some husbands, though anything but sharp, are awfully *shrewd*.]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—A married man of MUCH experience speaks of ladies as the *opposing* sex instead of the opposite sex. Dear me! the opposing sex, indeed! Dear me! shouldn't have dreamt it!]

What class of females are best suited for coachmen's wives?

Milliners; because they can handle the ribbons.

[It would be very bad for this sort of wife to interfere in the husband's business, as, in return, *he* might get to be a millin' 'er, and—drive her . . . away.]

[P.S.—Pretty milliner going along the other evening, friend of ours was much struck with: she gave him one little 'ook with her little eye, and he was sewn up.]

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world?

Because she daily wrings gentlemen's boooosoms.

[She may wring mine as much as she likes, if she would only not wring all my buttons off my white waistcoats.]

What is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus-rider?

One is a shaving Roman, the other a raving showman.

Any difference between a gambler and a bill-sticker?

Yes. A gambler is a card-player; a bill-sticker is a pla-carder.

[Reminds us of the argument, whether if the Shah's wives came to England they ought to be called Sha-esses or She-asses.]

[P.S.—The cheat's favourite abode, we should say, must be Pick-card-eh?]

[P.P.S.—Pooty place, Picardy?]

What is the stupidest form of betting?

Laying ponies on . . . a mare's nest.

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of?

Undressed Morocco.

[If he were only Tangier-able, we'd leather him.]

[P.S.—It's funny, tho', *a-mour* is generally drawn naked; wonder why? No use trying to describe his get-up, we suppose, as he appears under such different garbs.]

[P.P.S.—*What* a difference there is between being constant in love, and . . . constantly in love, eh?]

When is a man all to pieces?

When he gives his head to his work, his heart to his love, and his alms to the poor.

We talk of "owing a man a grudge;" why is that like seasonable charity?

Because it is bestowed.

[A grudge is much best owed: don't pay him . . . out; and as for charity, Reader, pray, whenever you hear from some starving wretch a low moan, *faites l'aumône* yourself; you will not regret it.]

Why is a candle nearly burnt out like a county in Ireland?

Because it's Wick-low.

[Wicklow, Wicklow, let me see,—that's where the Belmontines—pshaw! beautiful mountains, we mean—are, are they not? Yes, yes! and we remember it well because the brown sugar they gave us at the hotel with an apple-tart was ozokerit-ty. Oh, *so* gritty, oh, so very gritty; it was candleous. Like the candle, we were . . . put out.!

Apropos of candles, pair o' fins, etc., here's a fishy one. Why is an insolent fishmonger likely to have more custom than a civil one?

He sells fish, and gives you sauce with it.

Why ought the stars to be good astronomers?

They have studded the heavens from the creation.

[Besides, every one ought to know their own business best; so, of course, they should be able to go into comet-tee and ex-planet all to us.]

What is the most extraordinary eating feat on record?

It is related of a man who went home to supper very hungry, who absolutely bolted a door, took in a portmanteau, devoured a whole story, took down a portrait of his uncle, digested a book, and then threw one glance round the room, and positively took in all that was left; and, funny enough, tho' he was very ill afterwards, only threw up a window!

What does B.A. stand for besides Bachelor of Arts?

No, *not* Big Ass—certainly not! No, nor Beautiful Angel—but Burlington Arcade.

[In fact, as we have said elsewhere, B.A.'s wouldn't be a *bad* name for Burlington Arcadians.]

[P.S.—Remember that in this arcade you've no business to think you've a right to be Low-ther(e).]

What's the difference between the river by Hampton Court and Christie and Manson's?

On the one you get run *down*; in the other you get — — run *up*.

Why does a man invariably scratch his nose with his diamond ring?

To show its water.

[P.S., N.B.—The diamond's—not his nose's.]

[P.P.S.—Your mistake reminds us of what a man told us once—Jones—you know Jones?—well, he said his wine always went to his head; so his doctor ordered him to — — knock it off!]

[P.P.P.S., N.B.—The wine, not his head.]

Tell us the difference between a lady's riding-habit and a conceited stockbroker?

One is padded out; the other only
puffed up!

Why is a lame soldier an anomaly?

The more he marches the more he halts.

[P.S.—You may talk of your Siamese twins, etc., but we know a much more wonderful thing than anything you know. Reader, we know a man, a real live man, who's six feet!]

[P.P.S.—He always buys his socks three pairs at a time.]

Apropos of stockings, now, what does the cloak of hypocrisy often cover?

Breeches of faith!

How can a man lose his soul by being too charitable?

Thus: people hear a sermon, and then proceed to parcel out its various threats, denunciations, and warnings amongst their friends, and so they give away the whole discourse, and . . . keep none for themselves.

What is that which we find on shore and at sea, in fact, everywhere?

Craft.

[You be hung: what do you Call-craft?]

What is that which is a friend and an enemy, a blessing and a curse, which saves life and takes it away ; is long and short, round and square, rough and smooth, straight and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold, and most wanted where it is in the greatest plenty ; which accommodates itself to all palates ; is sweet or of a bad smell, strong and weak ; sometimes able to bear the greatest burdens, but at other times will not bear a pin ; for which men make long journeys, though they have it in the greatest plenty at home ; it is subject to reflection, and has the power of dissolving matrimony ; it has the privilege to kiss the lips of the fairest ladies, assist them in dressing, and is highly instrumental towards improving their charms ; it is a sign of grief and joy ; it is subservient and overbearing, death and an antidote, causes famine and plenty, is a fluid and a solid, a mountain and a valley—has a numerous offspring, yet is an enemy to children ; it is the theme of poets, an improvement of music, of great use in fortifications, employed in the finest paintings, and produces the noblest architecture in the world ?

Water.

And, as a finish to this *magnum* of jokes, tell us—How can you prevent the water coming into your house ?

(N.B.—This is infallible.) Don't pay the rates !





CANTER XX.

WHAT all men love ; take away my first letter, and I'm what
all men ought to love , take away my second letter, and it's
what you are if you love neither of the others.

Glass, lass, ass.

[We've drawn you the ass, and the lass, but not the glass, because, to borrow the old joke, the lady is the lass, and the good looking (g)lass too.]

[P.S.—The lass is something like a gentleman: her eye is arch: in fact, she is Archeyeballed.]

[P.P.S.—Our drawing is allegorical: it shows how easily an ass is driven when he likes anything. This one is driven with a single thread; he is reel-ly: look at it.]

I've seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet within that very place
You shall be seen by me.
In a looking-glass.

What is taken from you before you get it?

Your portrait.

[Smith has a red nose; we look upon that as a port-trait.]

[P.S.—It may be a trait-or, and deceive us.]

[P.P.S.—It *may* be a brandy trait.]

What is the difference between a photograph and money?

The one requires and the other is required by
the sun and air.

When a lady drops her boots, why are they, Irishly speaking,
drinkable?

Because it's a drop of *bottines*.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?

Because neither of them is satisfied with the
moderate use of the glass.

Why does a young goat asleep remind you of a bold bad smug-
gler carrying off a lone but lovely woman?

Kidnapping.

What sort of a wife should you imagine a horsey girl would make?

A nagging one.

[And remember that, tho' an ex-pensive wife makes a pensive husband, a nagger may cause a naggerny, and ossy-fication of the heart.]

[P.S.—By-the-bye, talking of rows, we have come to the conclusion that stopping in the frying-pan is better than getting into the fire after all. In the frying-pan, you know, you might be comfortably warm, if it were "Irish frieze" only you were in; whereas, if you got into the fire, your only anxiety would be to get—put out.]

What was Queen Elizabeth's favourite cordial?

Betsy's British Brandy.

[P.S.—Can't you fancy how Leicester B-Leicester when she gave him some of it? Yes; Leicester blessed her.]

[P.P.S.—It was all through this brandy we get Shakspeare's line—"When the hurly-burly's done." Some one wanted to drink, and some one else said, "When the Earl o' Burleigh's done!"—very simple and, of course, true.]

[P.P.P.S.—Let's see: Leicester was at Flushing some time or other, wasn't he? Yes; well, if Leicester was at Flushing then, we wonder some of our ladies are not now flushing at Less-stare than many of them have most impertinently awarded to them.]

What sometimes is the nearest approach to being *lent* a loan?

Being let alone.

What is a good definition of tired nature?

A yawning gulf.

[P.S.—Of course you understand this is sar-chasm.]

[P.P.S.—Gorge-ous sight, a yawning gulf!]

What place of worship in old English times represented the Church Militant?

Battle Abbey.

[Now-a-days, the most militant place of war-ship is Portsmouth.]

What are Ritualists?

Roman Catholics by rites.

[Easily Rite-u-a-list of them if you like.]

Why are the beaten candidates for the School Board like "the ends of the earth"?

Because they are depressed at the polls.

[There's one thing quite certain, that the real school *bored* is . . . the scholars.

[P.S.—Ha! ha! good sort of cane for a School Board master—his school-ash-stick, as he's scholastic himself.]

What is one of the most valuable shares in a farm?

The plough-share.

[The people on a farm, who shoot 'em, like to ha' shares in it. Eh? Don't you see it? — like to hash hares: plain enough.]

[P.S.—By-the-bye, isn't that good, that dialogue between the two rustics on a wet day? Says Hodge, "Did e'er a man ever zee sich wet weather in all his barn days afore?" Says Giles, "Noah!"]

[P.P.S.—We think we have quoted it correctly; we trust we have mosquitod no one—pshaw! misquoted, we mean.]

What is a barrel organ?

The great plague of London.

People don't like to see their servants waste time, so what sort of a love do you call your housemaid's area love for your baker?

One about which there is a good deal of railing.

[We see such pooty slaveys sometimes, it makes one almost inclined to go to Arrygate oneself. Let's see; that's not it; pshaw! of course not; it's Harrogate. Very sorry. What do you mean? How dare you? Don't you Harrogate to yourself the right to say we were; never; notwithstanding; but if it be; what then? of course; peradventure; pass on.]

You ought to guess this one Red-Hilly! What place on the Brighton line reminds you of a proverb?

You must Reigate while the iron is hot.

[What bosh! I might just as well say, What is a good place for you, Katherine dear, in church? Hassock's Kate. Rubbish! There's more Brummagem than Man-jester about that.]

Give a polite name for the treadmill.

Going on circuit.

Why was it a mistake to call boots after the Iron Duke?

Because where will you find a pair of Wellingtons?

[P.S.—The Iron Duke himself had a *père*, though! Eh? Et ceteris *père-ibus*.]

How do we know Rome was built in the night?

Because historians say Rome was not built in a day.

[P.S.—Speaking of Roma, by-the-bye, do you ever smell “the drains?”—*chez-vous*: hope not. May your ‘ome ever be without aroma to make you a roamer from it.]

[P.P.S.—Come down to our friend Mr. Kuhe’s next Brighton Musical Festival. Do: you’ll find yourself quite a dome.]

Said Sam unto Bob, while at dinner one day,

Just as Bob was proceeding to carve,

“Come, tell me the reason, old fellow, I pray,

Why the African race cannot starve?”

“Can’t starve!” echoed Bob, and he made a grimace,

As he looked up at Sam with a stare;

“Why,” said Sam, “’t is as plain as the nose on your face;

’T is because of the *sand which is* there!”

“But how came the sandwiches there, Mr. Sam?

Ah! ha! tell me that, muffin-head?”

Sam, smiling, replied, “’T is the country of Ham,

Where his children were *mustered* and *bred*.”

What is the first mention of asphalte?

When Balaam smote the ass he was on the ass
felt.

What trade did David and Solomon follow?

They were tailors by trade. Solomon repaired
the breaches which David made.

What is the first known mention of racing?

When Herodias got a head of John on a charger.

[Certainly, she got a head of him on a charger if He-rode-a-ass !]

When Eve told Adam to chastise his son, what five scriptural names did she use?

"Adam," Seth Eve, "Cain Abel."

Prove that railways existed in the time of Solomon.

The Queen of Sheba came up with a very long train.

[What's that story of the man who said to a friend, "Il ne faut pas te coucher avec tes bas"? "Pourquoi non?" said the other; "puisque le grand Solomon lui-même a couché avec ses bas." It's too much for us entirely. We belong to the tribe of Men-asses, and don't see it. However, this is getting personal and painful. Let us get on to more pleasant themes. Yes, we will go and thrash the children.]

When is a boy of seventeen's moustache like a girl's back hair?

When it's all down.

[We love it—the girl's: not the boy's—blow the boy !]

[P.S.—Odd that—the term "a downy man" implies brains, and a "downy youth" implies the want of them—contradictory: don't do it any more.]

How does a drunken man dare to go home to his wife drunk?

Because he probably can't get in anywhere else.

[To have an excuse ready is the great thing—like this cook here, for instance: "Good gracious, cook! what makes your face so red?" Cook: "It's always so in—hic—'ot weather. It's the 'eat, mum." "No, cook, it's not the 'eat; I'm afraid it's the *drink*!"]

Very long dresses our swell ladies wear now at evening parties, balls, etc., don't they? Find them a good deal in the way; but what do you think they find still more in the way?

Their husbands.

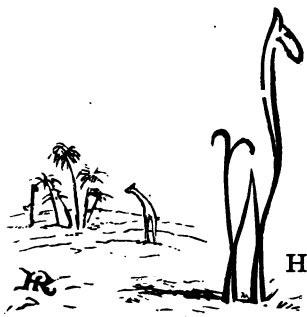
[There is one thing, however, quite as certain, that wives are frequently such treasures to men, that they would willingly "lay them up—in heaven!" It's quite six of one and $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen of the other; and the wit was right when he said the happiness of married life depends in a great measure on how you enjoy yourself. It is so!]

Without my First, chance wouldn't stand a chance.
My First can make you jump and look askance !
The House of Commons dearly loves my First :
Without it, too, some folks would be athirst.
My Second is what many snobs admire,
And far more useful than a coal of fire.
My Whole is what my whole must have to be
Of use to tinker, tailor, or to thee.
I'm from the deep, or from the richest mine,
Or from the forest. On the railway line
I'm carried, and the shivering soldier thanks
His lucky stars that gave me to the ranks.
I'm blessed by saints, tho' often cursed by sinners,
Whom I have kept away from festive dinners.
Take me to China, and you'll find that tea
Is nothing when a man sees *me*.
So, think me over, meditate, and guess ;
And if you're right, rely on't I'll say "Yes."

But-ton.



CANTER XXI.



HAT is the difference between the desert and a good speech at a public dinner?

In the one you get a giraffe,
in the other you get a
giraffe-ter. Yes, a cheer
after.

[N.B., P.S.—For instance, this is the sort of allusion to cheer after:
“Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescopic distances!”]

[P.P.S.—“Table-rapping” on occasions like these *has* some sense in it.]

[P.P.P.S.—What a lot of dinners some people get given 'em when they're not even worth . . . their salt!]

Why is a canary the most unsteady of birds?

Because he wobbles on his perch.

[There 'Arry! Can 'Arry beat that canary?]

What does a teetotaller generally think of himself?

No small beer.

[P.S.—We think so, cordially!]

[P.P.S.—Now *would* he mind applying stimulants to his hair? and would he ride a groggy horse?]

[P.P.P.S.—Good motto for teatotalers—T urn and T urn about.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Have an urn put on your tomb. It will be so appropriate to a teatotaler.]

What is the height of intemperance?

Taking castor oil for the sake of the brandy which helps it down.

Why is a man who starts a new thing like a teetotaler?

Because he's an 'orrid-gin-hater.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician?

Because he's always sticking his nose into measures to hurt the constitution.

Horace said that a boar on the waters and a dolphin in the woods were impossible. Nous avong chongsey two slar; for we are all of us, alas! intimately acquainted with the "bore on the waters," the steward who wants his fee when you are ill; and as for the other, we beg to state that drunkards need only get taken up before a magistrate to find, if not the *delphinum in silvis*, at any rate, to find-'e'll fine 'em in silver!

Why is mortar adhesive?

Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a "brick," will attach itself to anything.

Why does a bricklayer resemble a bird?

Because he has often raised a wing and flue!!

What kind of bat flies without wings?

A brickbat.

[We heard of a lady the other day who flew without wings
into a passion.]

[P.S.—Pity women as angels, as they are termed, *don't* have wings; then, when they want to fly into a passion, one could clip the intention in the bud.]

When did the man who popped the question by starlight get his answer?

In a twinkling.

[Reminds us of the astronomer who asked a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows, "Did you ever see a lunar bow?" "I have seen beaux by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.]

How much does a fool weigh generally?

A simple-ton.

[Poor Attkinss is one of these; he is an ass; but now he has got shot we will say no more of him. Yes, he has got shot, poor, poor fellow! he has got shot!]

[P.S.—Six ounces, all he could afford to get!]

What's the difference between a groom and a sewing machine?

One tends the mare; the other mends the tare.

[P.S., N. very B.—Talk of Whatshisname's machines—bah! The nicest sewing machine we ever saw was just seventeen years of age—had on a low dress, and *the* very neatest shoes! We shall never forget that sewing machine—never! We are told that Wanzer 'pon a time there were no sewing machines. Well, we could have got on very well with only the one we have mentioned—bless her!]

What is the difference between a husbandman and a seamstress?

One gathers what he sows; the other sews what she gathers.

Ah, yes, indeed, lots of sowing: fine feathers do, indeed, make fine birds.—But, talking of birds: the peacock is very beautiful, so is the J, and the Indian pheasant, and lots of others; but which of all the feathered tribes do you admire most?

A goose, with plenty of stuffing, is as nice as any.

[P.S.—Our using the term “feathered tribes,” instead of simply saying “burds,” is so snobbish ;—but everything now-a-days is the same : people don’t laugh—they indulge in merriment ; they don’t walk—they promenade ; they never eat any food—they partake of refreshment. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting the girls—they pay the young ladies great attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest, or seek your pillow. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it.—Ah ! it’s all very boshy indeed. Why, one would hardly recognize the old form of—

“If I had a donkey wot wouldn’t go,
Do you think I’d wollop him?—oh, no, no !
I’d give him some wuts, and cry, ‘Gee wo !
Gee hup, Neddy !’”

in this elegant version of it :

“If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I’d chastise him?—no, indeed !
I would give him some oats, and observe, ‘Proceed—
Go on, Edward !’”

It makes one think of the traveller in “Little Pedlington,” who asked, “Why does Colonel Dominant call his residence an abbey?” “In consequence,” he was answered, “of its being a small red-brick house in the middle of a cabbage garden.” Yes, it *is* all very snobbish !]

Why is a pig’s tail like a carving-knife?

Because it is flourished over a ham.

[P.S.—It was the original learned pig who made this obversation when running away from the pork butcher—“Prevention is better than cure.”]

[P.P.S.—What did the pig say to the boy who cut off his tail? You can’t do *that* again.]

[P.P.P.S.—Was this pig the original celebrated hog in armour? And you suppose this hog’s armour was made up of pig-iron? Of course it was.]

Why is a talkative young man like a young pig?

He’s likely to become a great bore.

[Pork creature ! it don’t augur well for him to be likely to become a bore.]

What is the difference between an attempted homicide and the butchering of swine?

One is assault with intent to kill, the other is to kill with intent to salt.

[This swine is flat and stale: been uncorked too long.]

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?

What goes into it.

[Talking of mouths, it wasn't a bad definition of a lady's tongue to say it is
—a little horse which is continually running away.]

Talking of horses running away, which were made first, hands
or feet?

Feet : animals were made before man, as the first
chicken was made before eggs!

How do young ladies like to travel?

They enjoy a nice "smack" at sea, and on land
a good bus.

[P.S.—Advice to newly-married people : don't go to India ; there is so
much "tiffin" there.]

[P.P.S.—Is it not beautiful to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air
of the parent, as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the
last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.]

[P.P.P.S.—Where is that ruffian who said, "My notion of a wife at forty
is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two
twenties" ?]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Talking of a woman of forty, makes us think how funny it is
that a woman who never knows her *own* age, can tell you in a minute the
age of all her female acquaintances.]

What is the reason so many men and their wives disagree?

Because they are both of one mind. She wants
to be master, and so does he.

How can you make a thin child fat?

Throw him out of window, and he'll probably
come down plump!

When is a smith less than a smith?

When he's a-filing.

My First, translated into Tuscan phraze,
 Hallow'd by God, each subject State obeys ;
 My Second is Creation's first-born child,
 When chaos ceas'd and heavenly order smiled ;
 Deformed without it were the human race,
 And vain the toil of art to seek for grace ;
 My Whole, for ever be the thought accurs'd,
 Destroys at once my Second and my First.

Re-form.

[My First in Tuscan phraze, as the Author so elegantly puts it, is Ré, the King.]

Here's another, which with this key to the last you ought to guess—My First is the King of Italy ; he sat, did His Majesty, on my Second as a boy and stands on it as a man, and supports my Whole very much ?

Ré-form.

[How Cap-Italy that King comes in, doesn't he?]

What's the difference between a bee-hive and a potato with a lot of eyes in him ?

One is a beeholder, the other a speck'd tatur.

[Yes, learn in your youth to beehive thro' life with the regularity and industry of the bee ; and then, as you kettle little holder, you will not get into hot water thro' bad habits, and burn your fingers.]

How may you describe successful gamblers ?

Men with winning ways.

Did you ever see a salt-cellar walk ?

Yes, a grocer can walk.

[P.S.—Motto for grocers : "Honest tea is the best policy," so don't be a Robur, or we shan't sing to you, "Robur, toi que j'aime."]

[P.P.S.—Motto for grocers : "Mulct-em in parvo.]

[P.P.P.S.—Advice to a short man : gro cer.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—We heard the other day of a grocer who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind-legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar. Can anything be grocer than that ? Poor fly ! Wonder if it sugar nerves being held by the leg ?]

Apropos of being mean, what is the real way to do things by halves?

Send us bank notes.

[We promise, at tenner rate, never to say fiver shame !]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of money, these are not bad mottoes : A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it ;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it ;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it ;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it ;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it ;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it ;" and a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

[P.P.S.—Yes ; buy lots of "Punianas !"]



CANTER XXII.



Remember once hearing a story told of how some man said, "Badly educated women are, ain't they?" "Yes," replied his friend; "but never mind, *the men will never find it out.*" Yet, don't you know, people lay down the law and argue so on subjects of which they are entirely ignorant with all the solemnity and assurance of a Whatthis-name, that it rather staggers one sometimes. This

is not as it should be, and therefore we venture to ask you—
When are persons entitled to speak like a book?

Only when they are a tome on the subject.

When you are absurdly fond of sweetbreads, what book do you think we recommend you to read?

We recommend you to *rix de veau*. Yes; read Defoe.

Wonderfully, absurdly weak some of the books young ladies and people read and get their information from ; how much better it would be to read attentively a good, sound, well-written newspaper. Now, do *you* ever read one? Do you do your morning paper pretty regularly, eh? Well, now, which paper do you consider contains the most points of all the papers?

A paper of needles.

Good. Well, what is the spiritualists' paper?

(W)rapping paper.

What is the best paper for the roughs?

Sand paper.

What is the most—well, we can't say popular, but taking—what is the most *taking* paper?

The sheriff's warrant.

What paper has the largest circulation?

No, not even the D. T. can equal it. The paper of tobacco.

What paper does every one take in?

The paper of pins.

What is drawing paper?

The ah dentist's bill.—To make you fork out.

But of the lot, the nicest paper of the lot, Reader, to *take in* after all which is it?

Tissue! Yes, 't is you, indeed.

What are dirty thumbs?

Book markers.

Who is the schoolmaster's favourite author?

Birch.

Who are the fishmonger's favourite authors?

Crabbe, Sprat, and Winckelmann.

Who is the pedestrian's favourite author?

Walker.

Who is the wise man's favourite author?

Le Sage.

Who is the pork-eater's?

Browning and Bacon.

Who's the tender mutton-eater's?

Lamb.

Who's the entomologist's?

Wormius.

Who's the gardener's?

Ouida.

Who's the Quaker's?

De Thou.

Who's the navy's?

Clay-ton.

Who's the blunderer's?

Muller.

Who's the lancer's?

Shakespear.

Who's the soldier's?

Martial.

Who's the sailor's?

Sterne.

Who's the footman's?

Abbé la Pluche.

Who's the wine merchant's?

Sherry-done.

Who's the lover's of "Punch"?

Lemon.

Who's the young lady's?

Lover.

Who's the poet's?

Rymer.

Who's the cricketer's?

Ball.

Who's the racquet player's?

Tennys-on.

Who's the miner's?

Cole-ridge.

Who's the engine driver's?

Speed.

Who's the fireman's?

Burns.

Who are the doctor's?

Akenside and Steele.

Who's the giant's?

Longfellow.

Who are the poulterer's?

Duck and Hare.

Who's the Romanist's?

Pope.

Who are the dandy's?

Smart or Taylor.

Who's the runner's?

Swift.

Who's the fisherman's?

Hook.

Who's the jockey's?

Ho-race.

And who is nobody's favourite?

Hunt on the Skin.

When letters five compose my name
I'm seldom seen but in a flame ;
Take off one letter, then you'll see
That winter is the time for me ;
Another take, I then appear
What all will be, yet what all fear.

Scold, cold, old.

What is it which nobody wants to have, yet nobody would lose
it for anything?

A bald head.

[Poor old feller, as some one said, it's not much use, his head, but it's the
only one he's got.]

What is it which nobody wants to have, yet nobody would lose
it for anything, and yet when they win it they lose it at once?

A lawsuit.

[A loss-suit, it sounds like, and generally is one, win or lose it.]

And now tell us what is that lovely thing which we all of us
wish ardently to have, yet are equally desirous to get rid of
as soon as we get it?

A good appetite.

Quelle différence y a-t-il entre une femme et une serrure ?

L'une a besoin de vertus, l'autre de visse, et toutes deux ont souvent des peines (pênes).

Why is necessity like a great many barristers ?

Because it knows no law.

[You remember the answer of the man who was asked by a lady the difference between a solicitor and an attorney: "The same difference, madam," he said, "as exists between the crocodile and the alligator."]

[P.S.—The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empannelled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole Court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter.]

Why are men-haters like mice in the West Indies ?

Because they are mice-an'-tropical.

Why should Africa be rightly considered to rank first of all the continents ?

Because it bears the palm.

[We know a man who takes off his glove, and bears the palm constantly ; and yet we are sure *he* is not one.]

Why are there no horses in the Isle of Wight ?

They prefer Cowes to Ryde.

[Ah, yes, *you* may admire brown-skinned women if you choose. Permit *me* only to say—Isle of White : yes, I love white !]

[P.S.—Have *you* been to the Isle of Wight ? We have. We suffer so from lumbago—such lumb-agonny—that we are quite used to Alum-Bay-go very often.]

[P.P.S.—Don't say this last is a little lumbagoous—a little ambiguous, you mean : yes, it is, rather.]

In what country is a fowl not a fowl ?

When it's a coach in China.

[We've got one fowl, such a beast ! She eats all chicken get : yes, every scrap she can pick up—poor fowl !]

Qui est ce qui dort ere travaillant ?

Un doreur.

[Aha ! gold, golden hair ! Readeress, darling, whether your hair be black or yellow, raven *or* canary—leave it alone : be it *fiery* red (au-burn) or a very dog-collar—a very dark colour, indeed—don't go messing it about ; for we can positively assure you, you look five hundred times nicer when you wear your own proper-coloured hair as a diadem on your head, than when, instead of a diadem, you've adem-di in its place.]

What relation is that child to its own father, who is not its own father's son ?

Daughter.

[How do you *filles* after not guessing that ?]

Why was Sir James Scarlett considered so clever ?

He was deep read.

[Scarlett Scarlett, of course. We can quote the whole of him. In fact, we've pretty generally one sort of a cigar-lit or other at the tip of our tongue.]

Why is the capital of Turkey like a whimsical patient ?

Because it's constant to no pill.

[P.S.—Another way of employing the Turkish capital : ask where the biggest opal in the world is ? Why, Constantin-opal, of course !]

[P.P.S.—Turkish—lovely word ! We know an English young lady we wish very much Turkish. But Tur-kishes are not for us !—Ehugh, alas, and alackaday !]

Why are the letters B and D like Boulogne and Dover ?

Because the C is between them.

[N.B.—“*Pro patria mori*” is perfect for England ; but when you go *abroad*, *Murray* is more useful than *mori*.]

What letters are most disagreeable to mankind ?

I. O. U. or DK., to say nothing of *dun*-coloured ones.

Quelle difference y a-t-il entre la reine de France, and a lady with a big "dress-improver" on?

L'une fait Le Dau-phin, l'autre fait le dos gros.

[Grow very fast.]

When you get a chance of kissing a young lady, and don't do it, what will she probably say to you?

You don' kiss her! yes, she will indeed; to a certainty she'd say, "You don-key, sir!"

What is the difference between a maid and a minx?

The difference between virgo and virago.

[Of course, dear Reader, you know that *virgo* is Latin for "virgin," as *vir* is Latin for "man:" quite so. Now, mark what follows. What is a gin?—is it, or is it not, a trap? It is! Therefore, what is a virgin? Why, what can it be if not a man-trap?]



CANTER XXIII.



HAT is a hungry sailor's favourite
wind?

One that blows fowl and chops about, and then
comes in little puffs.

[We love our man of war—"bellica navis erat." We'd make a K.C.B. of him—that is, in K. C. B. willing to be made; and we have given you two of them here. We have made them "Union Jacks;" but why the drunker man of the two can hope or expect the slightly-less tipsy one to see him safely home, if he will *insist* upon *steering* him by one of his legs, is a mystery indeed. If the mounted policeman we see in the background only performs his duty, and "takes them both *up*" and "runs them in," they may then arrive at their destination in comfort. The following, we think, gives you their case to a T:

A sailor of Greenwich enjoying a stroll—
The evening was dry, in fact, sandy—
Met one of his shipmates, a jolly old soul,
P'raps *rather* elated with brandy.

"Ah, Jack," says the latter, a little dismayed,
"To see me you wonder, no doubt ;
I've stayed much too long with my friend, I'm afraid—
Indeed, we've been 'spinning it out.'"

"From your manner of walking, your yarn I don't doubt,
Tho' 't is wrong in these follies to roam ;
I see," he replied, "you've been *spinning it out*,
And now you are *reeling it home!*"]

What are sporting sailors ?

Epsom salts.

[P.S.—Hope you've not forgotten the origin of the term "Jack Tar."
You remember it comes from *jactari*, to be tossed about.]

When may a ship be said not to be on the water ?

When it's on fire.

[P.S.—It's very onfire of you to say this ship must be a steamer !]

[P.P.S.—People are always wanting wind when they are at sea : they say it
helps them on, etc. ; but it is not at sea, but in the desert you find as a
rule the wind comes (s)andiest.]

When should shipwrecked sailors not be disheartened ?

When they're in the jolly boat.

What part of America must a ship be going to to be like sticking-plaster ?

It must be going to connect-a-cut.

[It's a mistake to imagine sailors never have fresh meat at sea. They've
always chops in the Channel.]

Why is the letter D like a sailor ?

Because it's out of place unless it follows the C.

[We find it out of place when it does : makes one C.D.]

When do ships cheat the revenue with impunity ?

When they forge a head.

Why is the rudder of a steamboat like the public hangman?

Because it has a stern duty to perform.

Why is the stern of a vessel leaving port like an uncivil gentleman?

Because it never returns a bow.

[P.S.—We read that a ship has just arrived in the Thames, having on board one hundred cases of oranges and two cases of chicken-pox !]

[P.P.S.—Very sad : give the oranges the pip !]

Why is furling a ship's canvas like a mock action?

Because it's a taking in sale.

If a boatswain marries, why does his wife become a man?

Boatswain's mate.

Why are the halfpenny steamers the safest?

Because they are so cheap, nothing can run against them.

Why does an Indian call his hut his wigwam?

He calls it his wig-warm, perhaps, because it is thatched with the skull-caps (pshaw! scalps) of his victims.

Why is drawing an ox's teeth like the sunset?

Because it's an oxy-dental phenomenon.

[Talk about phenomenon, listen to this interesting anecdote : Jones was a strong man. Jones drew an ox across a field. Jones then was tired. So Jones put the ox he had been drawing quietly under his arm, and carried him home. Jones dined off that ox the next day.]

[P.S.—The ox that Jones drew was not a strong one. All Jones's oxen are weak.]

What part of your face would a hungry bull like to be able to mention?

He would be delighted to say, "Eye-brows!"

My First is the king in zoology,
My Second is known in chronology,
My Whole, if neglected, allows no apology.

Man-date.

[My First according to Darwin went up trees probably after my Second ;— but no mattarr : we agree with Darwin, thoroughly. Man is arboreal, and frequently not only arboreal but a-real-bore when he is—"up a tree."
—Bother his species ! let him look after his specie : more profitable.]

Why is Allsop's brewery like a well in Palestine ?

Because He-breus drink there.

If your eyes and nose ran a race, which would win ?

The eyes, because they would run till they dropped, and your nose only until it was blown.

[This is so true, *yeux* can't say *nez* to it.]

What has only one foot ?

A leg.

[We were welched the other day by a leg who had two nevertheless, and uncommonly good ones too. Bore, wasn't it ?]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of this limb, wasn't *this* a funny thing to put on a tombstone ? We hope you won't think it rather tomb much :

"Here lies the body of Mary Anne Glegg,
Who had no issue but one in her leg ;
She was a woman of wondrous cunning,
For while one leg stood still, the other — — was running."]

Why does the Queen wear a sable boa ?

As a proof she don't like her chin chilly.

[A neat way of putting it would be for one of the advertising tailors to say in winter-time, "Why not follow the laws of Nature, for even the fields are dressed in *'Hyems'* Winter Clothing, etc., etc."]

[P.S.—This ought to be worth a new great coat at least, and if we get one, we shall then, indeed, quote—"Sweet are the uses of advertisements !"]

Apropos of the Queen's boa, why is Margaret's neck-handkerchief like our gracious Queen?

The answer is obvious: our G. Q. is Madje's tie.

Why is a scandalmonger like an ermine?

Because of the black tail he has behind him ready for any one.

When is a lady not a lady?

When she says she is *mallard! très malade*; then, don't you see, she's a sort of a little duck.

[No wonder we find, as we usually do, the "Mallard" surrounded with . . . quacks!]

My First is learning to fight;
My Second obliges you to fight;
And my Whole delights in a fight.

Spar-row.

Why is the *Daily News* like a black eye?

Because it is a mourning peeper.

My First is part of a ship on the main;
My Second is done in boats;
And my Whole is destroyed by men with no brain,
To *save* a few trumpery oats.

Spar-row.

When is a plant to be more dreaded than a mad dog?

When it's madder.

[P.S., N.B.—All "plants" are to be dreaded.]

The breath of the morning is sweet;
The earth is bespangled with flowers;
And buds in a countless array
Have ope'd at the touch of the showers.

The birds, whose glad voices are ever
A music delightful to hear,
Seem to welcome the joy of the morning,
As the hour of the bridal draws near.
What is that which now steals on my First,
Like a sound from the dreamland of love,
And seems wand'ring the valleys among,
That they may the nuptials approve?
'T is a sound which my Second explains,
And it comes from a sacred abode,
And it merrily trills as the villagers throng
To greet the fair bride on her road.
How meek is her dress, how befitting a bride,
So beautiful, spotless, and pure!
When she weareth my Second, oh, long may it be
Ere her heart shall a sorrow endure.
See the glittering gem that shines forth from her hair—
'T is my Whole, which a good father gave;
'T was worn by her mother with honour before—
But *she* sleepeth in peace in her grave.
'T was her earnest request, as she bade them adieu,
That when her dear daughter the altar drew near,
She should wear the same gem that her mother had worn
When she as a bride full of promise stood there.
Ear-ring.



CANTER XXIV.



AY, Reader mine, when does night
draw near ?

When T is removed—
then night is nigh.

[P.S.—Have your urn a good boiling noisy
one : it don't do for it to be tacit-urn.]

[P.P.S.—Which do you like best of these two battles : a coffee-mill or a
tea fight ? both good—eh ?]

[P.P.P.S.—Funny stuff, tea : it may be very weak, and yet my-tea !].

When rattling thunders rend the sky,
And vivid lightning's glare,
Unbending in the storm I fly—
Ladies, behold me there !

Should you the field of battle scan,
And all its terrors view,
I'm in the centre of the van,
And in the victory too.

The letter T.

Why is the letter T fatal to the Russians, and fortunate to the English?

Because it makes the Russian roubles into troubles, and the English rifles into trifles.

[Never mind about their roubles, but drink your T in the Russian way, and you'll never regret it.]

Remember this :

After tea
Don't talk reason ;
For you see,
'T will be T-reason.

[P.S.—We are very fond of our T—we think it lovely ; but *the* letter we admire is a Grand Dutch S. However, that's Schneider here nor there. We mustn't be greedy ; we've got a Prince and Princess of S. with us now, and so we go on !]

[P.P.S.—Have you gone on ? Good. Then we have Madame Angot—yes, absolutely made a man go.]

The world is divided into two halves : which half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives ?

Our better halves !!!

[P.S.—Have *you* got a latch-key, to latch yerself in with ? N.B.—So have *we*.]

[P.P.S.—Let *yourself* in ; don't let any one do it for you.]

•[P.P.P.S.—Proverb for women : Ce n'est que le premier pa qui coûte.]

Granted that women *are* our better halves — well, quite so. What are *better* halves ?

Halves of £500 notes sent as a present, with a promise of the other moiety.

[Bedad, it's moiety foine !]

When does a woman's tongue go quickest ?

When 't is on the rail.

What's the difference between a sofa and its fair occupants?

One's an ottoman; the other's a knot-o'-women!

[P.S.—Charming, isn't it, that amongst this knot o' women there's not one of them who cannot give each of her brothers and cousins, etc., a commission in the line!]

[P.P.S.—In *her* line.]

[P.P.P.S.—A commission which *must* be purchased.]

Why does an ironclad alongside of a wooden frigate remind you of a man spooning and gaining a woman?

Because the woo'd and won (wooden one) is the weaker vessel.

What is modern paganism?

"Sacrificing to the Graces."

[Also we call it "modern pay-gun-ism" giving a hundred guineas for a breech-loader, which is not a bit better exp-loader than many a twelve-pound keeper's gun.]

Apropos of guns which are double, what is a single woman of thirty-five?

A lady in waiting.

[Agra-waiting!]

What is *something* like squaring a circle?

Going round a square.

[One *might* say squaring the circles was having a dress with a square body; but we like to see women in square bodies: it looks so open and above-board.]

What is baby?

(By its mother) Chamber music.

What is baby?

(By its uncle) A crying nuisance.

What is the difference between Godfathers and Godchildren?

The former are bled; the latter cupped.

[And the former have to fork out by themselves; the latter get spoon'd by the women.]

What are bad pianos?

Instruments of torture.

[And yet you'll go on getting yours torture for all that, and never mind your neigh-bores bores.]

What are new boots?

Friends at a pinch.

Why does a girl prefer that which her mother leaves her, to the property bequeathed her by her father?

Because, don't you see? one is Patrimony; the other is Matrimony.

[Good story that of the man named Ram bragging that Ramsgate belonged to him, and was, in fact, *named* after his Pa'. "Ah," said some one there, "then I suppose Margate was named after your Ma'!"]

[P.S.—We suppose when they cut away the isthmus, America will be said to have no Pa-nor-ma !]

Apropos of America isthmus, a merry Christmas to you, which reminds us to ask you—Why would many modern *Parsons* burn as well as *Martyrs* of old?

Because they are so very, very dry.

[P.S.—Many of them are too *green*, however, to burn well.]

[P.P.S.—Women dress more for church than the theatre; because, you see, at the theatre, they look at the stage: in church, they look at each other.]

A kind of crown much used of old
My name most truly will unfold;
Read back or forward, still the same:
Now, surely, you'll find out my name.

Civic.

Why is Queen Victoria like Queen Mab?

Because, during a royal progress, Her Majesty frequently gives aldermen a knight mayor.

[P.S.—A fog has been called "The Air Apparent." Good, isn't it?]

Why should peaceable people not visit the Tower?

Because they would certainly have "passages of arms."

[P.S.—And if you got in a rage there, it would inevitably be a towering one.]

What would be the most appropriate play to act for the benefit of a retired prize-fighter?

"The Miller and his Men."

[Has a fighting man's being called a "miller" anything to do with soldiers being called "miller-tary" men?]

What were the "palmy" days of the Drarma?

When they were first-rate "hands" at acting, and got lots of clapping.

When a partridge towers, how may he be said to die?

Game.

[MEM.—Do you know how to enjoy a snipe? No joke. Get three snipeys and put the two odd trails into the third bird, and eat *him* with the three, and don't let any one talk to you till you've done.—Good? Oh, very good!]

[P.S.—The other two—send 'em to a friend.]

[P.P.S.—Just try crab sauce with your salmon some day, in place of lobster—much richer and smother. Try it; and don't think, because we are fool enough to write a riddle-book, we don't know what's good. We can tell it instantly we taste, or — — *see it*.]

Where did Charles the First's executioner dine?

He took a chop at the King's Head.

[N.B.—Reader, we introduce this riddle to your notice as having been made at the time of the sad martyrdom above-mentioned. Its age, if nothing else, should make it respected; it is coeval with the one about the cold chop and the hot steak.]

[P.S.—Ah! poor old Riddle-ey found *that* hot steak no joke.]

[P.P.S.—Not bad, that story of the lady at the British Museum, who asked if they had the skull of Oliver Cromwell there? Being answered in the negative, "Dear me!" said she, "that's odd. They've one at Oxford."]

What is each stone of our pavement in hot weather?

A flag of distress.

What difference is there between sculling and rowing?

Real sculling can't be done except on the water,
but a Tru-ro can be had inland.

[P.S.—Why not? Why, when the land is as dry as it can be, we have
fishers in it, don't we? Of course, so why not a true row?]

What is that which is never cooked, often swallowed raw, and
which, if taken too much of, will assuredly cook *and* dish *you*?

Whisky.

[Neat. Tidy sort of drink, neat whisky—eh?]

[P.S.—Odd, isn't it?—if we drink too much, it goes to our head, and yet
affects our feet more still.]

[P.P.S.—We affect feet.]

[P.P.P.S.—Ladies' feet; for our motto is "*Semper eyed 'em.*"]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Talking of *idem* reminds us that some husbands don't like you
to look at their wives' feet. One man we know when you have eyed 'em,
don't *ejusdem*, rather—swears awfully!]

What is Home Rule?

Petticoat Government.

What is a good definition of a drowsy husband and wife?

A sleepy pear.

My First your sleepy head attends,
My Second names your dearest friends,
My Whole's oft at your fingers' ends.

Nap-kin.

[Quite true: we are off to our First—a little one. *Bon soir!*]

CANTER XXV.



WHAT kind of fruit makes a certain dog sad ?

A melon, which changes a colley dog into a melancolley dog.

[A man says our drawing of this dog is not *like* his colley at all. We can only say he is *exactly* like *our* colley.]

[P.S.—There are plenty more like him. You can see 'em at the colley-see-'em.]

[P.P.S.—Our dawg here is after Landseer ! We don't know what *for*, but he *is*.]

[P.P.P.S.—He's not well ; he's got colley-wobbles.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—For a *dumb* animal we'll back him against any noisy beast you know.]

What is the difference between the bark of a dawg and the bark of a tree ?

One is formed on the bough ; the other is of the bow-wow !

[P.S.—As it is as well to be on speaking terms with all your neighbours, remember this, that if you wish them to notice you, buy a very big dog, and tie him up in the cellar all night. Your neighbours then won't sleep for thinking of you.]

[P.P.S.—Our giving you this piece of advice reminds us of the following correspondence, which we think quite one of the funniest things we ever heard :

“Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds.”

“Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he should not spell ‘dogs’ with two gees.”

“Mr. Thompson’s respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter ‘e’ to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady.”

“Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson’s note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity.”

The correspondence here terminated.]

What is the difference between a good dog show and a bad one?

When it is a good one the dogs go to the show ;
but if a bad one, the show goes to the dogs.

My First I greet as most faithful of friends,
Tho’ I turn from him, too, as the wretch I despise ;
My Second is ranked ’mongst the good and the wise.
Of my Whole I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day.

Curfew.

In what respect did Absalom differ from a greyhound ?

The greyhound catches the hare, but Absalom—
confound it !—was caught by the hair.

[P.S.—Wish there were greyhounds to catch grey hairs ! However, we mustn’t grumble.]

My First and Second are the same ;
They never meet but to complain.

Murmur.

Apropos of mur-mur-dear, why is the letter *s* the most murderous of all the alphabet?

Because it turns words into swords, and laughter into slaughter.

[Something the same effect, we can imagine, would be produced by the wonderful Yankee invention to turn lazy people out of bed in the morning. They manage it thus: The whole apparatus is stowed away in a cask, which is rolled into your room when you are about to retire, and the contents thereupon taken out and distributed, in due form, as follows: The first article is a Yankee clock, which is arranged on a vibration board over the top of the cask, and set at the hour required. You then, with the assistance of several men, lift the whole affair on to a chair at the head of your bed, and retire. Immediately at the hour designated the alarum runs down, and the vibration of the board sets in motion several revolving dinner-gongs, which in turn discharge a pistol aimed with precision at a peg supporting fifty pans of buckshot. This, of course, upsets the whole affair, and, by a curious contrivance, gives an inclination to the cask; and, unless you are out of bed marvellously quick, lands the whole concern, Yankee clock and all, on the top of you!]

[Reader, we are agent for them in this country. May we send you a few?—say six or eight, to begin with.]

When you are at cricket, what would you give to the thirsty batsman?

A full pitcher.

What is the Wimbledon Meeting?

Friendly Riflery.

If a sailor's son be riding on a donkey, what song does the basket he sits in remind you of?

Sailor's pannier!

[P.S.—Certainly—“*C'est l'Espagne-yeer.*”]

[P.P.S.—They always pronounce the “yer.”]

[P.P.P.S.—Always.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—A great wit, we are informed, calls this donkey-pannier the “Wicker of Bray.” Good—very! Say, Brayvo!]

What is a very seasonable Christmas box for the young, the middual-aged, and the more olderly?

A box of Cockles' pills.

Where should postmen be buried?

In a post crypt.

[*Post cineres gloria sera venit.* True; nevertheless we wish each *cineres* at the post where he is now.]

[P.S.—For a postman's epitaph: "Too late! the box is closed."]

What sort of costume suits a doctor to a T?

A mixture.

[P.S.—For outward "exhibition" only.]

[P.P.S., N.B.—Not to be taken.]

What medicine is a marionette most like?

A-string-gent.

[Wasn't this a good answer? "Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced a greasy-faced boy to a witty doctor. "Yes," replied the physician, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each—"yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."]

[P.S.—By Jingo! it makes all the difference, doesn't it? if you put "Dr." before instead of after a man's name—eh?]

What stout party fond of medicine is most likely to be in want of wind?

The man who took to come a mile 'p hills every day.

[If you're not very well, have for your dinner a plain soiled bowl. Pshaw! boiled sole—sorry.]

What sort of an appetite does a man want who goes to dine at the Welch Harp?

A Welch-harp-ened one.

Why is a bad oyster like Sir Roger de Coverley?

Because it goes down the middle and . . . up again.

[How do you like your oysters—cooked or raw? As for ourself, we've a perfect *furor* for a furor.]

Why is an old maid like an unused lemon?

Because she was meant for squeezing, and wasn't.

Why are old cats—or, in fact, cats of any age—like most sincere Christians?

Because they watch and prey.

[That's what the pickpockets do with your watch.]

[N.B.—The only pockets you are allowed by law to pick are . . . pockets of hops.]

When is mention first made of the game of cricket?

When Peter stood up for the 11, and was bowled.

[N.B., P.S.—Tho' Peter *was* a trump, he was *not* a trump-peter!]

Dites nous quels sont les départements où l'on ne se sert que d'huile pour faire la cuisine?

Ce sont les départements de Aisne, Aube, Eure (haine au beurre).

[P.S.—The most extraordinary thing is that a Frenchman once told us *à propos* of places in France. "Mon chère, j'ai vu un homme né à quarante ans (Carentan), baptisé à trente (Trente), épouser une femme de sept (Cette), et mourir à mille ans (Milan)!!"]

What is brushing your teeth?

A tartar war.

[Don't do it. Why, who wants you to have a brush with a tartar? Be content with catching him; let him brush himself—nasty, dirty feller! His wife should act *peeler* in every sense, and *run him in* . . . to his tub.]

[P.S.—The clever author of "Two to One" and "Five to Two" remarks in one of his charming books exactly what we are always remarking, viz., that you hardly ever meet a vulgar man but he is sure to talk to you about *a bath*; he is either going to have a bath, or he has just had a bath, or he'd like a bath, or he wants a bath. Why the dooce don't he go . . . to Bath?]

In my First an English king lost my Second, and all things are much improved by being in my Whole.

Season.

[Jingo! we were wrong: we guessed "wash-tub." We were thinking of King Johnny, who probably lost his tub with his other treasures in the Wash; and, certainly, all things are improved from their heads to their feet by being—if only now and then—in that bathing-machine-a tub.]

[P.S.—This comes in appropriately to illustrate our meaning : A man, who was distinguished for gallantry in the field, though *not* for the care he lavished upon his person, complaining on a certain occasion to a friend of the sufferings he endured from rheumatism, the friend undertook to prescribe a remedy. “You must desire your servant,” he said, “to place every morning by your bed-side a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh-brush.” “Why,” said the officer, after reflecting for a minute or two, “this seems to be neither more nor less than washing one’s self.” “Well, I must confess,” rejoined his friend, “it *is* open to that objection.”]

Who wrote most ?

Warren wrote “Now and Then” ; Edward Maitland wrote “By and By” ; Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning” ;—but Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”

[These are all first-rate authors, but there are some Rarebits in Warren—really rare bits you find nowhere else.]

What place would be best suited for the banishment of an unhappy grumbler ?

The Isle of *Mona*.

[It would not be bad fun going to Cephallonia or Ionia ; but I think I’d rather stop by my cephalonia—in Brighton, let us say—than be able to say “Ionia” to lots of other places, tho’ I’m mona of but very little after all.]

Why is Bedlam an unfit place for lunatics ?

Because the Commissioners are not allowed to take *in sane* people.

[Happy thought !—(by the kind permission of their talented author, Mr. Burnand)—after Bed lam, bed lamp, then bed !]



CANTER XXVI.



OMEN in waterproofs are very like riddles, they lead to guessing and surmising. One always tries to guess, for instance, what they have on underneath—maybe anything, or - - - horrible idea! - - - nothing! Yes, waterproofs *are* like Charity; they cover a multitude of - - - shortcomings!

[P.S.—When you state before trying it that a coat is waterproof, perhaps it may not be waterproof at all, and you are Macintosh-ure of it, makin' *far* too sure of it: you waterproof it.]

What is a short skirt?

Ha ! ha ! an up train.

[Be in time to catch it.]

Apropos of short skirts, waterproofs, etc. ; when the rain comes pattering down, what Queen of ancient times does it remind you of?

A clear-patterer.

[We wonder if Cleopatra would have been as much admired and as powerful in a cotton gown and a long 25/- waterproof, or if it was the glory of gold which made her so *a-dorée* ! Oh, gold ! how we all approach thee with awe and submission.]

[P.S.—Wish people would approach us with . . . or!!]

What is the gout?

An aristocratic complaint.

[P.S.—Poor old Mr. Beeswing's nose, we are credibly informed, is only an *ell* shorter than the whole of his body. His figure his portly; his nose is port-y.]

[P.P.S.—Talking of ells brings us to inches, and makes us wonder whether originally some one stole an inch or an L of something, and was brought before Judge L-inch and hanged in consequence ?]

Why should a gouty man make his will?

To have his leg-at-ease.

[Not a bad joke that of the old man dining with his son saying, "Port, my dear boy; what 's-port to you is *death* to me!"]

[P.S.—Brave old boy, to refuse that which he had a *paunch-ant* for.]

[P.P.S.—Talking of having a paunch-ong for anything, omelette is good ! Savoury ? Yes, c'est vrai !]

[P.P.P.S.—Bad omelette ; bad-egg-ularly nasty thing.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—*Apropos* of bad omelettes, now *is* my having my foot in an hotel the same as having my knees in mine inn ? Is it ? Tell us.]

What's the difference between Seidlitz powders and a quack ?

One is effervescing and does you good ; the other is ever *pro-fessing* and does no good at all.

[N.B.—Seidlitz powders ! N.B.—Ladies who use powders on their faces would do well to look at them in Seidlitz—pshaw !—side-lights, we mean, to see how painfully apparent they are.]

Why is a lady's veil like a coal-waggon ?

Because it often obstructs a *bus*.

[Kissing through a veil we look upon as being just better than nothing, just better, a trifle.]

[P.S.—Poor Smith ! we pity Smith ; Smith of London : you know Smith of London. Well, ever since he first fell in love, he's been like the wild horse of the prairie, because it was a . . . lass-oo caught him !]

Of what article of food does a pretty girl's talk in hot weather remind you ?

Rein-deer's tongue.

[We positively, absolutely, *langue* for some.]

What is the most profitable right young noblemen can exercise now-a-days ?

The Right of Turbary.

Why ?

Because it is the right of *cutting the Turf*.

Why is a spendthrift like a star ?

Because he would shine more if he were nearer.

[He would shine more were it not for his con-comet-ants, his suttly-lites, his smutty lites, his associates, taking the shine out of him. Phool ! If he were only nearer, *they* would soon be farther, and see him so before they'd trouble him again.]

Why is a kangaroo the greatest anomaly in nature ?

Because it's leaping when it is wide awake.

[P.S., N.B.—Always use the right remedies for your disorders: for instance, Can gruel cure the kangaroo ill? Never.]

What reason have we to suppose that beer was made in the Ark ?

The kangaroo was seen to go in with hops, and the bear was always Bruin.

Why is a savage like a waterman ?

Because he . . . feathers his skull.

State the refinement of cruelty?

Beating a cripple with his own crutches.

What may a done-away-with turnpike be called?

A *bar* relief.

[When you 're thirsty, isn't it just a Basso relief-o, a glass of beer. Rather !]

Why do ladies *not* like moustaches? Because they will set their faces against them, is old; but why do ladies like moustaches is not. Why is it?

Prevents a man looking bare-faced.

[It's rather a painful thought coming to that time of life which, like a storm on the ocean, makes us scud along under bare poles !]

[P.S.—A sailor says that at sea you get the best bower—pshaw!—and that his Arethusa is better deck'd than Mrs. de Montmorenci de Baskerville Smijth-Smyjthe—pooh!—that Arethusa's helm beats Minerva's, and her bows are more graceful than—than — — — than yours even, Reader—bah!—and that, as for her stem, it's lovely, and all the rest of it, it's beautiful! Boohoo! Mariner, hardy mariner, hardy marine mariner, you're a phool! I suppose you'll say you prefer the bosom of the ocean to—to being on land! Nautical person, we will *not* argue; but it is weak of you, nautical person, to talk such folly. You can't, you can *not*, wish us believe you prefer hugging the shore when at sea, to—to—hugging never mind; but, mariner, we despise you.]

Why should you marry a widow?

Because then you can't possibly be miss-taken.

[Superb! but it depends entirely on what you consider *is* amiss. However, remember that love is a quicksand, and that the man who falls into it may be called amor-ass, and no forced marsh will get you out fen you once are in it. If *you* do it morass you !]

[P.S.—Bog your pardon; we mean nothing personal.]

When am I dirty and vain of it?

When I'm mud-miring myself.

[P.S.—Do you like duckweeds? we don't mind 'em when it's a real duck who smokes 'em.]

[P.P.S.—Don't mention this again, it's a cig'rette !]

What is the demi-monde?

Fast ladies (?)

What is the dummy-monde?

Slow ladies.

What is forced politeness?

Bowing to circumstances.

Why is it unnecessary to be married by a clergyman?

Because every man is his own pa's son.

Give a new name for marrying a second wife.

Moving for a new trial.

Give a new name for a nursery.

A bawl room.

What is marriage?

Miss-ing your freedom for the sake of the 'Art Union.

[A professor has succeeded in photographing the beating of a person's heart. What a neat thing for an absent lover to send his adored would-be a carte of his palpitation on gazing upon her portrait!]

[P.S.—We once told you how to get rid of ants in a house. Do you remember? You can get rid of them by knocking all your uncles' wives on their heads with a hammer. The same principle might very easily be termed—what? "A wife's settlement."

Give a new name for Egyptian mummies.

Foreign preserves.

[Poor old mummies! they are very much "pressed for time."]

[P.S.—"Hæc olim *mummynisse* juvabit."]

Are you fond of dears talking? We are; but we don't mean that. We allude to a dear drive. How can you get one in London?

Hansom.

[P.S.—Hansom is *not* as Hansom does.]

[P.P.S.—*Apropos* of deer driving, we read that "In England bags are very short. In Scotland there's very little kilt"—just what we told you on commencing this great work.]

What is a good round game?

A plump pheasant.

[P.S.—Yes, that is a game we can all play]

[P.P.S.—A good knife and fork at.]

[P.P.P.S.—Needn't be a bird-fancier to do *that*, you know.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Madman he was who said he'd seen a rabbits' eggs! Coney Hatch place for him!]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—*Apropos* of rabbits, what does the Latin word *ferret* mean? It's not in the dictionary. We know it *goes after fers*, tho' *not* in the same mood.]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—Rabbit must find it ferretiresome when he has his fers interfered with; he would much preferret if they were left alone.]

What two Latin words remind you of a summer river?

July ferrey: yes, tuli ferre.

What Latin verb is never declined in a happy household?

Moneo mones, etc.

[Don't you see?—money 'ome an' ease, etc. Wish we had a present case—a nominative tense—a—pshaw! we mean, we wish we had it now.]



CANTER XXVII.



VERY one, we imagine,
knows why a humbug is
like a mermaid. — Tell
us : why is it ?

Because his tale is
very fishy, and
he hasn't a leg
to stand on.

What fish are poor men
most like ?

Why, paupers, of course !

[P.S.—Mistake to imagine cats won't come and rake up your flower-beds
for you on a wet night. Pooh ! what do cats care for the wet ? Does not
the p'or pus absolutely gambol in the ocean ?]

What's the difference between a certain old song and a cat
when she has the chance ?

One is Robin Adair ; the other is robbin' a dairry.

[We love a little kitten, a tiny Tom, a-tom who's but atom ; but isn't it
funny how soon they change?—in a few weeks a Tom is at home !]

Why is a pig in a mustard-pot like a stag on the top of St.
Paul's ?

Because it's a wonderful high deer.

What is a *coup d'état*?

Pitching a tent.

[Don't you see? a *coup de tar*.]

What is the potboy's favourite dance?

The can can.

When is a lovely girl who can't sound her r's like a resplendent angel?

When she says, "I always wear a pair of gold wings."

[Talking of not pronouncing R's, oblige by saying rapidly six times the two simple words, "Gig whip." Have you conquered that? Well, then, now say six times also the following sweetly touching lines :—

Six sieves of sifted thistles,
Six sieves of *unsifted* thistles,
And six thistle sifters!

And we think we may safely foretell that thistle puzzle you also to say quickly :—

OLD LADY.—What are you doing to those boats, sailor?

SAILOR.—I'm copper bottoming them, mum!

Why are rattlesnakes like celebrated novelists?

Because their tales make a noise in the world.

Why are our sins like young chickens?

Because, when they "come home to roost," we brood over them.

[Nobody wants to poach those chickens!]

Give us the reason why Henry VIII., at five years old, was like legal cheating?

Because he was a little chicanery; yes, he certainly was a little chick 'enery.

[Good bye, 'Enery, we shan't see you again.]

What is a real hugly customer?

Bear.

[Well, yes—perhaps ; depends very much indeed on what is bear. We've so many bear things now-a-days, it's awkward to decide—bear-skins, bear-nets, bare arms, bare shoulders, bare-faces, bare ideas, bare-nouses, bare poles, bare time ; but people suffer most who have too a bare . . . master ; yes, they must suffer a good deal when they have to obey a master.]

What's the difference between a lucky and an unlucky life?

One is all down hill ; the other's all U.P.

What is the most harmless sort of war?

A mouchoir.

[Not as the old joke says, if it be came—brick ; then it would be a nuisance giving a blow to your nose with it.]

Why is a drummer a better mathematician than any private soldier in the infantry?

Because he can beat him at a triangle.

[A combination of drummer and drama no soldier ought to wish to incur the risk of.]

[P.S.—Soldiers get more good-conduct stripes, thank goodness ! than bad-conduct stripes ; and they would get more still if the tap of the drum were the only tap they indulged in.]

Why is a clock like a condemned culprit?

Because its hours are numbered.

[Pretty motto for a sundial in a garden : "Horas non numero nisi serenas."
Get a few, and put it on.]

Why are scandalmongers in less danger of bankruptcy than any other class?

Because they give no *credit* to anybody.

Why should you take your dog to market?

Sure to make a good barkin'.

[We think perhaps pointers might turn out disap-pointers in this instance, but any other dawg will do.]

Reader, when you and I make a bet together, why is it like taking your grandmother to church?

Because its on wi' you, exceedingly *ennuyeux*.

Apropos of betting, What is mowing your lawn?

Turf reform.

[A Rous thee then, my merry merry men, for 't is etc., etc., etc., you know.]

[P.S.—Do it.]

What's the difference between a dromedary and an Englishman?

One has them 'umps on his back, the other has the mumps in his throat.

[You guessed this; you sore throat at once: we know you saw thro' it at once, don't deny it.]

What public school boy ought to write novels most easily?

Harrow man, sir. Yes, a romancer.

Who invented the steam engine?

Watts-his-name.

Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation?

He's a thin cur.

Why is the novel of "Foul Play," by Charles Reade and Boucicault, like pitch?

Because it is bi-tu-men.

What filthy mess makes us think a dirty animal a clean one?

Pig's wash.

[Wash the use of talking such nonsense?]

Who is the starving beggar's favourite young lady?

A-meal-here.

[It would only be kind, with many of the poor foreign beggars one meats, to put an extra dish on without entreaty, and not to mention a word of any extradition treaty, or it *might* take away their appetites.]

If you paid £2 10s. for a blue pill, why would it be like the—
the—Evil One?

Because it would be a very dia-bolus!—a very
dear bolus indeed.

[P.S.—We take our medicine in an original manner: we take ours *off the table!!!!*]

What drink is most like a lady whose *face* is getting fatter and
fatter under her mouth?

Chin-chubbier!

[Nice Harmless fiz, ginger-beer. By-the-bye, reminds us—we heard a lady,
a married lady, say the other evening she longed to see
her man fizin'! Did she mean she wanted her husband to
go off, or that she wanted to see Herman Vezin?—which? How inscru-
table are women!]

Reader, do *you* ever have pains in *your* face? do you? Well,
what two numbers express your agony?

2 13!—Bore it is tooth 'urtin'—eh?

You know how the clown always pokes the females in the ribs
as they cross the stage, and gives a sort of a kick up behind
and before, and says "c-t-k-k-k"? you have heard him do it,
no doubt. Well, don't *you* do this to any of the young ladies
of your acquaintance why?

Because its—prodagal.

[Miss Brown, going along the other day, had a wonderfully bright hook to
hold her watch: IT CAUGHT JONES'S EYE. He is better now, thank you.]

What are the warmest canoes to get into in warm weather?

We are rather inclined to imagine—vol-canoes.

[That's about as bad an example of a false quantity as we could have given
you. Boerdishyer is a joke to it; Peg-A-sus can't compare to it; flor^{eat}
eaten-her is a fool to it: Boozy fellers is not a bad false quantity for
Bucephalus, and a pier of iron for a Peruvian is strongish; but we think,
perhaps, that saying Ad-honey-jar for Adonijah beats everything.]

Spell Emanuel in three letters only, and to do it right you must make a mess of it?

M an' U.L. Didn't we tell you you'd make a mul' of it.

[P.S., N.B.—His Serene Highness the reigning Grand Joke of What Humbug made that.]

Who is really now a good man for a lover of good bacon to come across?

An Indian Nice ham, to be sure!

[Ah, yes, to be sure! Nizam—one of the men we have not as yet been to see—go some day.]

If a man mentions the name of a certain antique swell, what is the difference between him and a parish clerk?

The clerk says "Amen" *on* his knees; the other says "Amen" *off* his.

[P.S.—Poor Amenophis! we fear you were not happy.]

[P.P.S., N.B.—It is quite correct grammar and English to say "Amen:" it is *not* more correct to say "A man." Certainly not.]

[P.P.P.S.—You remember what Thackeray—(let's say Thackeray: get more attention)—said to the man who asked him, "What is your opinion of the Rev. Neoptollymus Jackson, sir?" "I have *no* opinion of him," said T. "But I mean, what do you think of him?" "I do *not* think of him," again answered . . . whoever it was said it.]

A balloon is, we think, usually made of silk—what's the car?

The car? Oh, the car's usually satin.

[P.S.—Sweet youth, rise in the world if you like: be a balloonatic, and rise in a balloon car; but dont, *don't*, DON'T *lower* yourself by getting into a *fra-cas*!]

Supposing Eva bores you very much practising the piano, what does she make you, which, at the same time, is what you will say to her?

She makes you . . . in a fever, and you say
to her . . . in a fever.

[Yes, you do—don't say you don't: you do—you say . . . "En-ough, Eva!"]

[P.S.—We remember once a young lady, who was familiarly called Nancy, being good enough to sit down to a zithern, and play, play, play, sing, sing, sing (badly) until *we* were enough Eva—as much bored, in fact, as if we had been her husband; so we sarkastically inquired, "Is your playing *per* me, Nancy?" And she cleverly took the hint: her playing was for me, but her position was not permanency.]

When Napier took Scinde, what one Latin word expressive of his great victory did he telegraph home?

Peccavi! I have sinned.

'The capture of the Spanish Armadiddleoh . . . pshaw, what are we writing! We were just saying to ourself the Armada wanted to diddle us; and from Armada our thoughts wandered to the Armadillo with the extra "did," and we got confused. Never mind—begin again:

When Napier took Scinde . . . bother! we don't want *that* again: try once more:

'The capture of the Armourdiddle . . . Let us keep calm!—oh, Christian friends, whatever may happen, let us keep calm!

The calmness of the Armo . . . We are *not* keeping calm. Something desperate must happen if we don't write that soon!

When Napier took Sc . . . aha! I knew it . . . there goes the . . . but no more of this . . . enough . . . the time is past when it was a mere confusion and a joke. I will now write that riddle, or . . . no matter!

The capture (hooray !) of the (bravo !) Spanish Armada (hip ! hip !
—got over that !) was also announced (three cheers for me !) in one
word—what was it ?

The word was . . . Cantharides ! “The Spanish
Fly !”

[Thank you ! we'll take a few—p'r'aps soothe us. How sweet of you !—
But I'm robbing you ? Do leave some for yourself ! Oh, you're quite
too kind !—*Good* night !]



CANTER XXVIII.



READER, when we ask you what are these three witches in McBeth—who, you will remember, hailed before McB. rained—now making with incantatory processes in their caldron, you will probably answer “a charm,” or, if you are illiterate, you may possibly say “a hamulet against the hevill heye.” They are making neither: what are they making?

Ha! ha! they are making a Haggis!

[When Alcibiades was at Sparta, he had Agis every day at dinner, and they do say that he gave the lady he was staying with A-gis for her trouble; this is a fact, and very wrong.]

What led Macbeth to say that he would die with harness on his back?

Because he knew very well that Macduff was about to tackle him.

[P.S.—“Many of us,” as the lisping gentleman said, “when we Macbeth, Macduff-ers of ourselves.” Do not do it : don’t mak bets at all.]

What are you if you don’t know where Macbeth lived?

Dunce inane.

[P.S.—You know what the ghost of Banquo might be called of course, eh? Why, one of the Phantasma-gories of McB.’s brain.]

[P.P.S.—Poor Banquo’s ghost, like a landed trout, came to the Bank wet ; wonder if ghosts are ever cold, and if so, if they could remind any one of the Ashantee business? D’ye see? Cold ghost—Gold Coast.]

Why is wit like whisky-toddy?

Because it never gets into a Scotchman’s head.

What is that, although only four inches broad and three inches deep, yet contains a solid foot?

A shoe.

[Yes, shoe are quite right, this is bad ; we might as well ask what is that which, though only four inches broad and three inches deep, yet contains hampers of turkeys, parcels, and ever so many things? Why, a boot, of course : a stage coach’s boot, naturally. Again, what is that which, though only three feet long, has tons of coals, cocks and hens, and hundreds of other things comfortably put in it? Why, a yard : don’t you know? a back one, or a front one, whichever you have got, or both, if you’re lucky ; very yard on you if you’ve neither.]

Where does Neptune stable his horses?

Why, wherever the Sea-Mews may be, of course.

[What a mistake it is talk of sea-horses, white horses, etc. ; *absurd*, they are all *mers*!]

[P.P.S.—Ha ! ha ! Lots of sea-horses during the equine-Hocks.]

Why are a sailor's correspondences with his friends like his trousers?

Because he finds them *hard to keep up*.

[What a good epitaph that is about a sailor!—

Here lies John Round,
At sea he was drowned;
His body wasn't found,
So he's still aboveground.]

Why is a French steam vessel on her passage from Calais to Dover a sign of the amicable relations between the French and English Governments?

Because it shows the existence of a *French-ship* between France and England.

Who was the first chiropodist mentioned in English History?

William the Corn-curer.

Why was William the Conqueror of no sex?

Because he was *not a female Nor-man*.

[Wonder if the Celts invented Celtzer water?]

Apropos of water, which river is best to try a "scratch" crew on?

The Itchen.

What is money?

The City Article.

What is the very best note-paper?

Bank of England.

[Hooray! we should think so, indeed. *Erriva?* a fiver! Hip, hip, for fivers and tenners! Those are the paper-mint drops *we* admire.]

What is a good dish for humbugged and swindled shareholders?

Bubble and Squeak.

How can you make a pair of boots last for five years?

Take the yolks of twenty-six eggs, then melt and mix them with three ounces of beeswax and two ounces of sweet oil. Rub the mixture well into the boots while hot, then lock them up in a cupboard, and do all the walking you've got to do in another pair.

[Get thro' a deal of work, boots; no wonder though: they're . . . made of awl work.]

Which is the most charitable of animals?

The skunk—he gives everybody he meets a (s)cent.

[Why not boldly and at once call him by his proper name? Why beg about the bush? Call him the Stunk fearlessly. We will if you will, and take the consequences.]

Apropos of charity, Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse?

Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

[Poor boy! poor wild horse! neither of them, perhaps, having either Mazeppa.]

[P.S.—Very sorry, Reader; you must make the best of this Mazeppa you can. It's not our fault he's not called Ma's or Pa; wish he was. But there he is: do what you can with him; we can't help it.]

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Quite so; but where do we find it?

In juries.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?

Parting with things as they go.

[Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!]

What is the height of seediness ?

Coat-collar and cuffs shinier than hat and boots.

[And then, my friend, with your coat rusty, you'll find every one's got rusty : no chance of your being left £1,000 or so for being coat rusty, or co-trustee—no, no.]

What is the height of impertinence ?

Paying a married lady whom you know to be a
shrew the bet you lost of six pairs of gloves
. . . . in boxing-gloves.

What is the best and most noiseless sewing machine ?

A good wife.

[Get her, and we wish you all-uxor—all luck, sir.]

When was the first Paris Exhibition ?

Just before the Siege of Troy, when the classical
dandy bolted with the fair Helen.

Why was Helen of Troy like many a modern snob ?

Because she adored Paris.

[You certainly do meet a most Miss-Helen-eous collection of people there,
all adoring ; but it's only the old theory of the fleas having lesser fleas
to fatten on them, etc., eh ? Parasites sticking to Paris-sights !

What colour should parasites dress in ?

Fawn !

[P.S., N.B.—To ladies whose husbands are not rich : A walking habit is
quite as healthy, and not one-quarter so expensive as a riding habit.]

Of what violent reformer are powdered London footmen prob-
ably the followers ?

John Knocks !

[Quite so, but we should have imagined them to have been Calf-inists.]

What is the odour of sanctity?

Popery. Don't you see it? Pot-pourri.

[Fancy not seeing that! Why, it's one of the very best puns that ever was made—that and the monk saying to the cardinal, "I'll have your hat!"]

Why is a naughty boy like a stair-carpet?

Because he can't be kept in order without the rod.

[We complain sometimes of people's tempers—ladies', schoolmasters', everybody's tempers—that they are "quick tempers;" but we should not, for do we not all know "tempers fugit"?]

[What do you say? "Tempers" and "Fugit" don't agree, and that tempers ought to be singular? We can only be surprised at you; we are speaking of *quick* tempers, and *are* they ever singular, and do they *ever* agree with anything?]

Tell your friends anything 'you like, preach to them, give them the best advice possible to-day, but to-morrow — — do *not* tell them what?

To morrer-lies.

[*Apropos* of to-morrow, remember this prescription: Sunday, walk in the sun; Monday, moon about, moonlight walk, etc.; Chewsdays, eat lots; Wednesday, marry—every *Wednesday* if practicable; Thirsty, drink lots; Fryday, pancakes; Satyr-day, look after the fawns, dears, etc.; then begin over again with your Sundayin' Mundane programme: Prosper.]

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?

Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

[They talk about blacksmiths making A poke R and shove L, but what's that to seeing N urge E? Ah! that's the thing—let's see that.]

Why is snuff like the letter S?

Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

[P.S.—What's that to the effect of the letter N on somethings? Why, N makes a bungler of a bugler, turns a turkey into a turnkey, and changes no less a person than Heracles himself into HERacles.]

[P.P.S.—Cunning rascal, Heracles: knew we wouldn't worship him as himself, as Heracles, but that as Her-acles we would; that's what he did it for. Naughty man, Hercules, go 'long!]

Apropos of Hercules, What is the most laborious occupation in the world ?

Shop-lifting.

What is a cheap lodging ?

Walking into a mutton chop.

[People, relations, etc., tell one to help one's self. Quite so ; ask us to dinner and we will.]

What is the difference between a married and an unmarried woman ?

The unmarried woman is rated herself ; the married woman's rating — — — falls on her husband.

Why is an infant like a diamond ?

Because it is a *dear little thing*.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive ?

It holds the *comb*.

Which is the most comfortable county in a cold frosty night ?

Beds.

[Quite so ; now we've written this eidear down, we're going there ; good night.]



CANTER XXIX.



WE don't know if you like French riddles, but hope so, as here is one. Quel est le mari qui fait le plus fumer une femme?

C'est le mari lent ; oui, le Maryland.

[Supposing girls did smoke and so on, we expect there'd be a deal of the "May I trouble you for a light?" business done, eh? Ah! !]

Quelle est la plante qui fait peur aux priseurs?

C'est le tabac quand il est frais (il effraye).

[Would you like tabac yourself to make a better joke than that?]

[P.S.—Yes, you *may* steal pounds, lots of pounds of snuff, whenever you can: taking snuff is not illegal.]

A thief stole my pocket-book, and then what do you think he took to(o)?

Flight.

[Thank you, it didn't matter in the least, the pocket-book: there was only £17,000 in it.]

What bone is best developed in policemen?

The "collar" bone.

What word of five letters is there from which if you take two there is but one left?

Money!

[We heard once of a fellow who reversed it, and took money from two letters, and then, by Jingo! there wasn't *any* left.]

May we ask you, as one of the prettiest riddles ever made, why is a stirrup like reason?

Because it raises man above the beast.

Without a bridle or a saddle,
Across a thing I ride a-straddle;
And those I ride, by help of me,
Though almost blind, are made to see.

A pair of spectacles.

When can you happily dine off a fillet and a saddle?

On a bridal occasion.

Where is the best place to show yourself when riding?

On: don't show *off*!

[We really wonder there are any police left; we may well hunt for them in vain, considering the immense number of people who daily and hourly overrun the constable.]

When you get cheated by counter-jumpers, how can they do it without using their hands?

Counter-jumpers use counter-feet!

[We couldn't sleep a wink all last night on a counter jumpers.]

[One fat old lady we caught, we did try to count her feet; but she'd got such a lot, *we* gave it up, and then made *her* do it: the ghost!]

If you want to make pastry neatly and cleanly, what should you have to begin with?

Everything in apple-pie order.

[Here are a few more useful prescriptions—all of them highly recommended by—the "faculty:"]

To Make a Lemon Drop.—Let it fall off the table.

To Make a Stomach Cake.—Use plenty of unripe fruit.

To Make a (n)Ice Cream.—Stick a pin in the baby.

To Make Cats-sup.—Give them milk.

To Make Toad-in-the-Hole.—Make a hole in the ground, and drop a toad in it.

To Make a nice Pickle.—Hunt in a drawer for something in the dark.

To make a Bed.—Dig into the pillows, rake up the sheets, and hoe the blankets. Sew up all holes in the quilt, and finish by destroying all insects.

And, perhaps, whilst we are on this theme, a few good practical household recipes will come in handy. Here you are:

To Prevent Beer from being Turned by Thunder.—Having ascertained that it is perfectly good, draw off entirely in pint pots; then having collected an equal number of railway navigators, distribute accordingly. This will answer in the hottest summer.

To Beat Carpets.—Use matting: for coolness it *beats carpets*.

To Make a Window Blind.—Fill it up with bricks and mortar.

To Prevent the Creaking of a Door.—Nail it up.

To Obtain Sleep.—Have nothing but “nodding” acquaintances.

To Keep up your Spirits.—Place the decanters on the roof of the house.

To Ascertain whether a Bull is Mad.—Twist his tail, or punch his sides with a pitchfork.

To Ascertain the Weight of a Horse.—Put your toe under the animal's foot.

And, To Keep your Bills down.—Put 'em in the coal-cellar.]

[P.S.—Jingo! we had nearly forgotten it. Of course you know how to destroy flies? If you don't, you will find this recipe infallible: Get a four-horse-power engine, put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room, connected with the engine aforesaid by belting. On the shafting place fly-wheels, smear the wheels with treacle, and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the treacle on the fly-wheels, will light on them, and the wheel revolving rapidly, they will be whirled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a bat, and let him smite them as they fall, and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill fifty a day.]

What is the strongest known instance of the magnet?

A young lady who drew a gentleman 13 miles
from his home every other day of the week.

[This was probably the very girl :

You see her in the merry dance—
She seems to fly ;
But you don't see that rapid glance
From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room ;
He only sees that glance, to whom
It brings extreme felicity :
That's *electricity* !

They dance *together*, full of grace :
She clings so close,
And on his shoulder rests her face—
A blushing rose !
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prism ;
Their hands so long and often meet :
That's *galvanism* !

The night has come to him, but still
No sleep has brought ;
To *her*, though quite against his will,
Flies every thought !
In vain a struggle is with facts ;
In vain is all such heroism ;
Too powerfully she attracts :
That's *magnetism* !

Pooty, isn't it ?]

When are swells called knobs ?

When they have a handle to their name, of course.

Where is the Temple of Isis ?

Gunter's.

[When you have some (m)ice in your house, mind what yer rat !]

A man had three daughters, of three ages, to whom he gave certain apples to sell. To the eldest daughter 50 apples, to the second 30 apples, and to the youngest 10 apples; and they all sold the same number for a penny, and brought home the same money. How many did each sell for a penny?

The youngest sold first 7 for a penny, and the other two sisters sold at the same rate; when the eldest sister had one odd apple left, and the second sister 2, and the youngest 3 apples. Now, these apples the buyer liked so well, that he came again to the youngest sister, and bought of her 3 apples at 3 pence apiece, when she had 10 pence; and the second sister thought she would get the same price, and sold her 2 apples for 3 pence apiece, when she had 10 pence; and the eldest sister sold her one apple for 3 pence, when she had 10 pence. Thus they all sold the same number of apples for a penny, and brought home the same money.

[Hooray! 3 cheers! So glad—was getting quite anxious about it all.]

What is the worst-bestowed charity that one can give?

Alms to a blind man; for he would be glad to see the person hanged that gave it to him.

[We often do it: hope the blind man won't *cactus* out and hang us. Bore.]

Why are blind people like newspapers?

Because they never come out without a *leader*.

[Follow my Leda, eh? Ah, Jovial sort of game, swans after *dux*. We should have thought Jupiter would have made more impression as a signet.]

Why does the great clock at Westminster deceive every one?

Because it shows quarter and strikes at the same time.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert?

Because every watch has a *spring* in it.

Why is the early grass like a penknife?

Because the *spring* brings out the *blades*.

[Go and see if it don't; put your knife in your pocket; you *can-if* you like.]

Which is the better off of the two—a rector or his curate?

The rector is the corrector off of the two—his surplus is worth more than the other feller's surplice. Don't you see? incum-bent, and income straitened!

[P.S.—By the Lord Harry! *what* a difference there is between broken crusts and . . . rent rolls!]

[P.P.S.—Makes a wonderful difference whether it's *u* in the surplus, or *i* in the surplice, eh? We want to have it when it's *u* in it, and you wish that *i* should stop there. What are we to do, eh? Let's go on.]

[P.P.P.S.—We've said it before, but we must say it again—we *do* admire the M.A.-culate B.A.-viour of our clergy. It is the parson-ification of excellence.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Have you heard the tale of the bishop's wife, who, when she had been shopping, had her purchases put into her carriage, and was going away without paying until stopped by the counter gentleman. "Do you know who I am?" indignantly asked she: "I am the bishop's lady." "Can't help that, mum," replied the counter gent: "you couldn't have 'em without paying for 'em if you was his wife!"]

Which is the more virtuous of the two—cake or wine?

Cake, because, though it is sometimes tipsy, the other is always drunk.

[Theodore Hook was once asked to review a book called "Three Words to the Drunkard." "That I will do in three words," he said: "'Pass the bottle!'"]

Why should you choose underdone meat in preference to done meat?

Because what's done can't be helped.

When day breaks, what do the pieces do?

Go into morning.

[This is pretty.]

Why should a cotton lord be successful on the turf?

Because he ought not to be beaten in a spin.

[One lord of this sort we heard cotton very well at the last Goodwood meeting.]

What is a rapid consumption?

Bolting your food.

How should a good dinner be served?

Eaten.

[What instrument do you play? Floom, trombone, or pianner? *We* play
a good knife and fork; don't *fourehette* that; ask us to dinner,
we will *cousteau* you with pleshar.]

What is a sponge?

A sponge has been termed "a companion of the bath," but, speaking from our own experience, we have ever found the sponge will absorb anything and everything *more readily* than water, and we also imagine that they do not grow in the sea, but are raised in truckle-beds, though they require no forcing; they are exceedingly expensive to keep in the house; the house which keeps them is called a green house—a particularly green one.

Why is there no difference between Scotch and Irish whisky?

Because if Fireland produces one and a Scorchman the other, they must be equally hot-headish.

[Of the two, perhaps the one which comes from I-burn-yer is the hotter.]

[P.S.—Fancy, Jones says he prefers a neat boot-heel to anything neat in a *bouteille*. Jones's pronunciation of French is poor.]

Why ought a perfumer's business to be a very paying concern?

Because it must bring in such a very good percentage.

[P.S.—When speaking of heavenly scents—scents, not saints—Germanize it, and call 'em your Rimmely scents; yes, your Himmelly scents.]

[P.P.S.—Bad joke! very bad indeed! To continue Germanizing it, we almost expect you will say, "Ah! he's got a nasal pronunciation." See? A *nasal* is German for donkey. We don't mind it when we know we deserve it.]

[P.P.P.S.—No; "In diesen hieligen hallen" does not mean that they were "all in decent high leggin's." No, it does *not*.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Good story that of the man who said to the German gentleman, "Why on earth do you all pronounce your b's p's, your p's b's, and your c's g's?" "Don't you pelieve it, my poy," answered the Teuton; "'t is only the gomon beeble vot does zo."]

What's the difference between a Mormedon—pshaw!—Mahomedan and a Mormon?

Mahommedans leave their papooches, their shoes,
at the doors of their churches, Mormons leave
their understandings.

[P.S.—In London and Greenwich, etc., you may swear there's many a minaret in place of real whitebait. But we mosque continue.]

We hear people say, "Honesty is the best policy," but what pays *best* in the *long run*?

A piece at the play.

[People who say that honesty is the *best* policy have evidently tried the *other* policy.]



CANTER XXX.



TEP on a woman's gown—be she matron or involuntary vestal — and *tear* it, don't ever again expect from her any more . . . what?

Torn-dress !

[No, indeed, for that is not the sort of *tendresse* a woman goes in for.]

[P.S.—It's not *real lace* on her gown, but *dentelle* any one we say so !]

When lovers quarrel, what presents made on either side are *not* returned?

The kisses.

[It is very lovely, though, while it lasts, to use an Irishism, being alone; especially when the woman you *ADORE* is with you !]

[P.S.—Old Sourgripes says, “Nonsense!” to this; “for what,” he adds, “is love but a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying? Bah! Love? Pshaugh!!!”]

What is a senior wrangler?

A wife older than yourself.

Why *are* the gentlemen of the present day — fast?

They have to be so — — — to catch the ladies.

What may we call an unhappy couple?

A wax match!

[Ah! what a pity it is that the passion (put a little passion into your printing here, Printer)—that the hourly increasing PASHION the lover feels for his ownest, dearest, veriest ownest one, before wedlock, should “die out,” should change into the *pashons* they get into with each other after wedlock, which don’t—N.B., don’t—die out. To think that

That lovely young lady of Woking
Who sat by her lover, and, joking,
Said, “My own, this *is* bliss,
And I *so* want one kiss,
And I *don’t* mind your smelling or smoking,”

should ever come to prevent his even having a cigar within a mile of her; to think that her *no li me tangere* angry looks have no li-mit, and that her brow should become dark as Erebus, which, you know, is suggestive of *Nox*, and *not* e’er-a-bus, is too terrible; yes, it’s too terrible: it is indeed a wax match, which no one *can* make light of.]

Why *should* every married lady—ahem! every dummy-monde lady—encourage waxworks?

Because it is right for Madame Tussaud! Quite right for madame to sew.

[To sew is the correct pronunciation; the Japanese call it “two swords.”
Let ‘em: it’s wrong.]

What is “popping” the question?

A pledge of interest and affection.

[How does a dumb man do it? and if he jilt a woman, is he guilty of breaking his word?]

Why need you never give your firstborn more than a bat to enable him to play cricket?

Because, if you give him *only* a bat, he's sure to make a bawl for himself, and in doing it show you his stumps.

[We hear a great deal about *firstborn* children ; but we really think, from the fuss that is made over them and the trouble they give, if they were called "*fussed bore* children," it would have more meaning in it.]

What is the best reason why women shouldn't ever play cricket?

Because it necessitates their being bowled.

[Not only that, but think of leg before wicket : fancy girls having bowl legs. No, it wouldn't do at any price ; hate bowl legs—only one place fit for bowl eggs—salad ; and salad's a lad, and that's not, as every one knows, a lady. They might stand the round-arm business very well ; but fancy a girl being mid on, or cover point ! Too dangerous ; much better stop at home. Yes, for there they all can make a good batter . . . pudding.]

Why is an elderly woman, who is troubled with pains in her limbs, and lives at the *bottom* of a house, like an elderly woman, in good health, who resides at the *top* of the same house?

Because they are both annoyed at having room attics.

To field marshals, generals commanding divisions, colonels, and others whom it may concern : What is the *best* weapon to give our soldiers, to prevent their ever being absent from their quarters without leave?

Ha ! ha ! Lock a barracks !

[Did you ever see a Lochaber axe? Come and see ours. It is a most rusty weapon.]

[P.S.—If you "drop in" on anybody *with that axe*, they won't forget it.]

[P.P.S.—Wonderful difference there is between "dropping *in*" on people, and "falling *out*" with them ! Wonderful !]

What countryman was Praxiteles, the celebrated Athenian sculptist?

Don't know, but should have said Prax-Italy's was a Prax-Italian.

[Talk about the warmth of Italy! Bah! We can only tell you we found our tub-Italy cold this morning.]

[P. S.—Ours is a queer sort of bath: a dumb man fills it, and we don't have oil-cloth under it, we have matting. Come to-morrow morning, and see for yourself. Oui, moossoo, venez dumb-man matting.]

[P. P. S.—A bien towel-horse.]

[P. P. P. S.—You don't understand? Well, then,—à bien tôt a'ors. Is that plain enough!]

Why are people who are fond of French puns like people who live with uncivilized country people?

Because they are accustomed to call 'em boors!

Why should we pay no attention to those stencilled advertisements which one sees everywhere on the pavement?

Because they are beneath our notice.

[Not at all funny to advertise on the pavement: sure to make things . . . look up.]

Apropos of looking up, what is our Queen's favourite star?

You-reign-here.

What star does the boy with the bad finger look at?

Fester.

What star is best for dinner?

Metis.

What star is best at and after dinner?

High cheer.

What star does your old friend look at?

Eunomia—long time.

What star does a foolish girl look at, admire, and take her tone from?

Ma's sillier.

What star does a lover of Paris look at?

Lutetia.

[Will Lutetia—yes, will *you-teach-yer* grandma to suck *un-auf*? We know it quite well.]

What star do we all long for?

The-mis!

What star should deaf people pray to?

That Thalia; yes, that they'll hear.

What star should the muffin-boy look at?

Bell owner.

What star should a sailor at sea pray for?

His Polly-him-near.

What star should the blind man look at?

Sir, see.

What star should we all follow?

Leda.

What star should the man with an ugly wife look at?

A Nysa.

The name of what star might we mention to a man in difficulties?

Eurynome's. Yes; say your-enemies.

What star do I look at?

Something young and lovely; and I wish I *could* call Her my owny, my on'y own.

What star is delicious to look upon as an *entrée*?

Frigga see.

What star can no woman bear to see unmoved?

His-tear.

When you can't see a star, the name of what other star might you say to it?

You 're-hid-I-see.

What star must you add to all these to make it like your feelings for yourself?

Add Maia!

What star must you injure to make it like a place one wishes people sometimes in?

Injure Echo.

What star should you mention, when charitably inclined, to a beggar with one leg?

O-limp-here.

What star is not a bad one for a lawyer to study?

A client; no, indeed, Aglaia ain't.

What star would you name if you wished to tell a girl her mouth was like twin cherries?

Call-lips-so.

What star should you say to your father in a boat?

You-row-pa.

What star do we say to you to show we have finished our stars?

There's not a Nemausa in the sky!

When is a man most like a star?

When he's an asteroid ; yes, Reader, we mean it :
when he's ask'd to ride out hunting, then he'd
be astride as well.

Tell us what extraordinary jumble of major planets takes place
every day among us.

Venus, the most lovely of Mars, gives her son a
blue pill, that is, Mercury !

[What do you say? Why have we not mentioned the earth? We have:
we began this question with *Tellus* !]

[Funny exhibition of stars all these, eh? Ah! you may well ask, What major
planet? Well, we don't know what made us plan it, it ar-Ausonia-s we
went on, and we have gone on until we feel positively lunaticlish.]

[P.P.S.—Is it not the moon which shines by borrowed light? Ha! ha!
that's the derivation of the word "lunar-tick."]

What is "to lure his prey"?

Genitive case singular of *tellus*.

[It is ; we did not ask you what is to lure his prey. We asked you, *What
is telluris, pray?* Or, Pray what is *telluris*? Sold again, clever man!]

What spec. is the safest, as it is *sure* to rise?

The sun's !

[P.S., N.B.—But there's no disc-ounting his disc.]

[P.P.S.—Don't bother.]

How can you "cut a swell" cheapest?

Turn your back on one.

[He would use, we imagine, a bootiful application, which would make your
back, at any rate, swell at once, and also make it smart. Very much.]

Why if you fight a man are you like a swimmer?

Because, you'll probably go down if you don't
strike out.

Why are clergymen like waiters?

They both wear white ties and take orders.

[And both are accustomed to pull-pit-iful faces about something or other some time or other.]

[P.S.—Whoever wrote this will kindly accept our congratulations on his happygram:

“The bells are all ringing for parsons to *prach*—
How delightful to Christians the fact is!
Oh! when will the peals my sad tympanum reach
Of bells for the parsons to *practise*?”]

What is a bull in a china-shop?

A piece-maker.

Why is a locomotive like a beefsteak?

Because it's good for nothing without it's tender.

Why is it unpleasant to have carrion near?

Because it makes an offal smell.

[Worse when you have to be carrion it off.]

What is the best chest protector?

One of Chubb's patent locks.

[*A propos* of locks, is it not awful for us to think of, that the woman we love
may dye?]

What is a little donkey?

Something out of the common; and also (in
common with a blind man's dog) a leading
article.

What are weathercocks?

High game.

[Wonder if Brown meant yesterday, when he said, “Now, you look in the papers, old boy, and you'll see that I am flying at high game,”—wonder if he meant weathercocks, and wonder whether weathercocks like it? wonder if anything likes being flown at? wonder if Weathercocks ever was anybody's name? and why not if not, and what if it was? where are they? Well.]

What must always be calculated upon when we paint our houses?

A brush with the painter.

[Poor friend of ours the other day, doing up his house, when just as he got outside, a tremendous beam came down right on his head. Very sad. Thank you, he is getting on pretty well.]

[P. S.—We forgot to mention it, though—stupid!—it was only a sunbeam.]

Why would a corset-maker prove a promising tenant for a house?

Because she would be likely to make a *stay* there.

[The fashion of wearing stays, we presume, will never go out; and *flounces*, too, some women always will let you see their flounces.]

What do ladies like next best to tight lacing?

Tight squeezing.

[Bless em! they shall be squoze, then.]



CANTER XXXI.



ILL you be good enough, Reader, to try
and find out what this is?

Two sisters on one day were born,
Rosy and dewy as the morn.
True as a sailor to his lass,
Yet words between them often pass.
At morn they part, but then at night
They meet again, and all is right.
What seldom you in girls discover,—
They're both contented with one lover.

A lady's lips.

Are *yours* red, dear? If so, tell us when
the red dear changes its colour?

The red dear changes its
colour when it turns to
bay!

Apropos of red lips, why are authors who treat of physiognomy
like soldiers?

Because they *write about face*.

Why does a lazy author resemble an industrious one?

Because he *hard-ly* earns his bread.

[This is so very *true*, that it ceases to be a joke; tho' it reminds us of the
man who complained that tho' he was bred to his business, his business
certainly was not bread to him. And, really, if you come to think of
it, what's the use of working to yourself death to get a living?]

When is money a most agreeable salve to our wounds?

When it's lint.

[We say with our lips "Salve" to the man who lends it; but the hail we give him comes from anything but a cold heart.]

What sort of a 'ouse will do for a fowl 'ouse?

Why, Henny 'ouse, of course.

[Cock-ney, evidently.]

What is the best 'bus for a man who ought to take more exercise?

Pedi-bus!

[Shank's carriage, your poor feet, get you over the ground as pede-ly as you can want.]

[P.E.S.—The sailor who had both his legs shot off in battle says he has known no *pes* since it happened.]

What is a very disagreeable mode of pedestrianism?

Walking with an *object*.

When is a boat-race like a herring?

When it's a hard-rowed one.

[What must a man's roe be like who wantonly snubs his—dear!]

Apropos of boating and other sports reminds us of drag hunting; so tell us, what does a married woman sometimes find a drag?

Her ring.

[N.B.—Tho' we *write* her ring, we wish it to be re(a)d herring.]

Why is a heartless kiss like a stage-coach on a cold day?

Because it's a 'bus with no warmth in it.

When is a young lady like a poacher?

When she has her hair in a net.

[We are rather in the poacher line ourself. Like to poach some girls we meet much; especially when their hare is in good "form."]

Who was the greatest lady-killer you ever heard of?

Lucrezia Borgia.

[She'd have Borgia very much if you had tried to find her out.]

What is the greatest curiosity in the world?

A woman's.

[Want to find everybody out. Ha! ha! They generally do find us "out;" curious people; that is, "not at home."]

[P.S.—Speaking of being not at home, it is droll, but true, that it is only when we are "*not* at home" we can be thoroughly . . . *at* home.]

What does a horse say to oats?

Neigh.

[It is a horrid crammer, though. Don't believe him. But, *à propos* of neigh, remember this: you may *not* stone your neigh-bour, but you *may* rock his baby.]

What gate is free only to thieves, garotters, claimants, etc., etc., etc.?

Newgate.

[P.S.—A garrotter in Newgate, who was being flogged the other day, begged hard for mercy, and they kindly gave it him! They did . . . they gave it him: soundly.]

[P.P.S.—Talking of Newgate makes us sad. 'Tis only when Newgate hoary and old and wrinkled, you find out how nugat-hoary your life has been. Lucky for you if it has not been also Newgate-ory.]

Why is a betting-house-keeper like a bride?

Because, you know, he is taken for better or—worse.

What steaks are not friable?

The Derby stakes.

What crops are not edible?

The crops at the hairdressers'.

What chops are not eatable?

The Chops of the Channel.

What does a wife sometimes make a present to her husband ?

She gives him . . . a bit of her mind.

[Dr. Somebody has written a long article to prove that it is unhealthy for a man and his wife to sleep in the same room ; but we know some wives who would make it uncommonly unhealthy for him to sleep anywhere else.]

Why should you think a shoemaker could never fail in business ?

Because all his goods are soled before they are even seen.

[P.S.—Bad thing having boots re-soled ; *not* a bad thing having your—tuntum—risoled : order some for dinner.]

[P.P.S.—*Apropos* of *risoles* and other French words, don't *you* make the mistake the Moosoo made who looked up "crab" in a *Latin* and French dictionary, and then talked of eating a *cancer* : it don't sound nice.]

[P.P.P.S.—They say you can't catch cancer ; they say so at the hospitals : it is untrue ; you can, sir, catch one — — in a boat — — rowing.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Rather reminds us of another Frenchman who said he had a *cow* in his *box*. Poor Gaul ! he thought as p, l, o, u, g, h, spelt plough, c, o, u, g, h, spelt cow, and box being a synonym for chest, *voilà la cow in his box*. It was a synonym . . . to so murder our English. But the story of the snipe-trail is the best one. Get it told you : every one knows it. We've no room for any more trails, tails, or anything else here, as we want room for other things. "There's the rub,"—*voilà la friction* !]

What is perseverance ?

Catching hold, holding on, and never letting go.

What is venom ?

A man doing with his tongue what he has not sufficient courage to do with his hands.

What is a crust ?

A thing which many despise, yet come to want.

What is a blush ?

A lovely colour which is not seen as often as it should be.

What is an accident ?

Falling out with a friend and breaking — — —
off his acquaintance.

What is a crazy tenement ?

A mad-house.

Why is an ill-mannered man like a sandwich ?

Because he's only *half-bred*.

[Really, this feller mus'-stud-y to improve, or between two what's-its-names he'll come to the ground. Let him study his butters, keep cool, and trust in Providence, and above everything not eat too much ; for he, and in fact all of us, should remember that our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.]

When does a crossing-sweeper keep his carriage ?

Broom ! he drives it all day.

[In the mud.]

What is that which a donkey cannot comfortably do with or without ?

He can't eat comfortably with or without a bit in his mouth.

[Nature is the same in the *ass as-in-us* : we also must have a bit in our mouth.]

What sort of monkeys would make the best wine ?

Grey-apes.

[Hate monkeys : yes, I'm monkey-indly disposed towards them ; and if ever you come across the same sort of American monkey we have got *our* experience from, you'll find Illinois you ; yes, he'll annoy you, *very* much.]

What may the larks' and the nightingales' songs be respectively called ?

A *matinée* and a *soirée musicale*.

[P.S.—We are going to have a lark by-and-bye. N.B.—By-and-bye, we are not going to *mauviette* : too comfortable at present.]

Reader, when is a sportsman like a frigate saluting?
When blazing away at his moorhens.

Why is Cliftonville unlike a ship going before the wind?
Because it's Hove too!

Why don't they require bread in Warwickshire?
Because there is Nuneaton there.

Dear Reader, when two people are spooney, what place would
suit 'em?
Take M to Harwich, and you'll have M-Harwich
(a marriage) at once!

Which is the worst place in thirsty weather?
Taplow.
[Sounds as if it were near Ales-bury!]

Where do schoolmasters flog boys?
Ha! ha! Somewhere near Hipsswitch!
[Hip, hip, hooray! that's an Norwich-inal joke.]

Why is Guernsey an anomaly?
Because a Guernsey is a sort of a Jersey.
[P.S.—It's also a sort of a Sark.]
[P.P.S.—A cutty-sark!!]

Where would be a good place to make cats-o'-nine-tails?
Nottingham.

Why is a baker on Good Friday like the inhabitants of a place
in Hertfordshire?
He is so accustomed to send all buns.
[Nice place St. Albans.]

What river is closest to the Exe?

Why, the Wye, certainly.

[And the Tees, of course, is somewhere handy, whilst the Dee is pretty nearly, we imagine, the farthest from it.]

[P.S.—But where does the poor old A 1, or Avon, as 'Arry calls it, come in: Forth? And how about the Tweed? how does the Wear agree with it? and suppose—we ask without Ribble-dry—suppose the Isis fell on it, would it Wash out again? or if the Tweed got T rent in its middle, *i.e.*, somewhere about Medway between its two ends; what then? Ouse to be Mersey-ful enough to see to it, eh? tell us.]

[P.P.S.—Rather Thames sort of jokes these.]

Apropos of rivers, where is the best place to find Chubbs?

In locks, to be sure!

[P.S.—If you don't think this fishing joke good, just drop us a line.]

What fish is like the pretty girl who draws your beer for you at the roadside inn?

The Bar-belle.

[There's a bar-maid here whose name is Ester: we always call her a bar-ester!]

Why is a barrister like a retail liquor dealer?

Because his business depends upon his standing at the bar.

What are fees to counsel?

Bar gold.

What bar is that which often opens but never shuts?

A crowbar.

Why does a crow resemble a barrister?

He likes to have his caws heard.

Why are birds in spring like a banking establishment?

Because they are promissory notes, and rejoice
when the branches are flourishing.

[P.S., N.B.—You say that “One swallow don’t make spring.” Don’t it?
try one swallow at a basin of boiling soup in a railway station, and if that
don’t make one spring we shall be glad to hear it.]

When does a boy begin bird-keeping?

When he first sets up a (h)owl.

[That’s what you’ll do after the soup.]

What country do Aunt Sally players come from?

Oh! any shier.

Why is it absurd telling us to call a spade a spade?

Because you may call hoes stockings, and why
should the spade be so favoured?

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat?

Merely one of time: one has feeling, and the
other has felt.

[The idea of comparing two such things! positively enough to bonnet one;
absolutely sufficient to knock a chap-eau-ver.]

Why is a young lady just from boarding-school like a building
committee?

Because she is ready to receive proposals.

[From bricks who are not hard up.]

Why is it that the moment of popping the question is so terrible
to young fellows, that they frequently cannot utter a word?

Because, just then, they love the fair one beyond
expression.

[P.S., N. rather B.—To those who are thinking of matrimony
Think again.]

[P.P.S.—Advice to girls: Don’t accept a man who says he is going to
marry and settle; make him settle *first*, and marry afterwards.]

Why was Paris, the brother of Hector, like an inexpert bell-ringer?

Because he made discord in a peal of bells (appeal of belles).

[Lucky Venus acted as friend and as-sister to him, for Hector wasn't much of a Prot-Hector: now, was he?]

Why is an angry man less pliable than iron?

Because he is not to be wrought upon when hot.

When is iron the most iron-i-cal?

When it is railing.

What is the height of coolness?

An Irish landlord telling his steward—"Say that no threats to shoot *you* will terrify *me*!"

[*The* height of coolness would be weathercocking a churchwarden for not doing his duty, on the principle that sailors are mast-headed for not doing theirs.]

Apropos of sailors, here are three highly important geographical questions for the use of schools this school weather:

What is the surface of the earth?

The outside.

What is a volcano?

A mountain with a fireplace in it.

What is a plain?

A thing used by carpenters.

Now for one or two mercantile ones:

What is double entry?

Charging the same thing twice.

What is single entry?

Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash he pays for them.

What is a ledger?

A counting-house companion upon which people often spend their entire fortune.

What is book-keeping?

Forgetting to return borrowed volumes.

What is a promissory note?

Acceptance of an invitation.

What is an inland draft?

An easterly wind.

And what is a foreign draft?

A glass of Cognac.

What is a lawyer?

A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it to himself.

What is luncheon?

Base ingratitude to breakfast, and premeditated insult to dinner.

What is an apothecary?

A man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less.

What is a stethoscope?

A spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

What is a muff?

An article that holds a lady's hands without squeezing them.

What is a spoon?

An article that meets a lady's lips without kissing them.

What is a practical joker?

A man who does not keep his friends, but who sells them.

What is a tragedian?

A man who gets into a passion for so much a night.

What is duelling?

Folly tampering with murder.

[P.S.—We look upon a man who gets killed in a duel as being *literally* . . . a finished gentleman.]

What *is* a gentleman?

A human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

What is a coquette?

A woman without a heart, who dupes a man without a head.

What is a clock?

A dog we keep to bark at us.

What is a candle?

One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

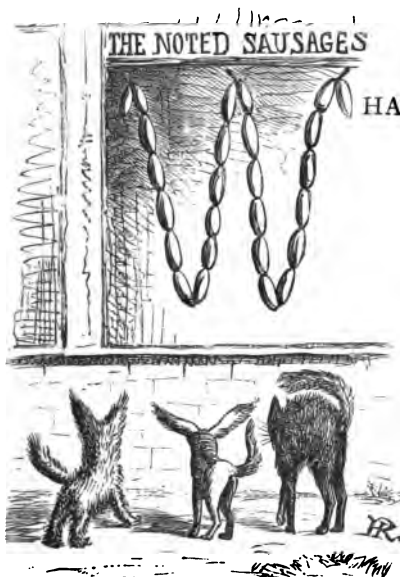
What is a gun?

An invention for arguing by chemistry.

And what are wages?

Sweet oil for human machinery.

CANTER XXXII.



HAT, oh! what are sausages,
Reader, to a man who
has never eaten any in
his life?

A terrier incog-
nita.

[Ah! Reader, you may say if
you like, that a woman's
age is always a secret; but
no age—no, no age in the
world—is so capable of
deceiving as the saus-age!]

What does a waiter's
mind run on?

On castors.

[Bohoo! Horrid idea! and
absolutely true! Why, we
positively take castor oil in
our salads!!! Beastly!
never thought of it before;
bad as sausages.]

[By-the-bye, there's a saying in Spain about salads worthy the English-
man's notice: they say you want a spendthrift, for oil; a miser, for vinegar;
a counsellor, for salt; and a madman, to beat it up.]

Why do we always eat more lunch on Sundays than on any
other days?

We've a hunger and thirst after righteousness.

What flower can eat a beef steak and onions at any time, except when seedy?

Why, any-muff-feller in-sickness can't!

[Very pretty blue, a *nemophila insignis*!]

[P.S.—Wonderful digestion some fellers have. An ostrich, we imagine, can't enjoy nails and screwdrivers, at least not *much*, but we know a man who absolutely devours nails all day . . . (you can see how *quick* they go!)—and enjoys 'em beyond everything!]

[P.P.S.—Apparently enjoys them.]

[P.P.P.S.—His *own* nails.]

What is a good motto for the Fire Brigade?

"Through fire and water to serve thee."

[P.S.—Go to blazes!]

What is the difference between the engine-driver and a passenger who has lost the train?

One is right in front, and the other left behind.

[A laundress—lady, who is good enough to wash for us—pshaw! she's not half good enough, we mean, kind enough—says unless you can catch that (t)rain, you'll have no washing done. What's she mean? Ha! struck us sud—very suddenly . . . soft water, of course.]

Why is a fog a most curious vapour?

Because as long as it remains, it is always mist.

Why is a prosy, long-winded talker like an oil-well?

Because he's a precious bore.

[Oil well at home? Come, that's right! So glad. And baby? I am so very delighted! Give my kind regards to the wife. So glad to have met you. Tar! tar!]

When may a pump-spout be said to be musical?

When it gives a running accompaniment to the various movements of Handel.

[People sometimes, in speaking of another man, of whose abilities and social qualities they have but a poor opinion, say, "Oh, he's a pump!"—but I maintain that it would not be at all bad fun being a pump—that is, a *certain kind of pump*, because then, of course, I'd *rollick*!]

What two lines from Handel's song of "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," would a gambler be most likely to quote at a concert?

"Cease your song, and take your flight Bring back my Acis (aces) to my sight."

We hear of love, we hear of money, we hear even of dining; but what is the *truest* form of dullight?

A railway carriage lamp, to be sure: if that's *not* dull light, we shall be glad to know what *is*.

What forts are the artilleryman's favourites?

Com-forts.

[P.S.—Happy fort! as Mr. Burnand would say,—this is the sort of fought where there is no battle-ment. R.A. ! R.A. ! Hip, hip, hip, R.A. !]

[P.S.—A friend of ours—himself an R. A.—is so affected with the riddle about gunners, that he says he shall never be able, he knows, to go anywhere near a rifle range again without shedding a *tir*. He'd better take care they don't 'ear him, and come out of the shed and shed *him*.]

[P.P.S.—Bless my heart! why, a sickly R. Artilleryman is a sort of gunner-ill!]

[P.P.P.S.—Lear at this: it's Shakspeare.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—You decline to smile? Ah! dare say you think Cordelia-self, far too much.]

Why is a sailor's jacket *unlike* a certain line in Shakspeare's "As You Like It"?

Because thereby does *not* hang a tail.

[Glad it's as you like it, nevertheless. Great convenience in sitting down.]

Why was the late Duke of Wellington the greatest general of his age?

Because his mere initials produced A W (awe).

[Arthur any more like him?????]

To what affection are young ladies frequently subject?

Chaps on the lips.

[Ha! ha! "Heigh-ho you!" Beware, oh! beware of *those* love-letters!]

CANTER XXXIII.



HY is a madman killed in a railway collision like a buyer-at-any-price of old china?

Because he's a porcelain maniac; yes, a poor slain lunatic.

[Are you, Reader, one of those who go in for "pot-luck," that is, for collecting old china? Are you one of those who "Chaffers" in china? We are. We're a porcelainio-maniac. How the price of old china has increased! How people run for cups! How they race for plates! How they admire their own ugly mugs! Yes, how old china has gone *up*, and how our every feeling Sévres of agony when we see a friend with his elbow in our Sévres cups, for fear it should go . . . down, for "*facilis descensus*," etc., and, though "soft

paste," they are *not* like pie-crust and promises, made to be broken. Oh! the well dres'd an' smart people who admire our "old Bow," and, oh! the old beaux who admire our old Dresden, how gladly would they "cross swords" with us for its possession! What Chelusea is shown about our Chelsea! Well may *it's* mark be a hanker. How the very Worster feelings are engendered in envious minds by our Worcester with its marks all square! why people get so savage over it, it's another case of the "cres-

cent" and the cross. How every hair of our friend's head Bristols with rage at our Bristol! And could we but see his real feelings, they would show his cross too. How many mothers absolutely think more of getting old Faience than of getting their daughters *fiancées*, in *desfaience* of the said daughters' feelings. How many double Fredericks and Swanseagers would they not give us for our Swansea! How deserving of real darbies are some of the dealers for selling such sham Derbys—such "crown Derbys," not worth *half* a crown! How *dementi* must the *capo* be that buys such sham *Capo di Monti*! How often is the "Bow bee" but one in the purchaser's own bonnet, the boobee! and not worth a baubee! How frequently will your "Berlin" be positively not worth its — — carriage, and in buying it you'll be Höchst and fleeced to bits, for it's all humbug from the Furst-enburg to the last humbug, all a take in and a do, and you'll find you've spent a Minton . . . rubbish, which but Leeds to anger and the Lowest-of-t tantrums! Yes, Reader, better take your own babies, and be Rockingham, than china Cupids' and absurdities. However, whether you buy it or no, do NOT attempt, at any rate, to *mend* it when you come home after you have *been dining*; for look at our initial: Attekeynes thought he'd just mend that little bit of Chelsea of his which was left him by his grandmother. See the effect: something wrong about it somewhere surely, eh?]

What is the difference between us writing china down, and another author writing China up?

He is "Chaffers" *on* China; we are chaffers *of* it.

Why are spendthrifts more to be pitied than idiots?

Because spendthrifts usually are broken, whilst idiots are only cracked.

[Spendthrifts from one gay set get into another gazette: that's all.]

Whilst we are on the subject of idiots, we may as well give you a few questions which an idiot friend of ours wants answers to: you may give them or not, as you choose, we're not going to be bothered. Here they are, however (like Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, questions without answers), do what you please with them; we're going to bed.

What is the colour of a suit of Chancery?

Does the man who weighs his words use scales?

If a pair of stockings are hose, is a single stocking a hoe ?

If a pair of glasses are spectacles, is one a spectacle? And if not, why not?

In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know if it is valued for what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

If you "cut" an acquaintance, are you liable for assault?

Can coiffeurs dress the head and curl the front of their offending?

Can a glazier give a window a glass too much?

When a Daniel comes to judgment, is the latter glad to see him?

Will Cocker be of any use on the day of reckoning?

Whether ropes or chains are used for a bounden duty?

Whether it is a comfortable position for the man who hides his head under a bushel?

Whether any man ever kicked a sneaking kindness?

Whether a modest request ever blushes?

Whether one would not get fatigued by constantly having an enemy on the hip?

Whether a half-and-half measure held an imperial pint?

Whether it is a fragrant calling to be always smelling a rat?

Whether a sweeping change is the amount exacted for cleaning one's doorstep?

What kind of broom is used by a racing sweep?

State the number of toes on a pedestrian's feat?

Give the pace of a ball-room gallop?

If a man "stands to win," whether he will lose if he sits down?

Whether if a man saves his "steak" by going without his dinner,
he will save anything more by eating it?

Is it not rather an anomaly to speak of the levity of a man of
18 stone?

When a man who is very cold up the Rhigi gets a glass of
schnaps or other liquor given him, and says, "It is grateful to
me," ought he not rather to say, "I am grateful to it"?

Torture and a dandy both being exquisite, does it account for
the expression "a cruel swell"?

Would not a good name for *ennui* be yawn-we?

What is "broaching the subject?" Is it surgical? or is it giving
jewelry to a lady?

When one considers that in the Sanscrit language to speak is
called *bhā-sh*, does it account for speaking in England being
often called "bosh"?

May a naval chaplain be said to be like an upholsterer, as he
is given to deck oration?

May a phase in woman's mission be styled going to fetch the
beer?

Does *place aux dames*, when you've a fat lady standing on your
toe, ever incline you to say the last two words of the quotation
without the *place*?

If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses
to return it, can distance recover any legal redress?

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk"?

If "To be or not to be?" is the question; what is the answer?

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one?

[Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled]

When we say "It's as broad as it's long," may we safely conclude that it is all square?

Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

When a ship makes port, does the crew get any?

Who finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrellas he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them.

When a fiddler poisons himself with laudanum, may he be said to have had too much of the base vial?

Which can "smell a rat" the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many sailors does it take to "make" a buoy?

Do false teeth and a lying tongue generally exist in the same person, and is that voice a false-setto?

A banker's clerk wants to know on how many banks the Thames keeps a running account.

Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lapse of ages?
[It depends very much on their ages.]

If a sailor may be designated a fellow de sea?

If a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do to a pound?

Mrs. Jones-Jones says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

"Nothing is certain" is a common aphorism ; but if nothing is certain, how can it be certain that nothing is certain ?

If time is money, money is also time, of course ; then how many seconds are there in eighteenpence, and how much time do you spend if you buy sixteen shillings' worth of trousers ?

If a ship makes eight knots an hour, how long will she take to make a crochet collar ?

If the teeth of a storm ever bite—and, if so, is lightning the result ?

If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning ?

If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job ?

If a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained ?

What did Procrastination steal from Time ?

Is the cook in a convent a *professed* cook ?

Can a police-van be accepted as a legal conveyance ?

If a retired innkeeper can resume his avocation without rendering himself liable to be considered a Re-publican ?

Whether the ancient Hebrews were not invariably tried by Jewry ? and whether modern Hebrews do not prefer the wind to be Jewess't ?

Whether public vocalists who sing out of tune can be legally arrested for uttering false notes ?

If, by the Registration Act, you are required to register a berth under Government ?

Whether a blind man can be held liable for a bill payable at sight ?

Does "cats' meat" absolutely mean food *for* or *of* cats ?

Is Keats' passage, "Like a common weed the sea-swell took her hair," an allusion to ladies yachting and smoking?

If Richard III. would have given his kingdom for a horse, what would he have given for a special train or even a hansom?

Did you ever meet a man who had seen near him an Aspen tremble; or did you ever meet a man who had seen near him an Asp an' *not* tremble?

Where is the nose on the face of the earth? and is the mouth of the earth ever—a yawning gulf?

Did you ever stand upon a trifle, or sit upon one, at a ball-supper, let us say?

Did any one ever see the character of Bertramo in "Robert le Diable" performed by a man with red whiskers and moustaches?

Who is the owner of the cow, where is the cow put out to grass that provides the milk of human kindness, and does the calf get the best part of the milk, judging by the amount of kindness one receives?

What does the continual feast that a contented mind is said to be perpetually enjoying consist of?

What is a man who shrinks into himself like when shrunk?

Where is the sad sea?

What is the value of a rich tone?

What was the origin of the name of the colour called dun? has it anything to do with dun brown?

What was the origin of the phrase "to fall asleep"? and supposing a man did so, would it wake him up again?

What is the exact sensation of a gentleman who finds out that he has nourished a scorpion in his bosom for years?

May a prize-fighter who has four teeth knocked down his throat in a mill be said to have his palate a little out of order?

Ought not whiskey more properly to be called wits-key, from the power it has of unlocking the cells of the brain and letting out the senses? or is the whisk-ey in allusion to its whisking them away?

What is ruling the roast?

Are jew-els so called from the love Hebrews show for wearing them?

Did the horseman who scoured the plain use soap?

May not a cricket-bat be called a sign of fine weather, as well as a bat that flies?

When a man through being pressed eats more dinner than he wants, may he not be said to be stuffed with forced-meat?

The proverb, "Money is the root of all evil," being allowed to be true, does it give us any clue to the origin of the name of a disease called "King's Evil"—because kings always have lots of money?

Is the term "the matrimonial knot" so called because young ladies always tie their *beaux* in a knot so that the *beaux* may not be slip-nots?

When a man is very much fatigued, may he be spoken of as in his weak moments?

How is it that *belle dame* means in France "pretty lady," and (beldame) in England "frightful old party"?

And *did* you ever see any one "Bell the cat"?

[And, lastly, how do you expect we are to sleep after writing such a lot of nonsense as all this?—We *don't* pause for a reply. Good night !]

CANTER XXXIV.



ARY, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I yet
deplore :
A hood-winked boy I
called to aid.
Propitious to my ear-
nest prayer,
The little urchin willing
came ;
From earth I saw him
mount in air,
And soon he cured with
dexterous care,

The bitter relics of my flame.
Say by what title, or what name,
I shall this busy youth address ?
Cupid and he are not the same,
Though both can raise or quench a flame.

Sweep.

[The Reader will greatly add to the effect of this conundrum if he will
SHOUT the answer at the TOP of his voice ; let him be in the solitude of
his closet, or the crowded hall of assembly, let him shout
SOVEEP ! It is really and truly marvellous, its effect ; beyoutiful, beyond
compare.]

What is soot ?

Sweep's takes.

I am in the fire, but not in the flame ;
I belong to the master, but not to the dame ;
I am in the church, but not in the steeple ;
I belong to the parson, but not to the people.

The letter R.

How is it that a roaring fire is like a generous heart?

Because, don't you comprehend? it exhibits a grateful warmth.

[P.S.—Whoever saw any one near a fire without his or her having an ardent desire to be playing with the poker?]

[P.P.S.—We have all a burden, an onus, which bears onus at the present moment, which we really think, if we went to work properly, we might lighten: we mean the coal-onus. Can't we do away with the coal-owners and coal onus together? for tho' onus-ty may be *his* best policy, it's not ours.]

[P.P.P.S.—Let's go abroad: let's all go to *Coal own* ourselves. *Eau de-at* me!]

[P.P.P.P.S.—No good going: get deeshe'd in Cologne too. (Hotel Deesh!) ever been there? Not bad, if you can come down with the Rhine-eau!]

Why is a hot summer's day like a very clear cold frosty night?

Because it's the best time for seeing—the grate bare.

What's the difference between a lovely underdone rump steak and onions, and a dun who won't a-done dunning?

One is an agreeable dish; the other a dis(h)-agreeable.

[*Apropos* of eating, how funny it is if you give a dog a lot of "lights," he makes a feast of it! A Chinaman would eat that dog, and have a feast of lanterns. Curious affinity there must be between lights and lanterns! Perhaps the dog, after eating the lights, was lantern-jawed—who can tell?]

Reader, what's the difference between dining with wits and dining with Cits? Aldermen, etc., eh?

In the one you have a "feast of reason and a flow of soul;" in the other you've a feast off sole and a flow of raisin.

[Funny, isn't it? some aldermen wouldn't touch horseflesh for anything—yet cobs and chestnuts they devour immediately, and to live in a mare's nest is the height of their ambition.]

[P.S.—Mayor's nest: ahem! Guildhall.]

What is a club?

It is a weapon of defence used by males to keep
their females in subjection.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration?

Because it takes just four knights to play every
one game.

[Good thing for the Elephant and Castle and the pawn-shops,—chess, eh?
Chess't is.]

Long before Adam one there *lived*,
And liveth still, as is believed,
Whose name reversed herein you'll see :
Ladies, pray say who this may be.

The D——l.

[Funny it is that the Italians should call the devil—a *dear-yellow*.]

Why do the spiritualist mediums charge for admission to their
séances?

Because the spirits are too proud to appear to
any one not worth a rap.

What is a flash of lightning?

Notice of a peal.

I am rough, I am smooth, I am wet, I am dry,
My station low, my title high,
The Queen's my lawful mistress, sirs ;
I'm used by all, though only hers.

The highway.

[Writing all these riddles makes one fat. Wonder what high-way? Tons,
perhaps.]

Black we are, but much admired ;
Men seek us out till they get tired ;
We tire the horse, but comfort man :
Tell us this riddle if you can.

Coals.

[Don't tire the horse : tire the *carriage*, old friend. Much better.]

Why is an old maid like one glove?
No good without a fellow.

Fair Readeress, what I *do*, and what I *do not*, you are.

Love-lie !!

[Can't you fancy you hear her echo-ing our sentiments? of course, darling thing; it must be of her that this narrative is told: A gentleman, in search of a man to do some work, met on his way a highly respectable lady, not as young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied; "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself." You silly old thing, go home; do, mum, go, *domum*.]

A lady who was often visited by a gentleman, sometimes at rather unseemly hours even, was asked if he were—ahem!—any relation. She replied, "That gentleman's mother is my mother's only child!" Do you see it? He was her son, her male cheild, her offspring.

Add a hundred and nothing to ten, and a hundred and nothing to a thousand, then catch a B and put him at the end of it all, and the whole will produce what you don't one bit want, so perhaps you had better save yourself the trouble; however, it is

COXCOMB.

[Have him, if you like—we don't want him.]



CANTER XXXV.



OST likely, Reader, you have heard before why a leg of mutton is better than heaven: because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing; and you have probably heard or read these: When is a leg of mutton like a modern poet? When it's Browning. Why is a leg of mutton being roasted like London in 1665? Because it is before the Fire. When is a leg of mutton like venison? When it's dear. And when is a leg of mutton like an intoxicated person? When it's "cut." Yes, you have heard all these; but you have never seen our drawing before, and what do you think it is? Look closely. A leg of mutton? No, it's a spare-rib.

My First is your lord, and my Second a part;
How great is my Total in science or art!—

Masterpiece.

My First's a name for girls and boys ; (What *can* it be—little tom-fools ?)
 My Second many an hour employs ; (Smoking ? No. Flirting ?)
 My Whole, at Christmas once enjoy'd, (Aha ! plum pudding ?)
 Is by charades almost destroyed. (Can't be plum-pudding ! Digestion ?)
 I mean the same, exactly, whether (Aha ! mutton ? weather metton.)
 You take my last or both together.— (Must be boots if you get the last—then both !)

Chit-chat.

[Lor, chit-chat ! Who would have thought it was chit-chat !]

What is the difference between a Chinese war-drum and a male cat ?

One is a tom and the other is a tom-tom.

[Where shall we be kitten to next ?]

What paper should telegrams be written on ?

Wire-wove post.

[This is only natural ; but permit us, O dear Reader, to assure you that we know many, many people who do not in the slightest degree require wire to telegram. They can and do *tell a cram* so easily without it !]

Where ought to be the gasfitters' happy land ?

Berners Street.

What author does a Frenchman quote with his last breath ?

"J'expire !"

[Yes ; and, *à propos* of Shakspeare, permit us to say that no spear, no spike, no *lance* does half the damage that is done by *stimu-lants*.]

What is the most fatal form of consumption ?

Consumption of strong drinks.

How can a lady with taper fingers ensure never "burning her fingers" ?

Don't let a spark get at them.

[Let us hold them, and see if they are sufficiently male-able to take an imp-ression, as we presume they are wax ? No ? What ? They *give* wax ? Wonderful !]

What is to Roman-ise?

Two Roman eyes? why, of course, one Roman
knows!

The following is pooty: set it to music.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the tittillating joys
Which my nose knows?

O Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!

What was the first tubular bridge?

A nose.

When has a girl but a poor chance of getting — — engaged?

When she has lost her fore-tresses.

[Going to do away with Temple Bar(e), ain't they? Whig Government, wasn't it, suggested this? We had a hair-breadth escape of being run over there once. Nevertheless, we shall be sorry. Why not put it up again somewhere else?]

Why is a shoemaker a prudent, religious, instructive, valiant,
and industrious man?

Because he makes both (wax) ends meet, and is
therefore prudent; he mends the sole, and is
therefore religious; improves folks' understand-
ings, and is therefore instructive; is always
welting one or the other, which proves his
valour; and invariably works to the last, which
is sufficient evidence of his industry.

Suppose you're late for dinner ten miles from home, and no
conveyance to be had, what should you do? Give it up?

Why, halloo till you get a little ho(a)rse.

[You can easily get a little hoarse if you hollow long enough, but you might
hollow long enough before you would get any one to give you
a pony!]

Why are poor men's fireplaces in a very hard winter like the bulk of mankind?

Because you'll hardly find one grateful (grate full) amongst them.

[Great fool to expect it.]

What loose things generally stick pretty fast to one?

Loose habits.

[Odd it is, yet the looser we are, the more accustomed do we become to feeling tight.]

[P.S.—That is the real origin of the term "There's a screw loose."]

Why is a man who shirks labour like an officer on half-pay?

Because he is a pen shunner.

[Funny it is how some people will condescend to any meanness—in fact, do anything to get money, except . . . work for it.]

Jones tried very hard to obtain forty winks, but failed, in consequence of an irritating fly. Why was that fly Jones's deadliest enemy?

Because it was his bit o' rest foe.

[P.S.—Suggestion for Jones. Lookee here, Jones, Smith spells his name all sorts of ways—Smithe, Smyjthe, etc., etc., etc. Brown, too, Brouune, Browune, etc., etc.; why don't you? Try Jhoannees, or Jhonnas, and double your name—Reginald Fitz Montague de Jhonnas Jhonnas looks well.]

Why is a tired donkey, led by the bridle, like a stone-dead jay?

Because it's a jaded ass led (a jay dead as lead).

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse?

Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

Why is Trafalgar Square the most accommodating place in London?

Because one Jenner-ally gets a Nap-here (Napier).

[Isn't there any one Nels-on that square you could mention? Don't say "*Jenner sais pas.*"]

What trade resembles a part of Waterloo Bridge ?

The ballast trade.

What set dinner would a mermaid, using Billingsgate language, resemble ?

Fish, flesh, and *fowl*.

Why don't the Opposition partake of the Ministers' annual whitebait dinner ?

Because they want *place*.

[*Avec beaucoup de place*-here.]

What is the difference between a couple of mermaids and summer and autumn ?

The former are two sea-daughters, and the latter two sea-sons.

[One really didn't (d)augther put in such stoopid jokes !]

Why ought winter to influence a poetical mind more than summer ?

Because there is more rime about it.

What sort of hunting can you keep up all the year round ?

Ha ! ha ! house hunting.

[Instead of the March hare, a *maison de santé*, you know—get a few.]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of March hares, dogs, etc., what a *lucky dog* would *he* be who could *retrieve* his lost fortune !]

Why are railways like the *beau monde* ?

Because they teach every one to know his own station, and to stop there.

Why is roast veal like a sermon ?

Because you are always glad when it's *quite* done, that you may . . . cut away.

[The man who preaches too long a sermon is like the man who spends too much on his white tie ; he is too careful of his fold.]

What is the hour of need?

You will be sure to find out when it arrives. It invariably strikes one—strikes one forcibly.

Let uth on to plethanter theams, as the lisping gentleman said when he put his arm round the youhg lady's waist, and ask you, Why is a ship called "she"?

Why, because the "rigging" costs more than the hull. Or for any of the following other reasons:

Because man knows not the expense till he gets them.

Because they are useless without employment.

Because they look best when well rigged.

Because their value depends on their age.

Because they are upright when in stays.

Because they wear caps and bonnets.

Because they are often painted.

Why would the *Great Eastern*, having lost a man overboard, be like the science of phonography?

Because one would be a hand short, and the other a shorthand.

[The question as to whether or not the *Great Eastern* would be the best vessel in which to bring live stock from Europe to America being under discussion, it was asked how many horses she could probably bring at one trip. "Not more than two," said a gentleman present. "How so?" was the general inquiry. "Because it takes only two horses to make a full car-go."]

[P.S.—By-the-bye, *àpropos* of ships, you know the Latin for rope—*Fun-is*. Well, you ought to get it, for no house is perfect unless it's there.]

What most stirring event takes place in every household?

Mixing a plum-pudding.

[Yes, Reader, it is so; we go to church on Xmas Day with thoughts of dinner to follow, plum-pudding, turkey, etc. On this day we require the key of the minster to get into church; but, 't is not till the *next* day we get the minced tur-key into us.]

When is a drunken man like a cannon ?

When he's loaded to the muzzle with grape.

[Grapes, indeed !—gripes more likely.]

[P.S. —Since writing this remark, we have come across these lines—“*comment les boozy sprees se recontrent,*” to be sure :

In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth come from grapes ;
But on the noble river Rhine,
The thing called gripes doth come from wine !]



CANTER XXXVI.



ES I. of England and VI. of Scotland was a very clever man, and one of his sayings was that he so disliked having to tip butlers, footmen, *et hoc genus omne*, when he dined out. We agree with James

one and six—we mean Ist and VIth—two and six is too much to waste ; yet you get better served if you give it. However, tho' this is a matter for diners-out to consider, we merely enter into it as a prelude to asking you What is the antithesis to “sweets to the sweet”?

Why, *douceurs* to the dooce !

[P.S.—You can say of our exquisite initial that you never saw anything half so lovely before in your life—never before : *Jam-ais*.]

What children's complaints do you see every day on the breakfast table ?

Cough-hic-cups and tee-things, and occasionally jam'd fingers.

Apropos of sweets arise thoughts of toothache, which reminds us to ask you—When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth?

When its a-king!

[There was a grinder we had the other day gave us exquisite pain—an organ one—in our street.]

[P.S.—This dentist wasn't a fool, was he? Read, and see what he said to a lady he was trying to pull a tooth out of. After having made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her offending tooth—finding at last he must give it up, he apologized by saying, "The fact is, madame, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth." Happy woman! She ought to have stumped up on the spot.]

[P.P.S.—Yes, no doubt of it. If anybody lives a hand-to-mouth life, it *must* be a dentist.]

Why are crockeryware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers?

Because it won't do for them to crack up their goods.

[Nor for dentists neither.]

[P.S.—The cocoa people rather remind us of dentists, they so want to *force-Epps* down your throat.]

Why is a lucky billiard-player like an anchor?

Because he holds his ground entirely by flukes.

[This is when the fluker goes in for lucre. We don't mean when he sails in a for-lucre at sea, but when he means money-making.]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of anchors, how delicious it is hanging on By anchor!]

[P.P.S.—By anchor's neck or waist.]

[P.P.P.S.—Bianca is a woman.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Bianca is a *nice* woman.]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—Bianca is a very nice woman indeed! . . . Oh!]

Why are Bianca and I like two thieves who are arrested at the same time?

Because we are so took up with each other.

Reader, define matchless misery?

Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

What is the sweetest thing in the world? No, not treacle.
Try again.

A woman's heart, for 't is a perfect honeycomb
. . . . so full of cells.

[And yet to think that we have known lovers so spooney that they absolutely revelled in the idea of being bitten by the same fl*a, so that their blood might really circulate in unison!]

Why is an unforgiving (let us call him a none for giving) uncle like a dense fog?

Because he cuts off any view (a nephew).

Do you, in an old-gentlemanly manner, go to sleep after dinner, do you? Because, if you do, you can understand the feelings of the South Sea Islander after eating the Scotch young lady, pork-pie hat and everything. What were they?

He felt great lassie-chewed!

[Horrid savage! and he never even used a plate with the lass he ate!
poor l'âssielle!]

What is that which the dead eat, yet if we were to eat it we should most assuredly die too?

Nothing.

[It's *cimetière*-ial to us whether you like this or not; yes, it's-immaterial, quite.]

Why *is* a very heavy sleep very heavy?

Because it's slumber!

[It was a collegiate scholar made this. Collegiate. Yes, call idiot indeed!]

[P.S.—What an extraordinary thing sleep is! A man who is the slowest of the slow, the very stoopidest of the stupid, can be . . . fast asleep!]

[P.P.S.—Sleep affects some people very much; it *even* makes them *lie* more steadily than when they are awake.]

What's the difference between men and monkeys?

Monkeys have tails and toe-nails, men have nails
and no tales.

[Wish they had *not*. They *have*: juiced long ones generally, and they tell 'em two or three times; but that's *une autre* pair of *choses*!]

This joke is quite plaid out, but we ask it notwithstanding—
Why is a plaid waistcoat the most wholesome thing a glutton
can wear?

Because it keeps a check on his tum-tum.

[Why pronounce waistcoat “weskut”?—sounds like the Hamilton Place,
Park Lane improvements : a West cut.]

We read that “Noah camé fourth from the Ark.” Who were
the three that came out before him?

You don’t No—Ah ! no more do we.

What is the first recorded instance of a walking-stick?

When Cain took A “Bell’s Life.” No : that’s the
first newspaper. When Goliath said such a
thing had never entered his head before. No :
that was David’s stone. When Ham and his
descendants bread and mustered. No : that
is the dessert one. When Moses broke all the
Ten Commandments at once. No : that’s the
wickedest man. When Joshua ordered the
“Morning Advertiser.” No. Anything to do with
whales and Jonah? No. Give it up?—though
you ought to know it : it’s old enough. It
was when Eve presented Adam with a little
Cain.

[Ah, Reader, what a positive *flood* of old jokes do not these names bring
up ! It’s absolutely painful—we say it in earnest—to resist the tempta-
tion of putting in some of them. However, you know where to find
’em, that’s one consolation.]

What did the dogs say when they saw Jezebel thrown out of
window?

Let’s liquor up.

What’s the difference between a jug full of water, and a man
throwing his wife over Westminster Bridge?

One’s water in the pitcher ; the other’s pitch her
in the water.

Qu'est ce que font les douze apôtres dans le Paradis ?

Ils font douze.

[P.S.—Don't pronounce "Paradis" *parady*, and let nothing in-douze you to ask French riddles if you haven't a fairish pronunciation: they are such a bore, badly put, and you'll get into *bad odour* with your *badauderie*!]

Which is the greatest Friday in the year ?

Why, Shrove Tuesday, of course. Don't you see ?
Pancakes !

Why is an umbrella like a pancake ?

Seldom seen after Lent.

When Jupiter dipped the Dancing God into the E G and C what did he come out ?

A dripping-Pan.

[We always think the Dancing God has more of the warming-Pan in his composition. But it's all the same: you drip when you're hot; so it's all right. Go on.]

To an O add six, and five hundred more ;
'T will name a poet much famed of yore.

OID.

[*Apropos* of poetry, this is rather a clever poetical receipt for a box of grouse, isn't it ?—

Many thanks, my dear sir, for the birds,
Which you seem to have shot with much skill;
Yet, though there was nothing to pay,
They each of them brought me a *bill*.
Don't think that I mean to complain,
The matter was perfectly right;
And whenever such bills come again,
Rest assured I'll accept them at sight.]

Three Christian people went up a church steeple ; they were
neither men, women, nor children : what were they ?

Man, woman, and child.

When is a cigar like a secret?

When it's in fire-lit.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing omnibuses.

[*Apropos* of hailing omnibuses, this was a cute feller: "Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail," said the traveller; "so mind your own business."]

[P.S.—We suppose you know the two reasons why some people *don't* mind their own business, eh? Well, one is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they have no mind.]

A millionaire asked a labourer one day, "What part do you play in life, my man?"

Replied the labourer, "I mind my own business."

[Good man; nevertheless we bet you he didn't do anything of the sort;—it's an impossibility.]

In what case is it impossible to be both slow and sure?

In the case of a watch.

En quoi un perdreau ressemble-t-il a un fort qu'on assiège?

C'est qu'il est bon bardé (bombardé).

Où les hirondelles font-elles leur nid à Athènes?

Dans un nid grec (un Y).

If a pretty poulteress marries a pillmonger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?

Because she lets him have the duck, and gets nothing but a quack in return.

What's the difference between a child's mother and its doctor?

The former whacks an' loves it, the other whacks-and-ates it.

What's the difference between a child who kisses his mother and one who smacks his father?

He's partial to his mar, and martial to his par.

[It was, perhaps, of this child that they tell this tale: A little four-year-old told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent, and exclaimed, "Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."]

Who was the first Prince of Wails?

Jeremiah.

What relation is your father's only brother's sister-in-law to you?

Why, your mother, of course.

Place yourself opposite a gentleman's portrait, look at it, and say this: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but this man's father is my father's son." What relation is he to you? Find out the answer for yourself. It's awful: it'll turn your hair grey to do it; but do it, nevertheless—oh! do it.

A man said he had a brother and a sister. They were all children of the same parents, and yet he was no relation to either of them. What was he? Now, dear Reader, do think this out a little before reading the answer; just argue a little—brother and sister—same parents. Let us repeat the question: A man said he had a sister and a brother; they were each of them children of the same parents, and still he was no relation to either of them. What was he?

A most confounded liar.



CANTER XXXVII.



Formed half above and half beneath the earth,
We, sisters, owe to art a second birth.
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the earth to travel o'er the waters.
Swifter we move as tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the water, air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

A pair of skates.

When does a billiard-player remind you of a skater who has just got let in?

When he makes an-ice break.

When skating there, ask why the lake in the Regent's Park (the Servantine will do quite as well) is like a lake in Canada?

Say, "Because it's the Lake Huron!"

Why is Egypt like England?

It's a Nile-land.

[We went Egypt'-seeing there: pretty gipsies at Esné.]

What's the difference between a man who leads you up to a skating fair one, and a very knowing card of a fellow?

One leads you up to, the other puts you up to
— — a (w)rink-girl or two!

[P.S.—What fun it would be to take notes of people who tumbled down at the rink or on the ice, and read in the papers something like this about it: "Our assistants report this morning that 1,743 people slipped down yesterday on the perfidious concrete. Of these, 1,148 were men, 403 women, and 200 miscellaneous. The table shows that over 380 landed on their elbows, the others sat down. Of the entire number 1,742 of them swore —131 audibly."]

[P.P.S.—Hooray! more statistics. Of the 1,001 young ladies who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.]

Why is even the best lady skater of necessity very unsteady on her feet?

Because if her straps are not *tight*, her skates will be loose, and in either case her heels must be *screwed*.

Why is water-cress like a very melancholy event?

Because it is being continually cried about.

Apropos of this crying nuisance, what very bad practice was the comet guilty of?

Tale bearing.

Why have we also reason to suppose it lacked refinement of manners?

Because it was constantly in the company of a Great Bear.

Why is the bear at the Zoological Gardens likely to find himself at home?

Because he is still near the pole, and frequently feels the effect of a cold climb.

Why was the prophet Daniel put into a den of lions, instead of being hung?

Because he was sentenced under the law of the Medes and Persians, which (h)altereth not.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like discount houses?

Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the Bank of the Nile.

[A poor little profit, tho': *ex Nilo nihil fit*, you know. There's nothing fit to eat in the Nile.]

[P.S.—The best translation we have yet heard of *ex nilo nihil fit* is—You can't get breeks from a Highlandman.]

[P.P.S.—Lor! we thought you *could*, only that you oughtn't to.]

Why is a water-lily like a whale?

Because they both come to the surface to blow.

[*Apropos* of being "like a whale," how good some of these similes are, ain't they?

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
 As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
 As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
 As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
 As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
 As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
 As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear;
 As light as a drum—as free as the air;
 As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
 As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
 As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
 As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;

As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;
 As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
 As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
 As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
 As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
 As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
 As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
 As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
 As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
 As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
 As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
 As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
 As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
 As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
 As brittle as glass—as tough as is gristle;
 As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
 As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
 As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
 As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
 As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

Very good, are they not? But the last one about the brass we have always heard connected with boldness and brazenness; what you may perhaps call *as-y* manners!]

Old Mother Twitchet she had but one eye,
 And a very long tail, which she always let fly;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a great piece of her tail in a trap.
 A needle and thread.

Tantot noir, tantot blanc,
 J'ai des veines, mais point de sang!
 Marble.

[Marble! we should think it was. Marble? It's marble-ous.]

At table we often appear,
 And commonly come with the fish,
 We always get cut when we're there,
 Though no one to eat us could wish.

Cards.

[Good thing to say to a man when he has turned up the best trump, "Come, make ace and play it if you've the f-ace to do it."]

Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man who wants to know what o'clock it is?

Because he is as-king for the time.

[The Vice-wriggle Lodge has very frequently a left-tenant, though it is a most amaisou *maison* with its ten aunts all coming to see it one after another.]

My First is always appropriate; 't is nine to one if you guess my Second; and my Whole raises the sole above the earth?

Pat-ten.

[We hope this is patten to the meanest capacity.]

What ice becomes in the heat of the sun
Is given the soldier by beat of drum.

Not-ice.

[We have put *drun* in place of *drum*. Please pardon our taking poetic licence, but, having a correct ear, we couldn't make sun rhyme with drum. However, we hope you will see the point: for *drun* read *drum*; it is not too difficult for you, is it? No, we thought not; thank you.]

Why is sympathy like blind-man's buff?

Because it's a fellow-feeling for another.

[N.B.—Much nicer to play it with gals. Show your politeness: have a little gal an' try.]

When do you eat music?

When you've a peacock. Pshaw!—you mean when you dine off a peahen-of-forty! And you drink it when you simply have a piano-for-tea.

[P.S.—That's *very* clever! Miss Evangelina de Smyijthe's singing master tells her that the greatest secret of piano-playing and singing is to lose yourself, and become simply the mouthpiece of another. Quite so. Miss E. de S. manages one part of it beautifully: she loses herself *entirely*, but . . . she does *not* become the mouthpiece of another.]

[P.P.S.—AWFUL lot of money wasted on people who have no earthly taste or ear for music, isn't there? However, it's all right, for if it were not for the stoopid poopils, what would become of the 19,000,000 professors?]

What book of Dickens's does a man who is rather awry as to figure remind you of?

All-of-a Twist.

[P.S.—Yes, quite true; "Wat Tyler Will Rufus?" *was* said by the tower which was All-of-a-Crumble.]

When is it not comfortable living on your own hook?

When the said hook is straightened by circumstances.

[P.S.—Talking of hooks, reminds us of fishing, and these two Moossoos. "Any tings pite you dare?" inquired one Moossoo of another, while engaged in angling. "No, notings at all." "Vell," returned the other, "notings pite me, too."]

What's the difference between kissing in public and kissing in private?

One's done under the mistletoe, the other's done
— — under the nose—pshaw! we mean
the rose.

[We are told not "to pin our faith on any man's sleeve," but Miss Smith says she can't help it when it's round her waist, *with* her lover's arm in it.]

Why do women go to church in high heels?

They wish to save their soles.

[Remember, once become a *sole au gratin*, and it's past re-gratin.]

[P.S.—These lines come in here very appropriately. Good, are they not?

Two Harveys had a separate wish,
Each in their different stations;
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other "Meditations."
Each hath its several powers applied
To aid the dead and dying;
One relishes a sole when fried,
The other saves from frying.]

What sort of a voice should a pet dog bark in?

In a "voce di petto."

[When he barks at us we're in a pet, too, altho' when we see little dogs ill treated we always send in a *petition* for the *petits chiens*.]

[P.S.—Extraordinary zoological fact.—We saw two great-ears coming out of a little dog's eyes the other day when he was unhappy. Funny, wasn't it? and he not only shed his two great tears, but a bit of his coat too—on our trousers!]

[P.P.S.—*Apropos* of zoology, the following articles have been advertised as "wanted for a museum." They have not yet been found. A lady, good-looking, twenty-five years of age, without a shadow of matrimonial longing. A young man who wants a situation in which salary *will* be an object. Some cement to mend family jars. A man, thirty-five years of age, who, while walking down Regent Street during a windy day, never thought of such a thing as ankles. And a man, who on reading your books, does not feel convinced he could do much better ones himself, *if* he only chose to take the trouble.]

How can you prevent a conspiracy from oozing out?

Let the plot thicken.

What sort of a tip does no one like to get?

The tip of a finger.

Why is the age at which a maiden lady shows her fingers like a wine?

Because it's her-mit-age.

[I was once mitten myself, and a girl had me on hand; well, it was not positively unpleasant, being smitten.]

Why shouldn't you have anything to do with a girl with taper fingers?

She might be wicked enough to . . . make it hot for you if she was (s)lighted.

What historical name is like an eruption of Vesuvius?

Montis-humour!

[Don't you know who Montezuma was? Well, that's not *our* fault; this isn't a history book, altho' it's Pinnock-ing about all over the house. Take Gibbon to find out.]

[P.S.—Yes, take Gibbon.]

[P.P.S.—Gibbon take—good motto.]

[P.P.P.S.—Gibbon at it for ever so long.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Ha! ha!]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—History! *Smollet mores nec sinet esse ferros.*]

[P.P.P.P.P.P.S.—Hooray!]

CANTER XXXVIII.



ELL us, dear Pe-
ruser, what are
metaphysics?

Two fellows
talking to-
gether, one
of them try-
ing to ex-
plain some-
thing he
don't know
anything at

all about, and the other quite unable to understand him.
That's metaphysics.

[P.S., N.B.—People also do this very much when they are grown old enough
to know better.]

Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan?

Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

[P.S.—If you see a lady in "fashionable society" with sham gold orna-
ments on her arms, don't call 'em brass-lets; she mightn't like it.]

[P.P.S.—Odd, isn't it? but one might call most of the London squares
. fashionable circles.]

P.P.P.S.—By-the-bye, they *do* say—not we, we know nothing whatever
about it, never bet—but they do say there is another circle which is occa-
sionally squared.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Promise not to tell? Take your oath? Take your solemn

Dick you won't? Well, then—sssssssssh!

The
begin-
ning!

What are well-informed circles?

The betting ring.

[Did you ever, medically or otherwise, have the pleasure of seeing betting men's tongues? They appear so anxious to have a straight tip. We are very much interested in this. Why is it? Would it not be much more useful often, if it were occasionally on their *noses*?]

[P.S.—Ahem! *Great* patron of the turf . . . Scratch, Scratch Senior, in fact, the old man himself: Old Scratch: you know him as well as we do, though you may pretend you don't.]

When does a lady's eye look fishy?

When she's a ray in it.

[Isn't that a splendid riddle? Don't you steal it, and call it your own, or we shall observe, as the comic songster does, "Rifle the riddle on the ray;" yes, we shall indeed: *ri fol de riddle ol de ray!*]

[P.S.—*Apropos* of our calling this a splendid riddle, you probably know that clever case of capping which happened between a Mr. Story and a Mr. Everett. "Merit," said Mr. Story, "is always appreciated where *ever* it goes." "Yes," answered Everett, "but whatever eminence *I* may attain, I shall never, I feel certain, rise as high as one *story*."]

What biblical character reminds you most of a deed payable after your grandmother's death?

I should say *post-obit*; yes, certainly, I should suppose Tobit.

[Poor old Granny! let us recommend granny-lated magnesia, and hope it will be mag'n'esia all her pains.]

Grammatically speaking, what is a money-lender?

He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; orders you to pay in the imperative; and ruins you in the future.

[Did it ever strike you, Reader, as being odd when a miser or money-lender leaves his wealth to a lunatic asylum? Why does he do it? To return the money to his patrons.]

Why do beggars ask one to "give them a copper"?

Because we can only imagine they want *washing* so very much.

Why is a policeman an anomaly?

Because, tho' out for hours in the wettest weather,
if you ask him he'll tell you to a certainty
"he is very dry."

What's the difference between Cook making 22,000 off the
balls with the spot stroke and your park hack which can't
hear you?

One's a *tour de force*, the other's a poor deaf
horse.

[P.S.—In answer to very numerous zinc-wire-ers, we beg to state that the
difference between a footman and a bellhanger is, that one only *says*
"Hang the bell!" the other *does* it.]

[P.P.S.—We thus answer our numerous inquiring correspondents, as writing
answers is too great a pen-ance-sir.]

Why is a married couple like a pair of scissors?

Because they are so joined as not be easily separated,
often moving in opposite directions, yet
becoming very cutting to any one who gets
between them.

Why is a lady's *déshabille* like the postman?

Because it's a morning rapper.

What's the difference between the top of a mountain and a
person who's rather seedy?

One's a summit of a hill, the other's hill of a
summut.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton?

Because it attacks the joints.

[P.S.—And you know that's not pleasant, because when a man's a disease
he's *not* a disease.]

[P.P.S.—We mean he's not at his ease.]

In what way do we frequently commit treason?

We tear off the Queen's head, lick her, and then,
by gum ! we stick her !

[Talking of Queen's heads, reminds us of that simile which we consider so good. Man said, "All men are like money, it equally bears the same stamp—the Queen's head ; but some coins and men are worth more than others." Rather !]

If an English princess should marry the King of Holland, why would her subjects be fit to eat?

Because they would be all Dutch but her (butter.)

When was the glory of Napoleon eclipsed?

When a martial nation passed him. Yes, when
a Marshal Ney shone past him.

[Positive in-Soult to say so.]

Why did the French fly like sheep at the capture of Quebec?

Because there was a Wolfe after them.

Apropos of wolves, what is the difference between your land-lady and an onion?

One draws *rents* from you, and the other draws
tears.

[There's another difference still : our onions don't drink brandy, and our land-female *does*.]

[P.S.—Absurd calling a woman like that a lady!]

Why is a parrot, on a weighing-machine, like the suit of armour on one of the fiends or evil spirits mentioned in Scripture?

Because it's a polly on scales.

[Apollyon's scales are cut a trifle *short* as to quantity ; but we suppose he won't mind.]

[*Apropos* of this Apollyon, good story that of the judge, who hearing a barrister give a long false quantity, politely said, "Come, Brother Brown, we are all getting fatigued, and time presses, so don't make things longer than they need be."]

When is a greater thing contained in a less?

When a lady gets a buss in a cab.

The very clever men at Cambridge and Oxford are called the flower of the Universities : what very naturally would you expect to hear had happened to them?

That they had been plucked.

[Very clever flos nevar are plucked. If they were, they'd be wranglers to a certainty.]

What is the worst sort of gambling?

Tossing in bed.

[Let us hope the head was oftenest up.]

Where should a billsticker sleep?

In a four-poster, to be sure.

What are our parks?

Nursery grounds.

Why are English railway directors also French railway shareholders?

Because they always take a Lyons share.

What sort of dust would not be so bad to have thrown in your eyes?

Gold-dust.

[Reminds one of Smith, just married : says he wants his boys to be yellow. Horrid mercenary !]

If you come out of the sun, and I go into it, what difference will it make?

It will make the sun sin.

If a jack were asleep in a river, what other fish would be most likely to disturb it?

A sturgeon.

[In asking this last question be careful of your pronunciation : say "disturb it" very distinctly; don't pronounce it dis-turbot.]

Apropos, as a nigger would say, of dis turbot, you know who is the fish-mate for John Dorey, of course?

Annchovey.

[Yes, we must give her *turbot* (to her bean), or else sammon else may come and ketch her.]

What is exaggeration?

Drawing a ballet-girl, and giving her six legs.

What is an anomaly?

Describing one of your hands as being wounded in the nose.

What is a bargain?

A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

[Don't always only *think* it.]

What is an author?

A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

What is a dentist?

A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

What is debt?

A trap which a man sets and baits himself, and then deliberately walks into.

What is a musician?

A man who plays when he works, and works when he plays.

[Plays the old gentleman with us sometimes: we heard a young lady play, the other night, two of the very spooniest nocturnes; one by Chopin, "Murmures de la Seine," the other by Mr. Willem Coenen, "Twilight," which simply made us feel inclined to devour her (of course, only with kisses), tho' she was a dear—such a venison, such a very very nice 'un, as nice as her music.]

What is woman's ailment ?

The stitch.

What is marriage ?

Harness for a pair.

[Begins with a bridal to both, and ends with a saddle 'oss for one of them.]

What is an artificial florist ?

Head gardener to the ladies.

Why is a religious hypocrite rather an anomaly ?

Because he rises by gravity, and sinks by levity.

[The hypocrite, you know, is like the milestone : he points the road he never goes himself.]

The great drawback of travelling is packing. Yes, that is a fourgon conclusion ; it is : once disturb your *pax*, there's an end of your peace ! However, we may as well tell it you ; use it, and sing *angiol di pace an' you'll de-part chee-fully* ! So what is the best adhesive label for travellers to use ?

Stick to your luggage yourself !



CANTER XXXIX.



HY is it no use calling on
a friend who has just
popped THE question?

Because we al-
ways find him
engaged.

[P.S., N.B.—It is agreeable.]

When do young men some-
times acknowledge they
have been a little too
fast?

When they have
got married.

What is the best way to curb a very wild young man?

To bridal him.

[Better be wild *before* the bridal than be *driven* wild with it!]

What is a good definition of a breach of promise of marriage?

A runaway ring at the church door.

Do you know any of the name of Katharine? If so, what should you say when giving her a locket? Say, why is this like what you do to your greenhouses?

Because it's f' you, my Kate; yes, it's fumigate.

I say, is your name Edward? Is it? Hope so, or this joke is *no* good. When are you, Eddy dear, when are you like a flower?

When you're very-gay-ted.

[Pooty riddles, very pooty, these two last ones.]

Now you know, Edward, you had that one all to yourself, but this one is for Willie and Johnnie and everybody. Why is the way they pack fishes' eggs like kissing?

Ha! ha! Because it's so very nice. Yes, indeed, it's ova in ice!

[What a thing it is to get one kiss only from *HER* who is so padly and mashionately loved!]

[P.S.—Not padly and mashionately—never mind; you know; it'll do.]

What's the difference between a man when going to a place on the road to Pisa and a man who is madly and pashionately in love?

One *does* utter Leghorn; the other *is* — — utterly gone.

[What was that some M. P. said *à propos* of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill? Oh! ah! He said *whichever* sister you married, after a little, you'd be sure to fancy you had married the . . . wrong sister.]

[P.S.—By-the-bye, they say Mustapha Pacha has two hundred wives!! Dear me! Well, he Mustapha Pacha-ality for ladies, he must indeed!]

[P.P.S.—Mormon-ey than brains.]

P.S.—Mustapha, old chap, we're inclined to feel for you.]

P.P.P.S.—Fond of coffee and a *chasse*, eh, old Turk? Ah! bet you think more of your *chasse-de-café* than all your wives think of their *chasse-de-thé*!]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Bad French: good pun.]

Sweet lady, what's the difference between the man you adore
and a postage-stamp?

One is dear to a maid, the other is made to
ad-here.

[Do; do add "Hear." Say it often: we like applause when we make a good joke. Besides, it will soothe us a little; for in making that last Ritual, memory brought back the feeling that we never *did* love a dear, gaz, gay—what's-its-name?—gayselle, but it was sure to turn out *all* of the *selles*, with nothing of the *gay* about it whatever.]

Why is Gilbert's play of "Charity" a very comfortable sort of
a play to go to see?

Because you need not ever mind the first act;
it begins at home.

[We regret to say that a good many people's charity begins at home, and
— — stops there.]

Why should a married couple never ride the same donkey?

Because those whom Fate has joined let no man
put ass under.

What did the disciple of Banting say to his adored one?

Will you love me *thin* as now?

[Very disap-Banting if she said no.]

What scent does a lady mention when she loves her Richard
only?

Oh, Dick alone!

[Quite so: that's an English girl; but a German one puts it plainer; she
says, "*Ich liebe Dick!*"]

What scent does an English housemaid mention when Thomas
tries to kiss her?

She also says, "Oh, do go 'long!"

A Moosoo friend of ours has requested us to ask you what difference there is between his socks and a rose-bud?

We suggested "a great heel," but we were incorrect; his answer was One is a *bouton de rose*, the others are *hose onder boot*.

[P.S.—You know the story of the Englishman who walked into a *café* in Paris, and said, "Garson gay ger jay je suis fameux." "Monsieur," answered the waiter, "cela va sans dire, *tous les Anglais sont convertis de gloire!*" "Confound it!" thought the cockney, "I couldn't have said it right. Nong, garson, I mean, j'ai oon grand fam." "Et des jolis enfants aussi, monsieur, sans doute?" again answered the waiter. "Dooce take it! what is it? Nong, garcong, jer *swee* fam." "Monsieur, avec cette farbe c'est impossible!"]

[P.P.S.—This is the identical cockney who was asked what *hors de combat* meant. "Means," said he, "that a man is very ill, and getting gradually war-horse and war-horse every hour."]

Do you command a regiment? Ah! then what should you call your wife?

Call her Nel Colonel.

[Don't you find it close quarters, kernel, living in an 'ut?]

Why is a square of British troops like nuts?

Because they have proved themselves admirable for dessert, hard to crack, and generally there is a colonel in the centre.

Why would tailors be useful to a besieging army?

Because they could not only cover the assaulters, but make breeches also.

Why are soldiers the longest livers and least eaters on record?

Because they frequently, positively, have been known to stand for *sentries* between meals.

Why are drunken men like adjectives?

Because they can't possibly stand alone.

Why is water like an intemperate man?

Because it gets so often drunk.

[You water stop that, don't you know? At any rate, be plugkey enough to try.]

Why can a man see farther in a hop-ground than you can from the top of St. Paul's?

Because he sees from pole to pole.

[We had almost written St. Poles.]

The highest gift of God to man,
When all His wondrous works we scan;
What, when our own we quit with sorrow,
We often are constrained to borrow;
That which a kind asylum gives
To a poor race of fugitives;
The lover's pledge; the poet's song;
What art makes short and nature long?

Hair.

[When we see women with SUCH a lot of sham shignons, high heels, &c., &c., &c., on, we are forced to conclude that they have more *talon* in the region of their boots than *talent* in the region of their brains!]



CANTER XL.



ERE you are:
charming dip in
the briny bil-
lows; bathing
and so on; a
pier in the sea;
suggestion for a
sea-peer draw-
ing; lovely view

of that which though salt is ever fresh. Eh? Well, then, you will perhaps kindly observe this nobleman; he is treating himself to a good wetting, so permit us to ask you why is he like a dancing-master giving a lesson?

Because he is a pirouetteing himself. Don't you see it? He is a peer a-wetting himself. Good, isn't it?

If Joseph, aged fourteen, take Archibald, aged twelve, to bathe, what celebrated Italian song might their loving mother stand on the shore, and very appropriately sing?

And Joe'll dip Archy! Yes, *Angiol di pace!*

What celebrated singer's name should a loving mother say to her son, every night and morning?

Kneel-son!!

[If she's a Christine woman, she won't forget this.]

Why is dancing at a ball at four a.m. an anomaly?

Because it's so late, and yet so whirly.

When is a captain in his heaviest attire?

When he wears his ship.

What's the difference between a watch-key and a mariner on the look-out for squalls?

One winds the watch, and the other watches the wind.

[We may be wrong, but we object to calling the wind, whin'd; we put it in here, however, as we thought there might be some hidden allusion to the squalls; but we protest against it, as we do against lots of other things—want of money for one However, that's enough; need not state any more.]

What eight is that which takes part in the university boat-race, is always ahead at the commencement, passed half-way, and left behind at the finish?

Chiswick Eight.

[What do you say? That's not right? It is; quite right. I have seen it, and therefore Ey-ot to know.]

[P.S.—Positively childish way of spelling "eight," "eyot;" why not *ate*, and have done with it? Fancy, if you asked a man if his wife was sedeyot when you meant sedate! Booh!]

Apropos of races, why is a horse cleverer than a fox?

Because the horse can run when he's in a trap, and the fox can't.

[There is one thing, though, in which the fox beats the horse: the horse has only seen rain-water *soft*; the fox has seen rain—hard.]

[P.S.—And a lot of little Reynards to boot. However, if the fox is cheeky to the horse, he'll very soon let him feel the horse of his fox. . . . Pshaw! the force of his hocks.]

What are grape-shots made from?

Musket-tells.

[You positively musket information from every page in this most valuable work.]

Is your husband fond of cutting capers, etc.? Eh, but—What are the real domestic acrobats, and more useful than your *sposo*?

Your own private pitchers and tumblers.

What are spoilt children?

The worst pickles out.

[Don't forget the proverb, "*Maxima debetur*," etc., etc., when with a child, as you know the pickle will ketch-up all your bad ways, which *maxima* nuisance.]

What fish may be said to be *quite* out of place?

A perch in a bird-cage, a skate in a cutler's shop,
a ray in a lady's eye.

[Really one can't move out without seeing fishy things. Look how scallops peep from under ladies' dresses, how lobsters raw and red wander about our streets, how crabs get caught on the river, how loose fish, odd fish, and queer fish loaf about, how barnacles cling everywhere, how seals dangle about our watch-chains, how whales may be found on the backs of schoolboys and pauper children, how sharks infest the courts of law, and plaice, though abundant, is yet much sought after; soles and (h)heels in myriads are trampled underfoot; flounders are caught in the Serpentine during frosty weather—at which time skates are plentiful; contact with a baker will supply any one with whiting; chub(b) may be looked for on bankers' safes; of carp-ing critics there is no lack; in hot weather the drains and sewers will all be smelt; London has long had-docks of enormous capacity; and though to few but watermen is Shadwell known, it may always be found by taking a cab, the driver of which cannot fail to know where a pike is to be met with; any parrot or canary can find a perch; the prosperous Scotch dealer sends his porter Sam-on home to tell his wife it 'll mak'-er-ill to go to Gravesend on a windy day; cocles are often warm about old gentlemen's hearts; every porter has a good supply of muscles; every lady can show her-rings; and even if a laundress spies too many baskets inside an omnibus, she instantly directs the conductor to hoist-her's on the roof! Yes, we *are* getting fishy and fishier every day. No doubt of it; so we can only fishier a merry X-mas, a happy new year, *and* many of them !]

[P.S., N.B.—Don't say you consider this a fishy lot of jokes, or it will be a horrible bloater our feelings.]

Why is coming into harbour like butter?

Because it's a stearine matter.

Why is the letter O like the equator?

Because it is a circle dividing the globe into two equal parts.

[Are you fond of neck o' mutton? If so, mention it to the waiter. Say, "I'll have a neck, waiter;" and he'll divide it into ever so many parts. Yes, a neck waiter—much more delicious than an equator.]

Why is Patti like an earthquake?

She "brings down the house" with her shakes.

I'm slain to be saved, with much ado and pain,
Scattered, dispersed, and gathered up again,
Withered, tho' young—sweet, tho' unperfumed,
And carefully laid up—to be consum'd.

Hay.

We know you are a "giddy creature," dear Reader; but where do you feel your giddiness generally? Ah! in the head; quite so; but why?

Because it's your top.

[So you see you can't wonder at the humming in your ears when you're unstrung. Don't bear it; we don't; we pre-vertigo to a doctor at once.]

[P.S.—Jones is giddy too; but *his* giddiness comes as women in his head. Only last night he ladies head on his pillow — and off it went. Pooar Jones!]

What kind of ale does a family of children represent?

Home-brood.

What is "paying a man in his own coin"?

Giving a postman stamps.

[Wish there really *was* "no charge for stamping" letters.]

What class of men would one be inclined to imagine never ate mutton?

Beef-eaters.

Why does a man who has been on the look-out for "place,"
when he *has* got a sinecure in his eye, look imbecile?

Because he is gazing at vacancy.

Why should you never have anything to do with a duffer, unless
you wish to quarrel?

Because having a muff on hand is sure to make
you warm.

How do we know that the blackbird whistles for his dinner?

Sure, he whistles for his mate.

What's the difference between a good and a bad musician?

The former executes his music, whilst the latter
murders his.

What are cattle on railways?

Rolling stock.

[Poor cattles! why do their drovers hide them so mercilessly? their skins
should be ox-hide of iron to withstand the blaguard blows. Wonder
sometimes a horse doesn't use some of his 16 hands to kick their brains
out with. Would if he wasn't an ass.]

What are spoilt children?

Family pickles.

What is the beer-shop?

The British "public."

[Don't these last three riddles make you feel quite hungry? rum-psstick and
engines, with one glass of liquid beer to digest 'em, eh, most voluptuous
swell? Or do you prefer keckshaws in the kickshaws line? Well, have
'em, then.]

What's the difference between a velocipedist and an Eton boy
who's been severely swished?

One shows a body on wheels, the other wheals on
a body.

[And permit us to add, the one is very frequently held up, whilst the other
is invariably held down.]

CANTER XLI.



LEASE tell us what
two flowers does this
letter P most remind
you of?

It reminds you
of a P and a—
of a P on'y!

What is the end of a
candle?

To give light.

[Quite so; and here's good
lux to you all!]

Why should a common
soldier who has seen
much service be
afraid to meet an
excise officer?

Because he's a private still.

[Who was it said, "Oirland, wid all thy faults I love thy still"? Clevar—
very clevar.]

What's the difference between an empty-headed Life Guardsman and the nursemaid who flirts with him?

Why, one's a silly regular, and the other's a regular silly.

[Wonder if Life Guardsmen suffer more than other men from growing pains? By-the-bye, what are growing pains? Oh, growing panes are — — — cucumber frames.]

What garments are *sine-quâ-nons* at Court—and yet if you show only one of them, out you go, neck and crop, like a shot?

Breeches of etiquette.

[Yes, you must wear breaches of etiquette, frog coats, and a white-eye ;— black eyes not admitted.]

Why ought the editor of "Punch" to be avoided by Christian men?

Because he's Punch's Pilot (Pontius Pilate).

Why was Adam's wife called Eve?

Because when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

[N.B.—Small close.]

Why are red ribbons so very common in France?

Because their name is . . . Legion.

What is a convent?

A nun-inhabited house.

[Nunneries for nuns, whence none arise; mummeries for monks—no, no, that's not it; it is moneystories; no, pshaw! bah! monasteries for men, whence many stories; that's it; glad;—confusing!]

Apropos of monks, what sect does a monkey belong to?

He's a hairy 'un.

Why should a Roman Catholic guess a riddle quicker than a Protestant?

Because by b-leaving absolution a-solution remains.

[Rather good that.]

Reminds us to ask you what one cheeky letter of the alphabet is M. Chabot?

An X-pert.

Why are the ellipsis, the parabola, and the hyperbola like the letter C?

Because it makes one Cone.

[Makes one **WHAT!** A *very* little more of it would make one mad, we should say. Make one cone, indeed. Ha! ha! ha! Make one Coney, Hatch. ? Eggs? Jingo! we've got a touch of it. Here, somebody, we're off!]

We hear that there are people who give £5,000 for a cow: where do you expect they found that cow's pedigree?

In the cattle-log, of course.

What's the difference between cows and coals?

Cows not bought return to their byre, whilst coals which *are* bought go to their cellar.

What's the best way to be happy very cheaply?

Rosherville? Yes, not bad; but we mean, go without your lunch, and you have no idea how happy you will be when dinner-time comes.

Why is Sunday the strongest day in the seven?

All the others are weak days.

[Quite so; and yet there appears to be a sort of idea Sunday must be a weak day too, for people are so afraid of your breaking it.]

[P.S.—The reason people hardly ever try to "carry the day" on a Sunday is, they find it too . . . heavy.]

Which is the most extraordinary instance on record of an animal claiming to belong to the Church of England?

The Pope's bull that was confirmed.

[Bull ran after us once: he hadn't eaten enough mushrooms, however, to make him ketch-up us, or he'd have *taurus* open, no doubt.]

What *is* "having a serious turn"?

Twisting your neck.

[Difficult to do, if it be true that we *are* already a stiff-necked generation.]

What is the next—we nearly wrote necks—generation?

A waiting race.

[Wait for age. Precious long time.]

In what happy spot would you imagine garotters might garot most happily?

The Isle of Man, because there the cats have *no* tails at all.

[Wonder if in the Isle of Man they "remember the g'rotter"?]

[P.P.S.—Good name for garotter-flogging: paying off a back score.]

What relation is the Attorney-General to the Solicitor-General?

Brother-in-law.

What was the height of absurdity?

Calling the Solicitor-General's instructions in the Castro-Orton-Tichborne case his "brief."

[We always finished all our letters during that monstrous comedy, instead of "yours truly," with "your most o-Baigent servant," etc.]

What is the difference between a mare and a mayor?

If you horsewhip *her*, *she* will go; if you horsewhip him, *you* will go . . . to prison.

What's the difference between a man and a woman?

One's a mister, the other's a mystery.

When's a woman like a railway collision?

When she has the *bump* of destructiveness.

What does nitre become when it is used in making gunpowder?

An ig-nitre.

[Nitre Bene.—DON'T get blown up.]

Why do officers on parade exhibit a peculiarly forgiving disposition?

Because directly they *fall out* they are friendly.

["Talking of officers," says a not quite young lady,—

"'T is wondrous strange how great the change
Since I was in my teens!
Then I'd a *beau* and a *billet doux*,
And joined the gayest scenes.
But lovers now have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang, or drown themselves,
Because I'm thirty-five!

"Once, if the night was e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam
Without—'The bliss, the honour, miss,
Of seeing you safe home?'
But now I go through rain and snow,
Fatigued and scarce alive,
Through all the dark without a spark,
Because — — I'm thirty-five!"]

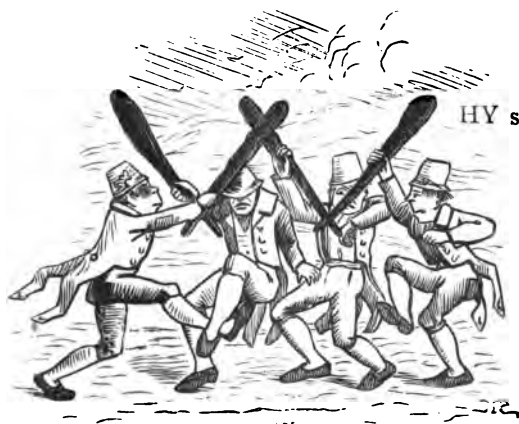
Why is a single man likely to catch cold before a married man?

Because he stands first in the draft.

[P.S.—What a beautiful subject for a terra cotta group!—gentleman who has cotta terrable cold.]

[P.P.S.—Idiots people are! When one has a cold they tell you to "take care of it," as if it was something valuable—as if one did not want to get rid of it as soon as possible; and they tell you "it has *gone through the house*," when you see it is there still.—Stoopid!]

CANTER XLII.



HY should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shilleleh in Ireland?

Because it militates against the security of the crown.

[N.B.—When shillelehs begin to move about, we shall be disap-*Erin*; when this sort of *pat-ois* becomes popular, we shall NOT visit Ireland.]

[P.S.—Our drawing represents—an Irish stew. Wait five minutes, and you will see a policeman come along, who will say to these men, “Irish stew in the name of the law!” Yes, I arrest you in the law’s name.]

Why is an Irishman like his own whisky?

Because his powers come out best when he gets into hot water.

[You know what to do in a row in Ireland? Wherever and whenever you see a head, hit it.]

[P.S.—Never strike a man first, unless he first strikes you.]

Difference between snow and harmless fibs?

One lies white, the other's white lies.

What is the very best thing to keep tea hot?

A seal-fur tea-pot.

[Are you fond of Latinity? Well, don't let it *make* you late-in-at-tea nevertheless.]

[P.S.—Something cozy in the idea of a seal-fur tea-pot, isn't there? We are so fond of coziness; in fact, when people come to see us, we make them *cozi* cozy, so cozy that they literally jump for joy, literally bound about.]

[P.P.S.—Why?]

[P.P.P.S.—Don't you see? They are *ches-moi*.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—We shall have a real war if you don't believe in this *chamoix*!]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—Better to believe.]

What letter must you add to Aberdeen to make you able to carry it off—ha! ha!—on your back?

G will make Aberdeen G-aberdine; so go and fetch it at once.

[Don't put it off: put it on.]

[P.S.—“*Belle vue*” you get from the Scotch mountains, eh? I *belle-vue*, my boy.]

What complaint do wives with “a will of their own” suffer most from?

Stiff neck.

[Husbands suffer most from it, though, when the wives have it. However, if the wife always rains, we must naturally look out for squalls and storms.]

To what would a man sitting with his wife four days after marriage be most likely to object at breakfast?

To any but-her.

What did the horse say to the groom?

Thank you, I don't want a bit.

[Poor horse! great many *more-sells* of *that* sort in store for him, though.]

What did the comet say to the astrologer ?

"Just run your eye over my tale."

What did the man say to his wooden leg ?

"What boots it?"

What very frequently are "snatches of song" ?

Musical cribbings.

What is the swindler's early morning aspiration ?

Let us be up and . . . doing!

Now, then, Reader, what Jamaica this one ? Why does a confectioner resemble one of the West India islands ?

Because he's a jamaica !

[Yes, and he is a very *old* jam maker too, and there's nothing to India from saying so.]

Apropos of jam, why is an overcrowded building like an impossible story ?

Simply because it's a cram.

[Don't get angry when you're crowded at any concert, Crystal Palace or Oratorio, remember if you will go in the "preserved seats," you must expect a jam ; besides, being jammed when you're with nice girls necessitates a spoon. Yes, it is very sweet.]

Why can you always have fresh eggs at sea ?

Because the captain can lay two when he likes.

[We had this riddle proposed to us the other day, and the answer given was : "Because the captain can lay a *couple* whenever he wishes." It's the old story of the elephant and his . . . portmanteau. Only we didn't think any one could be *so* stoopid.]

Why is a barber barbarous to certain letters of the alphabet ?

Because he ties up as many Q's as he can, and delights in putting two P's in irons.

[Happy barber to be able absolutely to take a pleasure in doing what is usually such a bore in minding his P's and Q's.]

[P.S.—We wonder how the old French *toupet* likes his English title of toupee ? We should have thought there would have been the d——
toupet !]

What are telegrams?

Flash language.

What are pugilists?

Nut-crackers.

[Odd, isn't it? but a prize-fighter, though he may be as square built as possible, is good enough for any amount of rounds.]

[P.S.—It don't do now though, or the only "rounds" he gets will be on the tread-ladder.]

[P.P.S.—The miller on the mill.]

One day a master asked of a female pupil, "What is meant by the deflection of the needle?

"When it runs into the quick of the nail," was the ready reply.

[Thith ith an extheedingly thimble riddle ithn't it?]

In what does a country policeman resemble a bad chronometer?

In being irregular in time and beat, constantly striking when he should not, stopping when he should be going, and, therefore, always being on the *verge* of slipping away from his place.

[P.S.—Odd, isn't it? some people take a run out of town to get a rest, others to avoid one.]

Why should a chicken hatched by steam be closely watched?

Because his mother does not know he is out.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship?

Because it's a little for'ard of the main hatch.

[As we are here amongst the poultry, in the farmyard, so to speak, may we ask you, Is a straw-yard composed of chaff-inches? Did you say no? Thank you; we thought not—grateful.]

Why are hogs the cleverest beggars out?

They nose everything.

[*Voilà Pork-quoi.*]

CANTER XLIII.



HENEVER we feel and hear
a fine sonata of Beethoven's,
we are reminded of two
things : Leech's drawing,
and this French riddle : Quel
est l'insecte qui a le plus de
disposition pour la musique ?

La sangsue, parce
qu'elle fait des ou-
vertures de bêtes
aux veines : posi-
tivement, de Beet-
hoven.

Oui, Monsieur le Reader, but when, besides the old joke of the
piano for-tea, may you be said to eat music ?

When you have Egghard in a salad.

What weak nonsense it is making small puns on *one* musical
name ! why, every musical name of importance will bear pun-
ning on ; for instance, we will in imagination pitch into the
maker of these about Beethoven and Egghard, and bring in
every well-known name, and if through ignorance we leave
any celebrity out, and he will do us the pleasure of calling
on us, we will personally pun upon him with pleasure.

Now, then, to begin.

Egghard! Do you call *that* a joke? Do you R-Egghard that as a pun? Pah! I feel Mozart-ily disgusted to hear you; it'S-pohr-tentious of evil to Henselt a Distin-guished name like Bheatovens; it's sc-Handel-ous! It must have Costa pang to do it. I for one won't Liszt-en to such sacrilege, it would not be Prudent. I would Bellini-ent to you if I could, as it Sims it g-Reeves you to find you have done wrong; but I can not: as a man who can pardon such a Coenen-drum as yours He'll-err in judgment to do it. You must go to a better Schuloff wit before you try again to be Oury-ginal, for that was Dohler-ous indeed. Don't say you are sorry, that is not the Kuhestion, and it would only be a Cram-er and a Selle, so the sooner you are a Sloper the better. You injure my or-Ganz of sight, and it Herz my feelings, your remaining. If we were in Spain, my Blumen-tal young friend, I'd get some savage Ole Bull to come and Gorla Ascher-tainly as some one's name is Davidson. Be off, and wander down some mountain-side in the stiff Clay without a Schu-bert foot, and add-Meyer yourself when muddy, muddy as any crossings-Weber! And Meyerbeer be ever flat! That is my Benedict-ion. Now, do me the Favar-gerst to go out this René night. It is in-Clement-i am happy to see, and don't stop to put your Hatton, and have a good Gluck at yourself in the glass, and don't come Offenbach, or you'll find my bite is worse than my Bach. But I am losing Pauer of utterance; everybody is having im-Hans von Bulow, yes, absolutely having im-mense fun below, whilst I am ex-Oesten myself up here; put a Chair-ne-ar me that I may Leybach and Hum-mel little tune, and try to get calm again; and call my maid Rose-Ellen to Bertini-ar me—a nice strong cup—for my nerves; but I would rather limp along without one Shoe-man, I'll be Schott if I wouldn't; —or meet a Tall-burg-lar in a Mellon-cholly spot, or Pyne on a sick-bed with no chance of ever Harrison from it; or get Boosey and go to Chappell with my hair rubbed with Verdi-grease, than hear your joke again. In fact, I wouldn't do it for the Cowen-or diamond. I have before now Gottschalks, but never such a Dry-shock as this one, and had we not the Broadwood of this table between us, I should be Chopin you

into little bits. However, there's no use Tolkein any Moore to such a heathen idiot, to such a Pagan-ninny as you ; but go to Kirk-man, and pray against the desire to pun as you feel it Krebs over you ; and pray remember the next time you mention the immortal Beethoven, don't you Joac-him with Egg-hard ! But now I really must Stern-tail—Bennett's timepiece says it's Sullivan o'clock, only one hour off midnight—and get to sleep, and so Hallé the grief that young man with the Rossini's button-hole, and the Auber-n'air—who, if he don't Mend'e'll-soon come to grief—has caused me.



CANTER XLIV.



AY. Reader, why do young ladies use powder?

They use powder because they think it will make them go off.

What an extraordinary contradiction a woman is! As she gets on in life she is said, alas! to go off, and yet she is always dying to go off, that she may get on.]

[P.S.—It always delights us to be shown by a now perhaps *passée* belle her picture as she was in earlier days. They are always lovely, these portraits; invariably ethereal. She says they were *the image of her some time ago*. Ah! yes; her *imago some t-imago*—some long time ago. We can easily believe it, and leave it be more easily still. This is all very, very sad.]

[P.P.S.—Pretty place near Paris (only near Paris)—Passy. Don't go; at any rate, don't take your wife. However, have *Passé-ence*, Reader, have *Passé-ence*, you'll get there yourself some day.]

[P.P.P.S.—Why not have your portrait taken *in your carriage*, fur wrap and all? It would be very striking: *trés*, what the French call *fur-wrap-ant*; extrêmement frappant. Do it!]

Why are girls harder than soldiers?

Because powder and ball have no effect on them.

What net is the most likely to catch a handsome but vain woman?

A coro-net.

[Yes; either a coronet or a baronet. Good many of 'em don't care about only being honourable.]

What's the difference between the Probate and Divorce Courts?

One is for probates, the other — — the other — — well, the other is for re-probates.

[Ha! ha! The Judge *there's* the man — — to go to work "*with a will*"!']

Who is a little girl's first sweetheart?

She begins, Reader, with a-doll-firs'.

[P.S.—No good your thinking you can walk out *alone* with your darling Ada on a windy day. Not the slightest good; for you'll find, however disagreeable the third person may be, that you will have Augusta too. Yes; you certainly must have a-gust-or-two.]

Apropos of walking out, why is Sunday equal to the other six days?

Because it's the *rest* of the week.

[Wasn't it sad that about the cannibal the other day who declined to take in a word of the missionary's sermon, but, instead, swallowed the preacher! It was very distressing.]

[P.S.—Especially to the preacher.]

How do you translate *in medio tutissimus ibis*? (*N.B.*—It has nothing to do with an ibis.)

Gentleman walking between two ladies; or "the happy medium."

What kind of plant does a "duck of a man" resemble?

Mandrake.

[Delightful definition! Jones and his wife. A mandrake with a bella-donna.]

Why are the Joneses like the Greenland fisheries?

Because they abound in W(h)ales.

[Ever since the days of Jonah the Joneses have been in Wales.]

Why are Irish prisons like fishing-boats?

Because they are receptacles for captured Finny-'uns.

Why is an advance movement of an army like a fine early spring?

Because it is a "forward March."

[Good sort of riddle to ask a man as April-liminary to other warlike ones.

What is ugly language?

Plain English.

What is a man who breeds any amount of rabbits?

A great bunnyfactor to shootsmen.

[We have seen a rabbit *so* badly shot, that positively *on ne le re-coney plus*!]

What may men be called who stay late at your house to smoke?

Baccy stoppers.

[Prevent your going to bed, the boobies! and p'raps you want to take a brace of pills. Too bad! By-the-bye, of course you know the proper time *to* take your pills, eh? Why, when you "seek your *pillow*," of course. Ha, ha! Take some.]

[P.S.—Fishy thought. Cockles more wholesome than lobsters.]

[P.P.S.—Another fishy thought. French lobsters are food for the mind as well as the body. *Homar*!]

[P.P.P.S.—Both are re(a)d when either taken as mental or bodily nutriment.]

Why would being bitten by mosquitoes make a man neat?

Because it would certainly make him gnatty!

[P.S.—We were once bitten so badly by some sort of gnats, that we absolutely did not recognize our own im-midge in the glass. It was midge-cry.]

What is a dentist like who talks about himself ?

A stump orator, of course.

[P.S.—Talking about stumps reminds us that the dentist is the fellow to “bowl a maiden over,” not the cricketer.]

[P.P.S.—Why *does* Nature, if she abhors a vacuum, keep on providing us with vacuums—first in our tum-tums, then in our teeth ? It’s too terrible.]

[P.P.P.S.—Might have been worse.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Head.]

What is the remarkable difference between a miserable man and a lucky barb . . . (beg his pardon) quoffoor ?

The one has his home full of care, the other his comb full of hair.

[Quite so. Whenever you . . . but no, we won’t say it ; we’re on the subject of hair, so we’ll cut it short.]

Apropos of cutting it short, what sort of a coat is most likely to be considered the pink of perfection ?

A pea-coatee.

If eggs could speak, what classical name would they mention ?

They would say—Many lay us.

When a horse has been kindly ridden and treated by a lady, and then sold into a four-wheeler, what classical name will he continually regret ?

His Late owner.

[P.S.—We saw a lady going in her open carriage the other day, and her coachman was quite unnecessary. How was this ? She was driven home by the rain.]

When were the Israelites like old cheese ?

When mite-ier and mite-ier under Mordecay.

[Poor Mordecay ! you’ve put his eye out.]

Why do idiots wear eye-glasses

Only natural : puppies are born blind.

What tree does a person resemble who is tired of the Irish melodies?

The sick-o'-Moore, of course.

[P.S.—*Apropos* of the *sub tegmine* business, we heard of a man the other day who sat down under a wide-spreading beech to rest; he sat down on a hornet's nest to rest. It didn't take him *long* to rest. We did not hear the rest. He is much to be pitted.]

What are veterinary surgeons?

Horse leeches.

What *are* "the ends of justice"?

A cat-o'-nine-tails.

What would be a good song for the burglar to sing to a pal who turned Queen's evidence?

"Never again with you Robbin'."

And what is the height of kindness?

Giving a garotter a ticket for the Cat Show.



CANTER XLV.



and pages might
be written on
the difference
there is be-
tween pages

and pages. The page in the "Huguenots"—isn't that a page?
and the equally celebrated page who announced, on their
arrival, the Foot family as "Mr. and Mrs. Foot, and the
Miss Feet"—isn't he a page? Isn't the Huguenot page
mediæval, and isn't the other simply evil only? Of the two
we must say we prefer the Huguenot. However, we merely
want to ask you what is the difference between a well-known
child's story and your cab boy?

One is a puss in boots ; the other a tiger in tops.

[P.S.—Our Huguenot is not a puss in boots, but she's an awful puss in
shoes—eh?]

How does our lady's-maid look?

Like a Miss Fit, though a ready-maid!

How does our page—observe his portrait—pass his time?

In picking and stealing.

How does our gardener look?

Rakeish, as if he hoe'd a good deal.

What does our coachman do?

He prides himself on his appearance and bearing, because his carriage is perfect; and when he waits at table, he whips away the dishes in double-quick time.

Why is our footman like a soldier?

Because he loves to move in an atmosphere of powder; and tho' he has the utmos' phere of balls, he don't so much object to "company drill."

Why is our butler like a conjuror?

He can do the bottle trick, and draws wonderfully.

What peculiarity has our groom?

A horse-laugh and a horse-voice. Moreover he's a horse-scholar himself and is stable-minded.

What does our dairy-maid always have?

Her own whey, and very little of the milk of human kine-ness.

What does our milkman skim besides our milk?

The paper.

What is our still-room maid ?

Anything but still.

What is our miller ?

Mealy-mouthed, floury in his speech, and never
ready to come down with *the* dust.

What is our waiter ?

The coming man.

And what does our butcher propose giving his daughter on her
marriage ?

A very handsome jointure.

When were prehysteric times ?

Before tight lacing.

What is the neatest thing in boots ?

A pretty foot !!

Do you like *your* boots bright and neat ? Of course. Well, then,
remember this and avoid it. What is the very worst place to
get out at ?

The elbows.

What's the difference between summer and winter ?

One is the double-vest time, the other is harf-vest
time.

When may a man be set at nought ?

When he's a cypher.

[P.S.—You've heard this specimen of cyphering ? It's very pretty.

“ You o my o, I o thee ;
Oh, o no o, but o me,
And let your o my o be,
Then give o o I o thee.”]

Talk about the sea-serpent, and *mirage* in the desert, etc. ! Bah !
for where was *the* most extraordinary ocular phenomenon
presented the other day ?

At the Commemoration at Oxbridge, where a
sweet young lady, instead of a pupil, had an
undergraduate in her eye.

[A new name for a female complaint might be "flirtation of the heart," if
with a secular subject ; if with the clergy, "pulpitation."]

When Cupid shoots does he make bull's eyes ?

No, he makes sheep's eyes !

[Say thank you, then we shall tar get for this exquisite riddle ; besides, we
can tell you why Hymen is always drawn with a torch. No, it's not be-
cause of the torcher, but it's because he loves . . . a flare up.]

What is the very worst weather for rats and mice ?

When it is raining cats and dogs !

[We really *must* say this is good.]

Why are poor missionaries often poor ?

Because they preach without notes.

At what age do the women in Utah marry most ?

They marry Young.

[Not a bad story that of the two Mormons talking. "I wonder who that
blonde is?" said one of them. "A nice figure!" "Why, don't you
know? It's your wife," said the other. "So it is. I thought I had
seen her somewhere before."]

Why are Englishmen the most bibulous of mortals ?

Because even in death they must have their bier.

[P.S.—Take care you don't drink out of a wet glass : might catch cold.]

When the evening "wore on" what did it wear ?

The close of a summer's day.

[Daylightful !]

It's rather nice writing and drawing for the magazines, but which magazine do you think would give one the highest position quickest?

We should imagine a powder magazine would raise you up quickest, if you contribute the right sort of article.

[P.S.—Jingo! when Margaret uses violet powder it's *absolutely* dangerous; for is it not *fire-lit powder on a Maggie seen*? Maggie, dear, don't!]



CANTER XLVI.



Here you are, Reader, the belle of the season! and she is so pretty and nice, we want you to tell us why she is like the inhabitants of a certain island?

Because she is accustomed to Sumatra. Yes, to some-arter-er.

[You know men will go after a dear like *this*; for, talk about deer-stalking, about fallow deers, and the "*dama vulgaris*" of Buffon! Bah! it's a fallowcy; give us the fellow dear—the *Dama elegans* of buffers—much nicer. But altho' our belle above is a blue one, she is not a blue, for she agrees with the wit who said, "Women look better in muslin than print."]

[P.S.—This girl's figure is her own, but really sometimes when we look at women—especially when in riding habits—we are inclined to say What's that? Oh, that's *ouate*, that's what that is!]

[P.P.S.—Good Shakespearian name for wadding, to be big . . . False-stuff!]

What young lady is most like Blue Beard?

A bas bleu! Don't you see? *Barbe bleu.*

What is the bread of idleness?

Loafing.

What is being born with a silver spoon in your mouth?

Tin bred.

Where should the idle man go to abroad?

Idle-berg.

Where should loafers live at home?

Earn *nil.*

[Some people are inf-Herne-Hilly idle. Now, ain't they?]

What's the difference between energy and vagabondism?

One willingly puts its shoulder to the wheel; the other is forced to put its *feet*.

[In fact, one may say one brings his grits to the mill; the other only brings his corns!]

Why are industrious performers on the pianoforte like persons of indolent habits?

Because all their occupation is playing with their fingers.

[P.S.—Charming occupation, watching girls playing with their fingers!]

[P.P.S.—We like doing it ourself.]

[P.P.P.S.—Playing with *their* fingers.]

[P.P.P.P.S., N very B.—*Their* fingers.]

Sweetest girl ! I want to know what will make all that is yours mine, allowing it to remain yours still ? " Why ? " you say.

That's just it ! I want *no* Y—then what is yours will be ours !

[Ours to spend together ! Ours to pass in delicious soul-enthraling spooney-ness ! Ours to . . . to . . . No, it's quite—oh, *too* lovely to think of ! so we won't.]

You don't like the Income Tax, now, do you ? But what sort of a tax is worse ?

Attacks from garotters.

[The most extraordinary thing happened the other day. Jones, foolish fellow ! kicked the tax-gatherer downstairs and out of the house ; and what *do* you think the poor T.G. did ? Why, he stood on the front doorstep and began . . . collecting *himself* !]

What is a law suit ?

Wig, gown, etc., etc., etc.

What may the ventilation of churches be termed ?

Playing at draughts.

Why is playing chess a more exemplary game than cards ?

Because you play at chess with two bishops, but at cards with four knaves.

I'll tell you—no, it cannot be,
That you should guess my *First* so pat,
I've *said* it tho', and so will you,
When you have puzzled long—that's flat !
My *Second* is a thing—like what ?
Like anything you please, depend on't :
I've said it twice, so in a trice
Resolve my *Whole*, and make an end on't.

No-thing.

What is rouge ?

A *fast* colour.

Well, yes, perhaps, in one sense it is ; but we should like to see the effect of a steady rain on that red dy stain !]

Which is the most fashionable letter in the alphabet ?

The letter H, because—ahem ! like rouge—it is
always the centre of fas-h-ion.

[Do for goodness sake . . . drop it.]

[P.S.—The rouge, not the H.]

Why is a prudent woman like a pin ?

Because her head prevents her from going too far.

[With or without her chignon on ? We pause for a reply.]

Why was Prince Charles Stuart like a lady's fashionable bonnet ?

Because he was a mere pretender to the crown.

[Ladies love a man to be tender. Better even be a tender pretender than
attend her when not tender.]

Why is a lover excusable for seldom kissing his sweetheart ?

Because her head is generally *turned*.



What are autumn leaves ?

P.P.C.'s at the end of the season.

[Happy thought of ours. When you want any one to come to tea, put on
your card P.P.C., *not* signifying *pour prendre congé*, but *pour prendre*
congé !]

What mania seized on France at the time of the late war?

Alle-mania, to be sure.

[We like manias—they're nice ; in fact, we're going to re-mania ourself
very comfortably for a long time.]

Why are all arrangements for the improvements of the Thames
of no future value?

Because they are merely *pro tems*!

[*Apropos* of this, we have made you a new sort of a double acrostic:—

L	amps in millions,	L	ights in billions,
O	n this earth	O	mnipotent ;
N	ever conquered,	N	ever failing,
D	aylish pleasant,	D	em magnif'cent.
O	nly shame 't is,	O	'er Thames sailing,
N	oses smell such	N	asty stiff scent.

And why is a very fat, wheezy dog just now like the river
Thames?

Because, to be sewer, it's not very good at Bark-
ing !



CANTER XLVII.



OW we want you to guess us the answer to this one; it's so very easy. An unsuccessful tailor wishes to know what sort of a walking-stick his failure in business is attributable to?

He says, "Malacca cane."

[Poor tailor! I regret so much that my lack o' gain also prevents my sending him a few fivers: we are, however, as the screw in the four-wheeler remarked, *hack-cab-lé* with sorrow at his situation.]

[P.S.—Unhappy thought. *What* a difference there is between the tradesman who *says* he will "wait for his money," and the tradesman who orders his man to—wait for the money! Oh! the difference, the difference between them!]

[P.P.S.—And us.]

[P.P.P.S.—Yes, we've had a little difference with our tailor lately; but it'll be all right . . . some day.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Ominous letters L.A.P.T. for one who is L.A.P.T. in luxury and can't pay for it: destroys L.A.-P.T. (*l'appetit*) for luxury! We want the P.T. without the L.A.(w)!]

[P.P.P.P.P.S.—London Association for the Protection of Trade. You're a beast: get out.]

How do we know Telemachus cut out clothes ?

His real name was Tailor-make-us, and we are sure of it, because it was well known he was quite used to C'lip-sew, etc., etc., etc.

[Poor Reader, if ever we did Tel-'im-a . . . great lie, there it is.]

Why is a tailor like a woodcock ?

Precious long bill !

Why is life like a shirt-button ?

Because it only hangs by a thread.

What is the difference between a cabman and a harvest homer (don't know what to call him ; an agriculturolooralist). Read the answer and call him what you like.

One makes his hay while the sun shines ; the cabby makes his hay when it's very wet.

[P.S.—What are *you* going to call that hay-making feller ?]

What is the cheapest form of repose you can get ?

A threepenny piece.

How can vou travel cheapest ?

Get wrapped up between the two *Punianas* and go by book post.

What is a publisher's favourite exercise ?

A run on a book.

What is the difference between a 'bus and a kiss ?

One is oblong, the other's a-lip-tickle.

[Good thing for a mathematician to say to a girl when proposing : "O-blong to me, the winds oblique my angle, come circle my babes!"]

[P.S.—We kissed a girl once, and tho' her *chaperone* was in the room . . . we did it right under her nose.]

[P.P.S.—The girl's ; not the *chaperone*'s.]

What marriages are *not* made in heaven ?

Lucifer matches.

[When a lady does anything which may be considered loose-of-her to do . . . other place? Eh? Quite so.]

[P.S.—She wasn't properly chaperoned, praps.]

[P.P.S.—To think how many a girl thinks that if it were not for *that* chaperone she might call that other chap her own !]

[P.P.P.S.—Ineligible chap, probably !]

What's the difference between a box of matches and my mother's sister riding on a donkey ?

One is Bryant and May, and the other, My A'nt and Bray.

When is a negress most like a match-maker ?

When she's Belle and Black !

When is a nigger most like a dog ?

When black and tanned.

[Poor feller, he goes in terrier of his life.]

What *is* the Negro Race ?

Sport for blacklegs.

[The Negro is "a man and a brother." Don't misquote. Don't leave out the R ; we are no longer in the days of No-ah ! and don't call him "a man and a . . . bother."]

When is it most difficult to "feather your nest" ?

When you have not one *penna* to begin with.

What sort of a band is either most harmonious or most discordant ?

A hus-band.

Why is a fight between a man and his wife like a collision at sea ?

Because the weaker vessel is apt to get the worst of it.

Why is an oculist like an extemporaneous versifier?

Because he can *improve eyes* (improvise.)

To what class of periodical literature do soldiers contribute?

To reviews.

[Don't reviews to believe it. Alas! it's too true. They work the *Field Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, etc., entirely by themselves; to say nothing of their having a *great* deal to do with Belles' Life in London.]

When are parsons bound in honour not to sermonize against theatres?

When they take orders.

[They don't abuse theatres altogether, they simply want to prevent your going into . . . the pit. They know we must all sooner or later have our own private box — when one "dies *infaustus*"; but their object is to get you, after you're in your private box . . . into the gallery! Ah, Shakspeare might well say "All the world's a stage." It is indeed, and over a very rough road too.]

These are but dreary *jokes*. So, as a change, which is the liveliest city in Europe?

Berlin: it's always on the Spree.

[Oh, *l'esprit!* vous êtes de vin!]

What's a good religion in the hydrophobia days?

A muzzle-man.

[Jones snubs his wife. Mrs. J. says he treats her as if she were an ottoman . . . he sits upon her. *We* wouldn't sit on her for worlds! poor woman: no.]

[P. P. S.—She looks so awful hard.]

[P. P. P. S.—And *at* one too!]

Why is the Thames like a confirmed sot?

Because the more drains it takes the less drunk it is likely to be.

[It wasn't a bad idea of the tipsy man, was it? when he ran against the lamp-post, calling it—a bumper at parting!]

[P. S.—May people who quarrel in their cups be said to bicker: eh? Of course.]

What is the difference between that which brings the water down from your cistern, and an Indian make-friends-smoke?

One is a piece of pipe, the other the pipe of peace.

[They call it, we think, *calumet*, and it is lighted with, we think, *allumette*! How lucky for them to be so friendly, isn't it?]

Why should a chimney-sweeper be a good whist player?

Because he is always following soot.

[Sssssssssssh! sssssssssssh! let me whisper; come closer; is any one listening? Sssssssssh! No, no one. Well, remember then, if you have any spooniness to say to the lovely Miss Smith, when walking on the new pier at Brighton, let it be spoken in your lowest tones, in fact, in a . . . West pier!]

[P. S.—You know what a “stage wisp-er” is, don't you? why, the man who puts the straw in the omnibuses, of course.]

Why are ladies not content with only being under the influence of a prayer-book in church on Xmas Day?

Because they look forward to being under the spell of a missal-too when they are out of it.

[N. B.—The missal-toe is a branch of study which every *igno-ramus* is at home under.]

How may a spendthrift gardener become a thrifty man without altering his habits?

By making the most of his thyme, and keeping his celery in a bank.

[*His* celery grows, ours goes. Nuisance: it goes with celeryty—as the Latins say, *celery-tate*!]



CANTER XLVIII.



UPPOSE, Reader, you just tell us why we should not be surprised on learning that Mrs. or Miss So-and-So is cracked?

Because there's a B in every *Bonnet*.

Why are f sharps *(fleas)* like idiots?

Because they generally die—cracked!

[Ha. ha! *Un*-like the ladies with the lemon-coloured hair, who must be — — — cracked *before* they dye.]

[P.S.—Lemon-coloured hair! Women admire it!! They do!!! It is one of the hideous-an'-crazys, yes, one of the greatest idiosyncracies of their being!]

[P.P.S.—Lemon-coloured hair! Ha, ha Little darling donkeys! All *light headed!!!*]

What does a drunken man, a *very* drunken man, generally say to you if you address him?

"I 'm a' ri'."

[He *is* all right, for he is "awry!" No bones about *that*.]

Why is a wooden leg really after all not such a very bad thing?

Because you can't have any "bones" about *them*.

[They have, however, *one* drawback. You really can't describe yourself as—"being all there."]

What ought to make a good suitable suit for a baker?

Dough-skin.

[Rather in the fancy bread line.]

Let's see. Cupid is fancy bred, isn't he? Of course. Well, what is a good name for him?

The girls' bow-ideal!

[P.S.—I deal with him. He's co-operative, but dear, tremendously dear.]

Apropos of that baker, what two things can you most easily "set together by the ears"?

Yes, it's something to wheat. It's sheaves of corn.

Whose leave must you gain before you can see Corsica out of Switzerland?

You must gain the ascent of Mont Blanc.

[Wonder if there'll be any ass sent there this year with or without a tutor? We don't care, though. He don't *Blanc* to us. You may have him if you like.]

What may a mill-race be called?

Aquatic sports.

[Weir sorry for that man.]

What is a good motto under the mistletoe?

"Two heads are better than one."

Why is a very pretty girl like a bad half-crown?

Because there is positively no passing her.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger?

Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.

[Goes round her dear waist and keeps her warm! Oh, Zone! we could not live without thee! Gathers up the waist! Beautiful thought: let us do it. No fear, however great the heat, of ever calling *that* a most-orrid zone. No, indeed.]

Why is the new patent mousetrap a cowardly affair?

Because it's a pusillanimous—yes, a very puzzle-any-mouse contrivance.

[Mouse told us the other night that he had e-gnaw-mouse successes with lady-cheeses. Ridiculous mouse!]

When is treacle remarkable?

When it boils, for then it's syrup rising, most surprising.

[This will be a good burlesque pun; yes, a very good theat-treacle one. Use it if you like.]

Why is a man who praises his friends likely to poison himself?

Because he's too fond of *laudanum*, much too fond of *laudin' em*.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?

When it is *rung* for dinner.

[Dinner forget this, as, not only the Scotchman, but every living person who thinks he can pun, says.]

When may a chair be said to dislike you?

When it can't bear you.

[And yet, the treachairous beast, it receives you with open arms. Way of the world. Not only with your *arm-i chair-ie* (as the French say), but with every one.]

When is a clock guilty of misdemeanour?

When it strikes One.

What sort of a very frightful, old, bad-tempered woman is most like a Scotch dish ?

A hag is.

[P.S.—When one sees such a lady as we describe rouged, might we not term it “painting on vellum” ?]

Why are the Girls of the Period like the Pharisees of old ?

Because they paint their faces and appear unto men to(o) fast.

[Did you see all that girl's paint wipe off as she got warm the other night at the archery ball ? Ah, that was ar-chery-ball misfortune for her. Wasn't it ?]

What's the difference between a scar and a lover of all puddings ?

One *is* cicatrice, the other isn't sick at rice !

How may you speak of a tradesman who lives over his shop ?

As being above his business.

Why is a house where the shop is on the first storey turned upside down ?

Because you have to go upstairs to go to the cellars (sellers).

What is the difference between a funnel and a speaking-trumpet ?

One is hollowed out, and the other is halloed in.

[In-funnel nuisance being halloed at. Don't do it.]

What are those ears which never hear ?

No, not deaf-ears—though having them is the very deaf-fill—but dogs' ears in books.

[P.S.—You *can* turn down a book to remember the place, but you ought *not* to turn down a street if you do *not* remember the passage ; you might lose yourself.]

[P.P.S., N.B.—With books and streets critics and thieves have it pretty much their own way : they equally . . . cut up a passage.]

Why is a policeman always a novelty?

Because he's generally "the last thing out."

When a justice gives a stupid decision, what should you do?

Just hiss!

[It would be much *siffleur* of you to do nothing of the sort.]

Why are curds like the opposite house there, over there, where that girl is looking out of the window?

Because they are over the whey.

[P.S.—Why, oh! you brutal cattle-drivers, do you always kick a cow hard? Why? Because you're one yourself, you scoundrel!]

[P.P.S.—Poor cows and calves, we veal for them; very much.]

How does the House of Commons present a most painful spectacle?

With its ayes on one side, and its noes on the other.

[And then, to finish it, there's sure to be some member get up, and prove by his speaking that his tongue is entirely out of order. Give 'em all a dose.]

What is the difference between a certain professor and a bill-sticker?

One boasts his pills, the other posts his bills.

[We don't mind bills being *posted*; it's when they wait for the money we're annoyed. Creditors, don't.]

When's a sovereign not a sovereign?

When it's one pound won.

[We can't quite make it out, but there evidently *is* some connection between this one pound won and a man's-paid guinea, unless perhaps he didn't get his one pound won. Then it could not be his spade guinea, because it is his hoe'd one.]

You may be proud of your wine, but what is the best "yellow seal"?

Gold!!! Gold sovereigns rule o'er all—nothing rules *aurum*!

When does a *bonâ fide* fiver—bless him!—become of no value?

When compared with a tenner, because it is absolutely worth less.

Why is the letter O the most charitable letter?

Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

[Yet nothing can be nought-y without it.]

Why is the pen superior to the sword?

Because it can touch the heart without destroying it.

What sort of fare can you get in the Thames?

War-fare.

[You don't see it! Do you mean to say you never stood on a warf, and didn't you breathe, man alive? Well, isn't that warf air? Of course! —Please don't be stoopid! It's quite bother enough writing all these things without having to explain 'em too.]

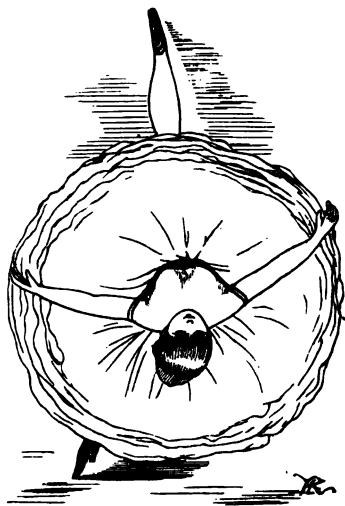
Why are sunbeams in breezy weather like persons borrowing money?

Because they are rays in the wind.

[Sunbeams are all very well, but we prefer it when the daughter beams on us. We like to *see* the beam in her eye, and trust there is not the most re-mote chance of her taking it out of it.]



CANTER XLIX.



WHAT's the *dix francs*—pshaw! difference—between a certain French custom house, and a Terpsichorean exhibition at the opera?

One is the bore *de Calais*, the other the *corps de ballet*.

[All the French wine business and the free going in and out of France has turned our poor old pa's port system upside down. By Jingo! talking about upside down, why, our drawing is upside down! Hang it, Printer! what are you about? Never mind, now we come to look at it, we see that it goes one way quite as well as the other. We're not angry, Printer. Poor old Printer! don't be frightened. We like her upside down very much.]

[P.S.—Quotation to make when you get a very bad partner:

“How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.”]

[P.P.S.—Unhappy thought.—A good partner in a waltz is not necessarily a good partner for life.]

Why is beer-making like a dancing-lesson?

Because it necessitates hop-cultivation.

In what mood is a lady when the curtain falls, as the poet says,
after the opera is over?

In the put-on-shawl mood!

[Twiggy-vocs? Potential.]

When a man is in love and knocks a rival down, what country-
man is he?

Why, he's an Amor-ite proving himself a Hittite.

[At least, we think so, don't Jazza? Of course you do, dear! quite so, and Galilee the troubadour touched his guitar.]

[N.B.—Guitar on your shoulders. (N.B.—Don't get tar on your 16s. things) . . . Where were we? We were saying touched his guitar; and . . . we've lost it. Never mind, we were only going to give you Samaria, nicely sung with a guitar accompaniment. However, you must accompany yourself now: we're engaged. We're going on further. Thus—

What historical character is the greatest bore to blind men?

Why, Thersites, of course!

[Where was the M.R.C.S. of those days—the original members of the Royal College of Surgeons? Where was he, we say—the original Marsyas—to look after his friend's eyes?]

Why is a man looking at a naval review at Portsmouth like a foreign country?

Because he's Scandinavia.

[It's rather good fun. Have you ever scan'd a navy here? Lose no time. Do it at once. Start now. Take a flask of sherry and a colchicum . . . Bah! . . . cold chicken—and go! Don't mind us. We'll wait for you here.]

What sort of terrors are most agreeable ?

Poul-terrers and frui-terrers, certainly.

What sort of pudding is very good for a man with tender teeth,
and yet the very worst he can eat ?

A cursthard pudding.

When you're *very* hungry, why would it be agreeable to catch
a beetle for dinner ?

Cotch-an-eel.

[P.S.—It was a doctor who told us they were delishus, and that they make
you dye scarlet !]

[P.P.S.—This doctor was not a homœopath, nor an allopath ; but he'd a
path of his own.]

[P.P.P.S.—Hahnemann can have one if he likes ! we're going to ; we're
going to have a couple.]

[P.P.P.P.S.—Good opinions allopaths have of the other sort of path. We
heard of one the other day, who, in describing a rival practitioner, said,
“He is such an ignoramus that, if he could take a lantern and go down
inside his patient, he couldn't find out what the matter was.” Polite,
wasn't it?]

Supposing a man borrows of you “a cool thousand,” what scent
may he be said to have about him until it is repaid ?

We should say if he has borrowed “a cool thou,”
he'll have *owed-a-cool-loan* !

[P.S.—Lending a man one of your “*thous*”—(delicious and valuable pronoun)—is better than lending him *thy* name.]

Nice drink, isn't it, “Apollinaris Water” ? Well, we know a man
who is dying to marry a most frightful woman with about
“300 thou’ ;” and he has, in consequence, extraordinary as
it may appear, got water on the brain ! How is this ?

The water he has on his brain is — — Apallin'
Heiress !

[P.S.—Poor man ! with his dreams of getting wealth with his apallinaris
he's water tight.]

A shining wit pronounced of late,
That every acting magistrate
Is water in a freezing state.
Just-ice.

My First is a sort of butter, my Second a sort of number, and
my Whole is a blunt sort of raiser?
Pat-ten.

When is a door (now do be quiet, you never heard this before)
when is a door not a door?

When it's ajar, because then it's two!

[We *might* ask you, When is a door not a door? When it's your Author,
because then it's H. R. ! Don't you see? Ajar!]

When did the ocean produce corn?
In the days of Ce-crops!

What's the difference between a long walk and a policeman?
One knocks you up, and the other knocks you
down.

[N.B.—Knock *him* down; and then give us a new version of the old
Roman "*Police verso*:" call it "The Police Upset; or, A Thumbp on
his Nob." Make a splendid tabblow.]

When is a butler like a mountain?
Because he looks down on the valley.

[Yes, and is frequently accustomed to bring forth, if not a "ridiculous *mus*,"
a most ridiculous mess for our consumption.]

[P.S.—Poor valley! Why, there's the cuck-oo looks down on him, too.]

When *is* the book of Nature studied?
When Autumn turns the leaves, and they get
red.
[A perfect brown study.]

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

Absence of body.

[We merely put that in as an excuse to tell you this ; it's not a bad story : Professor Smith, one day, in going to Exeter Hall, where he was giving lectures on theology, fancied that he had forgotten his watch, and then drew it out of his fob to see if he had time to fetch it, saw that he had, and went back for it!]

[P.S.—And, *à propos* of railway accidents, did you ever see the following epitaph on a locomotive? “Collisions four or five she bore ; the signals were in vain ; grown old and rusted, her boiler busted, and smashed the excursion train!”]

Where is the elephant found?

It is difficult to lose him : he is so large.

[P.S.—Here's an opportunity for a sharp little girl : go up to your aunt and ask her to spell the largest animal that went into the Ark with Noah in two letters ; and when she says she can't, say “L, F-aunt.”]

[P.P.S.—Don't do it to your uncle. L, F-uncle is not quite so good.]

Why is it a mistake to say that every dog has its day?

Because there are not near enough dog days.

[P.S.—For the dogs, to say nothing of the ladies.]

[P.P.S.—How juiced lucky it's not “biting weather” in the dog days!! eh?]

Why do our young dandies consider themselves quite the cheese?

Because they are *high* and mite-y.

[P.S.—Very good ; dandies are *ton*, but not always still-ton ; for they overlook the proverb about the still-tongue awfully.]

[P.P.S.—Some things when they are *high* get *rank*. Our dandies here, because of their rank, get high. Isn't it quite true?]

[P.P.P.S.—One or two dandies we know could be agreeably missed without being missed—that is, as they are already monkey, they could easily be *manques*, too, without our feeling their loss.]

[P.P.P.P.S. and N.B.—Puppies, as well as poppies, are conducive to lethargic feelings.]

CANTER L.



ANTHIPPE was the wife of Socrates, and was said to be a very bad-tempered woman; we will therefore ask you — Quelle difference y a-t-il entre les expositions de l'industrie et les charcutiers de France?

Dans les unes et les autres, ou y réunit beaucoup de produits de lard. Oui, monsieur, de l'art!

[Quite so; you say that has nothing whatever in the remotest way to do with Xanthippe. You are right, it has not, nothing whatever; but we liked to mention her, and we have done it; especially as we imagined we traced some resemblance to her in our picture of the French fish-lady. "Huc vidi matronam pede descendere nudo," who, as she is in the position of the last letter of the alphabet but two, we are pleased to introduce to your notice as the French Ex-position of 1875. L'EXposition Francaise. Reader, she is beautiful: love her.]

If a French maid were in love with an English policeman, what song would she probably sing to him?

"Robert" (that is, Bobby) "toi que j'aime."

[P.S.—She wouldn't call it an *aria*; she's above that: *areas* is solo!]

What is the nicest sort of wine?

The wine of other people.

[Eh? Wine not.]

[P.S.—Wine is quite as good a tonic as physic. At any rate, we choose to think so, and we purpose, if our doctor gives us his bark, to give him our growl.]

[P.P.S. -Clever that man was who, on being asked if he usually enjoyed good health, said, "Yes, I enjoy it always; very much indeed; when I have it!"]

Why is wine spoilt by being converted into negus?

Because you make a mull of it.

Quel est le féminin de Condor?

Une chambre a coucher, parce que c'est . . .
là qu'on dort!

If an Irishman were violently oscillating a cradle, what Greek name would his wife use to make him do it more slowly?

Pat-rock-less.

What did the old boot say to the bootmaker?

"Soled again."

What did the rook say when he sat on the weathercock?

"How vane are all things here below!"

What did the onion say when he was boiled?

"I am not so strong as I used to be."

What did the Irishman who was sucking eggs say when he swallowed the live chicken, which crowed out in agony?

"By the powers, my young friend! you spoke too late."

Where is the blunderer's happy land?

The Island of Mull.

[I go out in the sun there for soup, because then I'm in Mull-I-get tawny.]

What did the girl say when she was married?

Alass ! I am no more.

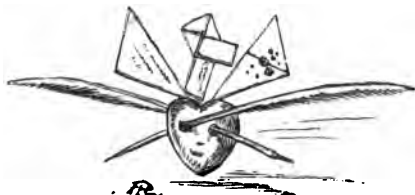
What did the young lady say to the gentleman who stole a kiss?

"Sir, your behaviour is singular !"

What did the gentleman answer?

"Let me make it plural !!"

[N.B.—In fact, N. in your B-est manner. A man is in no danger so long as he only *talks* his love. It's the writing it plays the old gentleman with him.]



Apropos of sweets, what did the bad boy Timothy call being hid in the jam-cupboard?

Capital punishment !

What did he say after finishing three pots?

"So far so good !"

[Ah ! ha ! Master Tim ; you hide *yourself*, do you ? We would hide you to more purpose : make you Tim-hid with a vengeance for the future.]

What did the man say who was blown up by the powder-mill?

"Let me collect myself."

What did the mouse say when he was squashed by the bag of sovereigns?

"Great pressure in the money market."

What did the dog say when he stole the cat's dinner?

"I'll take your part."

What did the onion say to the cook?

"Look on me and weep."

What did the nurse say when baby crawled out of window?

"Anything to please the child."

What did the convict call cutting his hair off?

Shear nonsense.

What's the difference between the top of St. Paul's and Jones's song?

One's so high and the other's solo.

[Very solo indeed! uncommonly slow. Wish he wouldn't duet.]

Why did the Tichborne bonds go to the dooce?

Because it was the proper place for Wagga-bonds.

[P.S.—What a piece o' work that Claimant made about his tattoo, etc., etc., etc. Eh? Well, we know a young lady who can also make a "nice piece o' work," if she gets the chance, *and* tat too.]

[P.P.S.—The young lady we speak of, when she makes a piece of work, invariably begins by knitting . . . her brows.]

When does a man have to keep his word?

When no one will take it.

[How Apollo must have detested falsehood, as we always see him depicted as "striking a lyre," and the liar never appears to want an Apollo-gy. Odd, isn't it?]

Why did the woodman "spare the tree"?

Because, as you must know, he was a good feller.

[The tree said, "I look upon that woodman as the *hack-me* of cruelty."]

What is the most cheery sort of regiment to get into?

Huzzas!

[By-the-bye, wouldn't some tailors make capital dragoons? They charge so fearlessly, eh? Ah! we'll lancer for it that they would.]

[P.S.—May an author's friends on the first night of his play be termed . . . hired bravos?]

What is the healthiest atmosphere for the bare heads of the British?

The national air.

[When a man does *not* raise his hat on hearing "God Save the Queen," it simply makes one think he either wears a wig, is bald, or very ill bare-head, very ill bread indeed.]

To what country should a gentleman go in order to put the last touch of polish to his education?

To Poland to get some Polish? No, to Finland to get some Finnish.

What is taking French leave?

Saying, "Adieu!"

[N.B.—It is indeed taking French leave—and leave of French too!—when saying "A jew," as many vulgar people do.]

And now, dear Reader, as our last question, tell us why life is the greatest riddle of all?

Because you *must* give it up.

[It is so; for of all the insatiable maws in the world, the most insatiable of maws is *Mors*!]





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[DECEMBER, 1874.]



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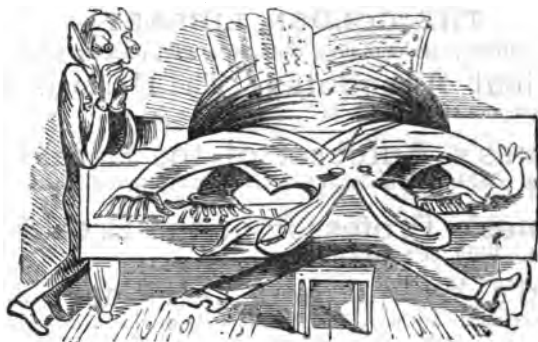
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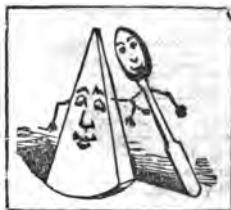
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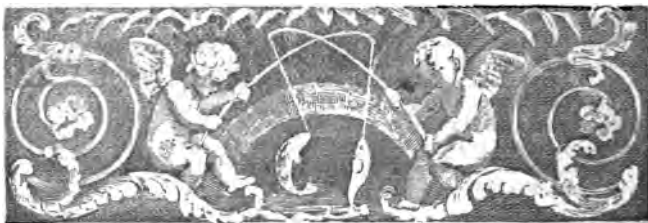
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